

"am-o'-Gold" Butter
delicious, and of uniform quality—the
made in Cafe Beautiful. Made exclusively
in our Pantry. Test it—you'll decide to use it
(Basement, Broadway Front)

Our Last Remnant Sale

—was a success gratifying
and unequalled—an occasion when enthusiastic crowds
bought heavily and went away more than satisfied.
Interest will be trebled in these quarterly events—
there'll be larger assortments, even greater values
and larger throngs of eager
shoppers! Plan to be here!

Few of the Odds That Must Go

Pillows Only 35c
filled—the kind that usually sell
to get your Summer supply of
opportunity the economist will fully
make to sell higher.....

Piece Muslin Satinations 69c

more than pretty—and at such a
will be purchasers—why not get
combination is in popular demand for
make a Friday special of these.

Corsets \$2.50

have accumulated during the spring
and La Vidas—not a model but
lot. Medium, average and stout
styles that will fit perfectly. All
is submitted an affidavit to the
and when worn and put

(Continued on Second Page.)

Threads and Knives.

News in The Times This Morning.

CONDENSED AND CLASSIFIED.

WARE 98c SET

11.70. Choice of Dessert or Medium
Set. Dessert or Table Spoons or

Brussels Rugs

at \$10

out made up in our own work
Brussels carpets, in Oriental and
lana. They'd really be good value
you, so you pay no extra expense
nothing will outlast Brussels!

Rugs at 98c

Assortment consists of
real human hair in all shades but
well worth while to visit our
one of these—just come see.

\$1.50

\$11.75

.....5c

.....69c

.....\$1.95

.....25c

95

these to

Of Cali-

Best
or for

in pure

75

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CYCLONE MOVES SCHOOL HOUSE; PUPILS UNHURT.

Twisting Funnel Cloud in Nebraska Picks Up a Country Building, Lifts It High in Air and Deposits it Impact on New Site Half a Mile Away—Teacher Severely Injured, but Children Escape.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

BROKEN BOW (Neb.) April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A cyclone which swept through this country yesterday evening, picked up a little country school-house in which were twelve children and the teacher, carried it half a mile and set it on the ground without injuring a child. Miss Clara Mills, the teacher, was badly injured.

The cyclone came along just as the Algernon school was dismissing. The children ran back into the building for protection, but the funnel cloud wrapped itself around the building. Using it as a pulley, it carried the building around, carried it across fields and one-eighth of a mile wide. Borland was asleep in a house and was injured by the falling of timbers. Mrs. L. S. Holroyd and Mrs. John Burch, who were in the same house, were severely injured.

The section of Montgomery county south of Coffeyville received the full force of the tornado. Houses, barns, churches and school buildings were destroyed and overturned.

At Independence houses were blown away.

DEATH IN TWISTER THAT HITS ILLINOIS.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] CARBONDALE (Ill.) April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Forming less than one mile southeast of Carbondale, this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, a cyclone swooped down on the southeast section of this city, fatally injuring Mrs. William Weller, aged 65, and the Rev. Miles Brooks, her next-door neighbor. Mrs. Weller's body was found wedged beneath the stairway of her wrecked home at 2:30 p.m. She died at 4:30.

When the storm struck the city it carried with it five houses, demolishing houses and uprooting trees and shrubs from their foundations. The twister struck the State Normal University with crushing force, saving the masonry of the building alone saving it. The weather signal tower on the principal Normal building tottered and crashed through a portion of the roof, the glass below. This, coupled with a bolt of lightning which demolished the heavy cornices work on the science building adjoining that on the east, caused a panic among several hundred students in the buildings, but by hard work professors stopped a disaster from occurring.

The storm broke just after the belated parade of hundreds of Illinois Odd Fellows and Rebekahs, who assembled in annual celebration in that city. The lodges and their auxiliaries had just convened in the halls and churches of the city, and the more serious facts of the storm were withheld from the women and the meeting was hastily adjourned.

Reports came late this afternoon that two lodges had been demolished and several miles south of Murphy'sboro. Half caused general havoc to growing fruits from the Mississippi bordering Jackson county on the west, near across to the Williamson county line, covering a path miles in width. Wind damaged Chester, Rockwood and other near towns.

TORNADO LAYS WASTE SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] KANSAS CITY (Mo.) April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] More than a dozen persons were injured, several fatally, in the tornado which devastated Southeastern Kansas last night. The greatest damage was done ten miles southwest of Neodesha. The mother of Leo Pittman was killed, while Pittman received injuries from which he may die. He lost everything. A girl 4 years old and a boy 7 years old, who lived at the Lapey home, received injuries from which it is probably die. The tornado completely destroyed the Quaker church. Sev-

eral houses were blown away.

REBELS FORCE AMERICANS TO REFUGE AT MAZATLAN.

Many Los Angeles Citizens Among the Hundreds Who Flee from Other West Coast Cities of Mexico to Save Their Lives—Awaiting First Opportunity to Get Out of Outlaw-ridden Republic.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

MAZATLAN (Mex.) April 26 (via El Paso, Tex.) April 26.—This city, the only one in the state of Sinaloa held by the Federal, is now the rendezvous for American refugees. Of these there are about 150 who have come from as far north as the Culiacan Valley. Two hundred Mexican families of the better class also are here from Culiacan. In addition one large mercantile establishment of Culiacan made its stock wholly to the city and opened up for business. The most fear on the part of the Americans and other foreigners who fled to this city from Culiacan was the constantly increasing anti-American feeling among the lawless rebels. The latter made several a pretense of being the true representatives of the people, but as they can not recruit, their losses suffered in engagements and in ambuscades were permanent, while the rebels always can score a victory. The government troops at that might take up the guns of the fallen. The government troops at that might pacify the State but for the lack of horses in the absence of which they never have been able to follow up the enemy to rout him.

"Do you not think," asked the Senator, "that the information you cabled abroad was correct?"

Mr. Franklin said he had been de-

ceived from the rebels a telegram

stating that the rebels were unassimilable and invite attack by Guerreros.

The Federal, now withdrawn to the City of Mexico, with the exception of the garrison here, have been de-

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Events—Entertainments.

MAJESTIC THEATER—

Theatricals presented for the first time.

The Balkan Princess

Price \$2 to \$2.50.

Now Night—MATE, WED., AND RACE

present the popular young actress

in Ethel Barrymore's

own scenes.

to \$1. Popular Mat. Wednesday, 7:30 and

for the first time at popular price.

DAME X⁹⁹

Boats for the important offering are

available.

ER—Main Street, Between Third and Fourth

TIMES OF THE FINE COMEDY

COMMUTERS'

ATTRACTION—The Belasco will be

Mary, Manning's biggest success.

i's World'

original role. Seats now on sale.

HOUSE—

Charles Froehling,

Kirk & Brings, Loring,

W. T. WATTS, Manager

DAY AND NIGHT—LAST TIME

Blanche Bates

Hepburn's Personal Romance

Nobody's Widow'

MATINEE SATURDAY

MIZZI HAJOS

and 40 Others. Ballet and Special

OCTOBER—SEATS NOW SELLING.

THEATER BEAUTIFUL

L. B. BURTON, Manager

ee Today—2:15

AME CALVE

Casper, Dramatic Tens; Bush Va

CAVALIERA MUSTICANA

Tours.....

SPECTACULAR FIRST PART IN COSTUME

THE AUDITORIUM BOX OFFICE ONLY

\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 AND \$2.50.

20th Century Theatre, Box 600

Every Day at 2:30

Tonight and To-

morrow Night

7:45 and 9:00—Come Early

20-30—Always—10-20-30

ar Third—

Lyceum

Johnny Comes

Home

A MILITARY SONG

TACLE TO THE FOUR BLOOD

From 25¢, Saturday, Sunday. Price 50¢

in 6th and 7th—

THE STANDARD OF VAUGHN

FIREPROOF

"EVERYTHING"

SYMBOLIC PLAY IN 4 ACTS

ART THEATRE

Carleton

MCAY & CANTWELL

"A Breeze from Broadway"

BERNARD & BULLETT

PROGRESSIVE THEATRE

ORVILLE STARK

Greatly Developed

WORLD'S NEWS 10:30-11:30

Marathons at 2 DAILY, 10:30-11:30

TER—San Gabriel

STAGE, NEXT MONDAY NIGHT, 10:30

SSION Play

of the awakening of civilization in

S. MUSIC STORE, 2, BROADWAY, NO. 10

BROADWAY NEAR NEWSPAPER

10C-20C-30C

IGHT, Starting 6:30

MAIN STREET, HEAD TOWER

MANHATTAN THE SHOW

HOTEL PRESCRIPTION FOR

GIRLS—20 STRIKING LUTHER

7:30 and 9:15 P. M. 100-200-300

FOOT DANCE

OSTRICH FARM

Ostrich Feathers produced from

the city store, 215 South Broadway.

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ARMY'S PLANS FOR AVIATION.

Fifteen Flying Squadrons Are Now in Contemplation.

Hundred and Twenty Aeroplanes Are Wanted.

France Leads the World With Her Air Corps.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) WASHINGTON, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Secretary of War Stimson made his response today to the House of Representatives in information concerning the plan of the army for the development of military aeronautics in this country and status of aviation in the great armies of the world.

The report discloses in detail the plans of the War Department for increasing its military establishment and showing it is the plan and ambition of the army to create fifteen flying squadrons with a total of 120 military aeroplanes.

According to these plans, there will be three squadrons of aeroplanes for the field army operating twenty-four aeroplanes; two squadrons for the Philippines with sixteen aeroplanes; one squadron for Hawaii, with eight aeroplanes; another squadron of eight aeroplanes for use in Panama, and eight squadrons with forty-four aeroplanes for the coast defense.

The report shows in strong contrast what the strength of the principal foreign nations is.

France leads with a well-organized aero corps. France is this year, according to report, spending \$100,000 in military aviation, while American army aero-aviation is \$125,000. Secretary Stimson included with the material he transmitted a series of reports from American military attaches at foreign capitals on the progress of military aviation abroad.

THE RECALL IN ARIZONA.

Legislature Finally Adopts a Constitutional Amendment and the Governor Signs John Hancock.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) PHOENIX (Ariz.) April 26.—After many mishaps had befallen the measure, the recall of judges amendment to the Constitution was passed by both Houses of the Legislature and signed by Gov. Hunt today. The vote

PITH OF THE DAY'S NEWS FROM THE MIDDLE WEST.

(CHICAGO, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Beginning at midnight with a drenching rain, Chicago was harassed all of the day with a tornado-like wind that attained a velocity of fifty-two miles an hour, tearing down awnings and signs, smashing windows and blowing pedestrians about like puppets. By nightfall the tempest had diminished to thirty-six miles. The maximum temperature was 74 deg. and the minimum 62 deg. Middle West temperature:

Alpena	Max.	Min.
Bismarck	65	45
Cairo	50	52
Cheseyenne	74	68
Cincinnati	64	56
Cleveland	66	54
Davenport	68	56
Denver	58	38
Des Moines	60	46
Detroit	64	46
Devil's Lake	44	36
Dodge City	60	42
Dubuque	64	52
Duluth	59	42
Escanaba	58	43
Grand Rapids	72	46
Huron	54	32
Indianapolis	60	46
Kansas City	72	54
Marquette	58	44
Memphis	74	56
Milwaukee	72	54
Omaha	78	54
St. Louis	76	54
St. Paul	56	42
Sault Ste. Marie	53	40
Springfield, Ill.	76	54
Springfield, Mo.	74	54
Wichita	72	50

(WANTED—A LIVE BEAR.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) CHICAGO, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Anyone possessing a real live bear and willing to lend same next Tuesday evening will kindly communicate with E. F. Critcher, secretary of the California Society. The occasion upon which the capture of the real live bear are desired is the first annual dinner of that organization, whose official emblem is marked with the figure of a frolicking bear. The dinner is to be held at Hotel St. Louis. An annual dinner, it is announced, the first annual gathering of the exiles from California will be noteworthy. Two carloads of the produce of the Golden State are now en route to Chicago for the banquet, the gifts of native wine and fruit grown in California.

CAN'T EAT, KISSED SO MUCH.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) CHICAGO, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] George W. Astrup, Alaskan millionaire, whom Miss Belle Morton of Chicago says kissed her so much she wouldn't marry him, today denied everything and fled to French Lick Springs. Miss Morton was arrested on complaint of Astrup, the violinist, who later, after she eluded his high velocity car, said that the reason was Astrup's exposure. The girl said she was so busy kissing her she couldn't eat her meals or get her teeth fixed. Astrup's only defense was that a reporter evaded a cordon of friends and attorneys. "I hate this mess. I teach a big Sunday-school class at home," Astrup is president of the Northern Alaska and Trading Company of Peter-son, Alaska.

GIRL PRISONER IN LOG CABIN.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) CHICAGO, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Alleging that she was manhandled in daylight on a public

in the House was unanimous. In the Senate, two negative votes were recorded. The dissenters are Senators Hubbell and Breen, Republicans.

The Kinney bill to exclude from employment in hazardous occupations non-English-speaking aliens will be reported favorably by the Senate tomorrow for the second time. The bill has been revised to include a referendum clause and to embrace phases of the employers' liability and workmen's compensation measure. The bill as originally introduced would have deprived of employment Protestants who have voiced at public committee meetings during the past month, but its passage by the Senate is expected.

HUNTING BIG GAME.

Pittsburgh Man and a California Doctor Enjoy Themselves on Scientific Mission in Africa.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) ADDIS ABEBA, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Childs Frick and his party are now on their way to Abaya Margherita. All are in good health and having a good time.

The party consists of the following: Childs Frick of Pittsburgh, Dr. Black of California, Col. Meers of Washington, Dr. Rafferty of New York, Mr. Bradley and about sixty-five Askaris.

Childs Frick is on an Abyssinian scientific expedition and intends to remain in Africa for a year. He has a museum in Washington and other museums in Washington and other museums specimens of natural history.

Dr. Love, the American Consul-General at Addis Abeba, has been in constant communication with the party since it left and learns that the big game.

LIBERAL TO CHARITY.

St. Louis Man Leaves Most of His Estate to Catholic Institutions and Parts to Los Angeles Brother.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) ST. LOUIS, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] In the will of Thomas S. Hayden filed for probate this afternoon \$120,000 is bequeathed to Catholic charitable institutions. Hayden, a bachelor 79 years old, and long in the roofing business in St. Louis, died in St. John's Hospital Thursday.

Bequests of \$10,000 each are made to Little Sisters of the Poor, Father Dunne's Newsboys' Home, the Oblate Sisters of Providence, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, St. Ann's Asylum, the Catholic Daughters and Daughters of Mary.

ROCKWOOD, Hotel, Kroc Seminary, St. Francis Xavier's Church, the New Cathedral, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society. He left \$5000 each to his brother, John A. Hayden of Los Angeles and his half sister, Bridget Develing of Chicago.

The remainder of the estate was left to his brother, John A. Hayden of Los Angeles and his half sister, Bridget Develing of Chicago.

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Incendiary.
BAR GRINGOS,
SAY PLACARDS.

Mexicans in Nuevo Laredo
Warn Against Invasion.

Post Inflammatory Notices
Regarding Americans.

Yankees Will Cross Border
May 1," They Declare.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
LAREDO (Tex.) April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Americans here and across the line are sending to the circulation of a document, posted in conspicuous places in Nuevo Laredo, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande River, warning all Mexicans that the invasion of Mexico by United States troops would begin May 1. The circular is of most inflammatory character and is signed the "Committee for National Defense," in part the circular reads:

"Mexicans, be prepared to defend your national land against the 'Yankee' land and money-chasers. The United States is determined to seize Mexico if she can and American troops will cross the border on May 1."

"We will die to the last man before our beloved country shall fall a prey to the northern invader. Rise up, Mexicans, join hands, whether you favor Madero or Orozco or Zapata or Gomez. Death to the gringo, who would attempt to steal our country as he has stolen the Philippines and Central America, who has dominated and oppressed Cuba."

"We may not all love Madero or Orozco, but they are Mexicans and we must now all join hands and fight for one cause. The Yankees can never subdue us. We will never be governed from the outside again. We are the only god and where the gringo worships. But he will come across the border on May 1, for they have a great political fight on up there now and the Yankees have said that our country must be satisfied and that northern people will try to conquer us."

"Rally to save Mexico from the invader. He cannot live here if we unite. We have other weapons when our guns are gone and our bayonets have been exhausted."

These circulars, it was learned to-night, have been posted and distributed in every town and village in the States of Tamaulipas and Nuevo Laredo. At present there has been little disturbance in these States, the principal outbreaks being caused by roving bands of brigands, who styled themselves revolutionists, but who, it is really, were merely bandits.

Americans across the river tonight report that when met on the streets by Mexicans they are greeted with high looks and other signs of unfriendliness. Mexicans, in turn, in some instances have been shoved off the sidewalk by parties of Mexicans, who seemed bent on starting trouble. A serious situation is feared, as the Americans over there are mostly ranch owners, business men, and will not likely be frightened away or intimidated.

An account of the circulars and the attitude of the Mexicans toward Americans was given to Gen. John C. Houston, commander of the army post at San Antonio.

ARMY TRANSPORT GOES
TO BRING AMERICANS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—The army transport Buford will leave San Francisco Sunday for the west coast of Mexico to pick up any American refugees who may wish to leave the country. The Buford will visit Topolobampo, Alata, Mazatlan, in the state of Sinaloa; San Blas, Tepic, Manzanillo in Colima and Acapulco in Guerrero.

The vessel is sent at the request of the State Department after urgent requests from many Americans stranded in the States bordering the Pacific.

Since the vessel is to make headway in their operations along the Pacific Coast, communication has been cut with many interior towns where Americans reside. This has left the State Department without information as to their safety or that in the face of recent wanton acts of bandits and organized rebels.

Constant appeals came to the State Department to use some methods of ascertaining the welfare of these people, but the officials tried other means to ward off the necessity of sending a U. S. vessel to the coast. The day's reports declare the situation throughout Mexico as generally becoming worse. Marauders are causing much uneasiness by their activity.

The transport Ciro first was selected for the relief expedition, but officials later decided that vessel had insufficient accommodations for Americans who might wish to leave Mexico. The Buford, therefore, was designated. While the Buford was designated, the only persons bearing United States commissions will be the doctors and some members of the hospital corps.

State Department advises

there are perhaps 500 Americans stranded in the interior of Mexico, but they do not know the exact number.

They are to be given the opportunity to leave Mexico this opportunity to leave Mexico. About 200 are at Los Mochis and vicinity and probably 100 more scattered down the coast as far as Salina Cruz.

RELIEF SHIP READY

FOR MEXICAN VOYAGE.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—Under orders to sail for ports on the Pacific Coast of Mexico to the relief of American refugees, the army transport Buford is lying in the stream today being coaled by double crews from alongside. The vessel will go into drydock to-morrow for examination. This work will be completed Saturday night and the transport will be ready to get under way Sunday.

Since her return from China a year ago following her voyage to the Orient as a Red Cross relief ship, the Buford has been out of commission.

Capt. Hall, formerly captain of the vessel, is not in command. A. L. Simle, first officer being in charge.

The quartermaster's department is

making ready to equip the ship with supplies for several hundred people at the hospital corps. It is understood that several doctors and a hospital staff will go on the ship.

Canada's Relief Fund.

OTTAWA (Ont.) April 26.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] The Canadian government has set aside a fund of \$10,000 for the relief of relatives of the victims of the Titanic disaster.

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CITIES AND TOWNS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

LA FOLLETTE MAKES SPEECH.

Convinces Pasadenaans He Is Presidential Candidate.

Pinchot Given Credit for Total Disability Story.

Safe Blown Open and Small Sum Is Secured.

Some of The Times, 22 S. Fair Oaks Avenue.

PASADENA, April 27.—Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin visited Pasadena yesterday afternoon, made an address to a crowd of about 2000 people at Library Park, and left behind him no doubt that he is in the race for the Presidential nomination. He spoke of recent events in his State, dwelling particularly on the subject of railroad rate regulation, and called Wisconsin "a veritable experimental station."

"Wouldn't you like to have that kind of a system nationally?" he said. "Well, I'm offering my services. 'Of course, I'm a busy man, but I'll try to get away for four years or so, if you would like to have the kind of system they have in Wisconsin, nationally."

Again he said: "I would like to have it definitely understood that I am a candidate for President and that I am going to fight through to the finish. There is not the power of any man, or set of men, to take me out of the race. I will fight until it is over. And as soon as it is over I will be in the right again."

Senator La Follette also mentioned his health.

"You thought I was sick," he said. "There is another fellow said to be a fellow named Pinchot. In North Dakota it was said of me that when a football captain is injured he must be carried from the field. I got to North Dakota, and when I came back, more than I didn't know whether they had ever heard of a football captain being slugged by a member of his own team."

Thinking of Roosevelt, he said: "No President of the United States ever did a more wrongful thing, only except James Buchanan, when he used the power of office to deprive the people of a choice of their own President."

The speaker was interrupted frequently by persons in the audience who called out questions. However, he pleasantly made replies to all. About two hours and a half, Senator La Follette busters sat in the band stand, from the steps of which he spoke. He was introduced by P. W. Cartwright of Pasadena.

SAFETY IS CRACKED.

A safe at the store of Johnston and son, on Rose Avenue, in Lamadena Park, was blown open by safe-crackers last Friday night. Only \$5 was recovered. Two pairs of shoes were also taken from the store.

In a search for more money the robbers overturned boxes and moveables in the store and tore things up generally.

Only eight months ago the store was burglarized and \$50 taken from the safe.

The burglars last night effected an entrance by breaking the lock of the front door. The door of the safe was blown off and found on the floor, with many of the goods that the explosion had shaken from the shelves, by the proprietors when they arrived at the place yesterday morning. The theft was reported at once to the police.

NURSES TO GRADUATE.

The commencement exercises of the Pasadena Hospital School for Nurses will take place May 10 at the Shakespeare Clubhouse. There are thirteen graduates. They are: Miss Laura Julia Johnston, Miss Naomi Josephine Hepp, Miss Kathryn A. Thompson, Miss Sophie M. Thompson, Miss May W. C. Gibbs, Miss Irene A. Wood, Miss Jane B. Bushy, Miss M. Margaret Jack, Miss Susie Ferguson Hunt, Miss Margaret Violet Macay, Miss Anna Louise Sommer, Miss Edna C. Hansen and Miss Dora Ellen Lamar.

CITY BRIEFS.

Forest Supervisor R. H. Charlton of Los Angeles, has written to Mayor Thum asking that Pasadena cooperate with the government to station additional foresters in the mountains of this district.

Retirement services for Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wescott, who are retiring from command of the local Salvation Army corps, to take up Young Men's Christian Association work, will be held at the Y.M.C.A. building tomorrow afternoon.

Members of the Pasadena Brownie Society will honor the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet at the Shakespeare Clubhouse, May 7.

Comics opera, "The Show-Gun," at Chum's next Monday and Tuesday nights. Benefit Home for Aged Women.

Reduced rates at El Moro, No. N. Euclid. Rooms with or without board for the summer.

The Little Inn. Only another name for an attractive little home. Miss Tleton, No. 28 S. Euclid Avenue, Rancho, homes of the beautiful La Canada Valley, H. L. Hayman.

Pictures framed at Wadsworth's Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.

AGED WOMAN IS DEAD.

Mrs. Theodore Clark, who has lived at Beach Many Years, Pasadena, died—Charity Ball Successful.

VENICE, April 26.—Mrs. Grace M. wife of Theodore Clark, died suddenly this morning at the family home, No. 122 Ocean Front. Deceased, who was 71 years of age, was well-known and popular in social circles, having been a resident of this beach during the past six years. She was a native of Connecticut and had resided in California for twenty-two years. She is survived by a brother and one son, Theodore Clark, Jr.

Five Acres Wanted.

Early next week the members of the School Board will begin the task of selecting a site for the new school building, which it is proposed to locate at some convenient point along the Compton road. A five-acre site is desired, and it is intended to carry out on an enlarged scale the original garden idea, which was first developed at the Washington-street school.

Sketches are being drawn for the several new schoolhouses as well as for the improvements contemplated to be made to the present buildings. At the present rate of increases it is estimated that when school opens for the next fall term an enrollment of 700 will have to be provided for.

DANCED FOR CHARITY.

The charity ball given at the dance hall on the Windward Avenue pier this evening proved the most brilliant social affair of the season. Under the auspices of the Vacation Home League as a benefit for the vacation home fund, it was generously patronized by leading society people from all sections of the land, from the city and all over the country. Mrs. H. B. Eakin, chairman of the committee on General Arrangements, was assisted by patrons drawn from the social circles of the beach cities. The Italian band rendered a number of pleasing numbers. The pavilion was elaborately decorated for the occasion, having been transformed into a peach orchard in full bloom. The funds arising from the ticket sales will be used to help the girls summer out at the Vacation Home on Grand canal.

VENETIAN VARIETY.

The City Club last night discussed the policy of endorsing the candidacy of George Garrett for County Supervisor of that district, but deferred action until next week. In meeting it is expected to elect a president to succeed David Evans, thrice-resigned, and now a resident of Los Angeles.

NONE HAVE KNOWN.

None have known the identity of the man who committed the crime, but he himself has been able to recognize or identify him, although several dozen have called at the Kirklees parlor in response to the request of friends in other cities who have missing friends.

Santa Monica.

MOVEMENT FOR BETTER SERVICE.

SANTA MONICA NOT PLEASED WITH PRESENT ARRANGEMENTS.

Contractors, Builders and Shippers Will Establish an Automobile Line to Los Angeles to Prevent Delay in Receiving Building Supplies. No More Liquor Licenses.

SANTA MONICA, April 26.—Contractors, builders, shippers and transporters expect tomorrow to complete the permanent organization of an association having for its object the establishment of a line of automobile freight trucks between the sea and Los Angeles. Mr. W. C. Sander, Carter, Hagerman and a number of others say that it has been impossible for them to secure brick in sufficient number to keep their operations going and that it has delayed operations all along the strand to be compelled to lay men off every few days.

The allegation is that the trolley line of the Pacific Electric has no team of horses, which supplies may be unloaded and sent, although the material is on carts at the beach. It is frequently twenty-four hours after arrival before it can be unloaded. Appeals to the trolley line have up to this time been fruitless, and the organization to be formed tomorrow will at once take up the question of the auto truck line, which promises the delivery of material on the ground where wanted with a saving of at least two hours.

The freight congestion carries with it a plan to be developed a little later for the extension of the freight route to include passenger trucks for the transportation of people who desire to travel to the beach on big days, when the electric cars are loaded and the company is unable to handle the crowds expeditiously.

YIELDED TO MAJORITY.

At a meeting of the Police Commission this morning the decision was reached to present to the Council Monday night a recommendation that the police not be granted a wireless telephone license for the use of the police. Application for the license was made by Mrs. M. E. Way. Protest from church, temperance and other organizations was represented in number.

Commissioner Soper said that the protests represented the names of more than 1000 citizens as against about forty who had petitioned for the license. He would move that the permit be not granted. Mayor Dow seconded the motion, and the resolutions were denied so far as the Police Commission is concerned. This report will go before the Council for its final action Monday night.

In seconding the motion for an unfavorable report, Commissioner Soper said that he didn't care what the Police Commission did in the matter, as that part of the proceeding was only so much red tape.

The commission has no power to do anything. He said he had been informed that some members of the City Council had pledged themselves to vote for the granting of the license and on that account it was immaterial what action the Police Commission took.

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Sketches are being drawn for the several new schoolhouses as well as for the improvements contemplated to be made to the present buildings. At the present rate of increases it is estimated that when school opens for the next fall term an enrollment of 700 will have to be provided for.

DANCED FOR CHARITY.

The charity ball given at the dance hall on the Windward Avenue pier this evening proved the most brilliant social affair of the season. Under the auspices of the Vacation Home League as a benefit for the vacation home fund, it was generously patronized by leading society people from all sections of the land, from the city and all over the country. Mrs. H. B. Eakin, chairman of the committee on General Arrangements, was assisted by patrons drawn from the social circles of the beach cities. The Italian band rendered a number of pleasing numbers. The pavilion was elaborately decorated for the occasion, having been transformed into a peach orchard in full bloom. The funds arising from the ticket sales will be used to help the girls summer out at the Vacation Home on Grand canal.

VENETIAN VARIETY.

The City Club last night discussed the policy of endorsing the candidacy of George Garrett for County Supervisor of that district, but deferred action until next week. In meeting it is expected to elect a president to succeed David Evans, thrice-resigned, and now a resident of Los Angeles.

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ODD FELLOWS TAKE THE CITY.

Long Beach Capitulates to Three-link Brigade.

Eight Thousand People Attend Annual Function.

Early Celebration Closes With Military Ball.

and the good it has done in its practice of fraternality, love and good fellowship. Los Angeles has the order \$5,500,000 in relief work.

At the conclusion of the programme basket dinners were enjoyed on the picnic deck of the auditorium. The parade in the afternoon was the feature of the day and the march with girls in flowing plumes and gold braid presented a stirring sight as they led the subordinate lodges and the marching forces of the Rebekahs, escorting carriages in which were Gen. J. K. Ritter, Department of Defense, Gen. F. L. Hatch, Grand Treasurer C. H. Benedict, Lieut.-Col. F. E. Pierce of Gen. Stoker's staff, Maj. Avis of Pomona, and Col. Ward of Riverside, sides to Gen. Ritter. On Fine Avenue, the caskets and subordinate lodges had their grand review with marching bands of the Daughters of Rebekah, contesting for prizes for the best appearance. Del Mar Lodge of Long Beach with their lodge goat and neat uniforms won general praise, but as hostesses they waived all claims to any honors and these were awarded as follows:

First prize, \$25—Hellotrope Lodge of Pomona, whose members were attired in a uniform of white dress with gilt links, beehives on breast and carried a large flag. Second prize, \$15—Columbus of Los Angeles; third prize, \$15, Ocean Queen, of San Pedro; fourth prize, \$10, Edelweiss, of Los Angeles.

The parade ended at the auditorium where Gen. Ritter and Miss Helen Bennett, who led the couples in the march, were the first to receive the decorations of Chivalry, upon thirty-five women, members of many Rebekah lodges. These women were indorsed for this honor by their lodges and passed upon by the military council of the State. The jewel is a pretty one being a Maltese cross bearing a gold crown on a red heart and adorned from the pin studded with a diamond. The women honored were Ella Lester, Gertrude E. Baldwin, Martene V. Bailey, Mabel J. Craig, Elsie L. Parker, Kate Weaver, Sarah Redmond, Annie Parker, Catherine Coolman, Alice Burke, Ella J. Price, Freda Miller, Olga Beebe, Elizabeth Machiel, Susan Watson, Ida L. Corey, Helen Bennett, Eva Hartwell, Nancy Bruce, Susie Hollister, Martha A. Sessions, Marie K. Tracy, Mary H. Lieffman, Emma Bruck, Rachel Lawrence, Lydia McCough, Eliza Anders, Adel Stockwell, F. Alberta Burgin, Lena M. Dandrett, Myrtle Clegg, Edith Houton and Alice Pfeiffer.

The celebration closed tonight with a grand military ball, attended by five thousand people. The grand

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES

PERFECT DREAMS OF STYLE AND BEAUTY. \$20 UP.

SCOTT SYSTEM \$15 SUITS ARE CAUSING COMMENT.

SOLE AGENTS

Scott Bros.

828-832 S. Spring St.

TO

Chicago

Kansas City and other points east.

Santa Fe-de-Luxe

Leaves Tuesdays during April

Exclusive—Luxurious—Limited

to 60 passengers—

Offers service not equalled on

any other Train in the world. Extra

fare \$25.

California Limited

Leaves daily—

Exclusively first-class—Praised

by thousands of discriminating

travelers—Through sleepers to

Kansas City, Chicago, Grand Canyon

daily, and on Monday, Tuesdays and

Thursdays through sleeper to Denver.

The bedlam kept up until

midnight. When the meeting

of the members was over,

the men went to

the beach and

the women to

the beach.

The bedlam

continued until

midnight.

NEWS BRIEFS.

Clifford Turpin, the aviator came to

the beach today on a promise to

give the Odd Fellows an exhibition

flight and if the conditions favored

proposed to fly to Venice. He used the rebuilt

Elton machine but after making a

short flight from Almatis aeronautics

to the pier and out over the ocean against

a strong wind which seemed to han-

dle the airship like a piece of cork he

Story of the Day's Events Below Tehachepi's Top.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

San Bernardino.

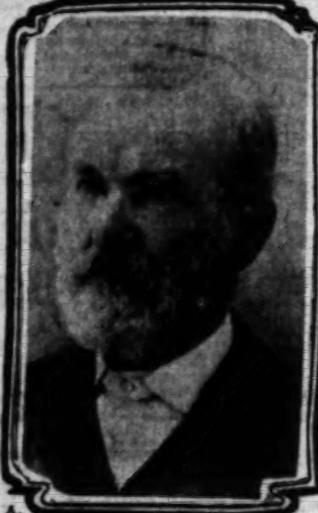
SPUN LIKE TOPS IN HOT FRENZY.

In Bernardino Religionists Commit Funny Follies.

Men and Women Indulge in Spiritual Spasms.

Orange Men Win Judgments Against Employers.

JOHN LEMBERGER.
Aged Crafton man, who has been an Odd Fellow for more than sixty-four years.



LONG TIME AN ODD FELLOW.

John Lemberger of Crafton Admits to Ninety-one Years and More Than Sixty as Odd Fellow.

REDLANDS, April 26.—One of the most interesting and most interested Odd Fellows in Southern California today in the anniversary of the foundation of the order, was John Lemberger of Crafton. Lemberger is 91 years of age, having been born on February 17, 1821, and for over sixty-four years has been a member of the order.

The body kept up until almost midnight. When the meeting ended the members of the mission, on their way home, went down the street dancing around and around, shouting and singing. Men and women indulged in the antics.

For weeks unusual demonstrations occurred, but since the Titanic sank, added excitement has been added, and it is believed that the calmness on the sea has resulted in a quelling of the minds of most of the members.

The nature of their excitement, and belief that the wreck is responsible for the undue noise and commotion, no police action will be taken.

WIN JUDGMENTS.

Fre E. Ruegge, W. G. Wilson and J. W. Hoskins won judgments against the Redlands Golden Orange Association today in their suits for losses due on contracts. Judgment was returned from the bench of the court of the suits, by Judge Constance H. Moore, of Redlands, Wilson \$145, and Hoskins \$42.

The salary claims of Miss Dague and K. F. Pierce were disallowed, in view of Pierce it being shown that he had been in the employ of the company he introduced to the strange growers of Redlands, the owners of C. M. Brown's new company, a rival concern.

MAKES OFFER.

F. H. Vale has between 200 and 300 black walnut trees, just sprouting, which he offers to the forest service for setting out on the mountains. Vale secured some of these trees from sproutings, being a choice selection of black walnut. Experiments have been made here to prove that the nut will thrive in this valley. At home on Seventh street he has a number of full grown trees in bearing.

It is activity at the armory of Co. I. K.C. Capt. Byron Allen is in the valley with his excited, confidently rating efforts to expand for Mexico. The experts of the state believe there are no white feathered among them. Not since the Spanish-American War has the valley been so near to being temperature as now, and the local company marched more than the ordinary and dozens of other men to go, but were

FORMER GOVERNOR.

A group of enthusiastic Taft supporters meet James N. Gillett and applaud his speech.

April 26.—A large group of enthusiastic Taft Republicans gathered this afternoon to welcome Gillett. He arrived at 10:30 a.m. and remained for half an hour, talking to the people of Anaheim on the issues of the campaign. The Taft Club of this city reported that the speaker to the city and the party the favor of a mass meeting was held.

NEWS BRIEFS.

Santa Ana Citizens File Prayer for Selection of Fifteen to Form a City Charter.

SANTA ANA, April 26.—Today there was filed with the City Clerk a petition asking for an election of fifteen freeholders whose duty it shall be to form a charter for Santa Ana. The petition was prepared and signed last summer with the expectation that the freeholders could do their work and get the charter submitted and enacted in time for the special session of the Legislature.

"It is unreasonale. You do not believe it is done, and I believe it is not. What is the cause of the trouble in the last few months? Why has Col. Roosevelt turned against the man with whom he was a close friend for many years? In 1904 he appeared before President Roosevelt at the White House. Judge Gary and H. C. Frick of the steel trust, and they asked his permission to take over the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the principal competitor of the steel trust. He gave them the permission and thus the steel trust became all powerful. It handles 90 per cent. of the steel business of the United States. It owns and controls 75 per cent. of the steel railroads through its board of directors. It has a say in many of the banks of the country and the express companies. It employs over 1,000,000 people and is politically powerful in many ways."

President Taft, the speaker explained, did not see why the steel trust should be immune from prosecution, with its tobacco trust and the Standard Oil Company not, and in October of last year he caused to be filed in the United States courts a bill of equity to dissolve the steel trust. "The steel trust," said Gillett, "will not let his brothers and sisters know of the fact that he is in jail charged with murder. Since he was put in jail on the day of the murder he has written no letters and has received none from his relatives who live in Montana, Kansas and Indiana." Brigg's preliminary examination will be held here on Monday.

The hearing on the motion of the attorneys of Rosario Sains, charged with murder, to change Sains' trial date was adjourned to May 1, to continue until Monday. Sains' attorneys declare that Sains has been called bandit, desperado, murderer, smuggler and outlaw so much that he cannot get a fair trial in this country.

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AS MEASURED BY JUDAS.

Huntington Beach Man Compares Theodore Roosevelt with Iscariot. Who Achieved His Smelling Fame.

HUNTINGTON BEACH, April 26.—Ex-Gov. J. N. Gillett spoke here today in the interest of the candidacy of President Taft for renomination to a good audience, a number of whom afterward expressed themselves as having been former supporters of Roosevelt, but who will no longer vote for him because of his treachery to the President. After lunch at the inn the Governor and his supporters left for Santa Ana. One of the best-known citizens of this place characterized the conduct of Roosevelt during the past few months as paralleling the treachery of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold.

NEWS BRIEFS.

The Orange County Schoolmasters' Club will banquet here at the Huntington Inn on May 11 to determine the day and place of public entertainment at the Christian Church, at which Melville Dozier, Assistant Superintendent of Schools of Los Angeles, will leave their work, the attendance at the meetings has been good and the crowds have been enthusiastic. At Huntington Beach, where Supervisor of Schools of Orange County, will be present, the Star of the Christian Church, a sextette of High School students gave the Taft yell. At Orange, the party was met by a brass band and a large crowd of men and women voters.

The new school year will be a special programme, to be given under the direction of Dr. Alfred Inwood, superintendent of the San Diego district, for one of the bishoprics of the Methodist Church to be filled at the coming convention in Minneapolis.

At Corona, despite the fact that a

Riverside.

TRIBUTES TO THE PRESIDENT.

Former Governor Arouses Enthusiasm Among Voters.

Hoosier Congressman Tells of T. R.'s Undignified Vices.

Librarians of Southern California Are in Session.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

RIVERSIDE, April 26.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Ex-Gov. James N. Gillett in an address remarkable for its fatuity and judicial character, tonight presented to Riversideans the reasons why Republicans should not increase the chances of the Democrats in the possession of a majority in the House, belittling President Taft, who declared, was the same big American he always was.

There is a good deal of talk just now about letting the people rule," said the former Governor. "Whom has President Taft failed to favor in a single act that was not in the interest of the people. The Republican party has always represented the people. No Republican Congress has ever passed a law in favor of the trusts. Did the steel trust and the Sherman Sherman law?" The speaker compared the course of Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft, with reference to the steel trust and called it the big issue in this campaign. "The Democrats are not concealing this," he said, "and the so-called progressives have been voting with the Democrats in the House on the measure of the steel trust." The speaker was asked if he believed that Congress was no longer representative of the people, and that the Supreme Court was dominated by corporation influences. "All this is influenced by the corporations and trusts you would find it in the laws, and if the President were supported by them you would find it in his laws. And if the Supreme Court was dominated by the corporations, you would find it in the decisions rendered by the court. President Taft has caused the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, the tobacco trust, the meat trust, and the like. The Sherman law, enacted by Congress and upheld by the Supreme Court, have been all against the trusts, but now, then to say that the people who own the trusts and corporations, who would be supporting the man who is prosecuting them in the civil and the criminal courts."

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INGLEWOOD ACRES

"Little Ranches"—on the edges of town—with all the commercial advantages of City and Country life.

You cannot duplicate these Half Acres at the price.

\$6000. on terms 5 per cent down and \$10 monthly.

Price includes water, gas, electric, schools, etc.

Churches close by; water, electric light and telephone on the land.

Situated in the very path of the wonderful growth to come.

From Spring Street, 10 minutes from downtown

THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

TODAY AND TONIGHT.

THEATRE.
Adelphi—“Miss Manhattan” 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.
Auditorium—“Mrs. Cave” in “Cavalier” 2:30 p.m.
Balboa—“The Comedy” 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.
Burbank—“The Stranger” 2:30 and 5:30 p.m.
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Garrison—“Vanderbilt” 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.
Grand—“The Winsome Widow” 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.
Kingsway—“Continents” 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.
Lyceum—“When Johnny Comes Marching Home” 2:30 and 4:30 p.m.
Malibu—“The Spanish Princess” 2:30 and 4:30 p.m.
Mason—“Madame’s Widow” 2:30 and 4:30 p.m.
Orpheum—“Vanderbilt” 2:30 and 4:30 p.m.
Pantheon—“Vanderbilt” 2:30 and 4:30 p.m.
Prince—“The Rogue Count” 2:30 and 4:30 p.m.

SPORTS.

Baseball—Los Angeles and Santa Monica—
at Washington Park. 2:30 p.m.

“THE LAND AND ITS PATRIOTS”
Permanent exhibit in the corner of Concourse building on Broadway.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Times Office, No. 33 South Spring street.

NEWS & BRIEF.

Pioneer Society Picnic.

The Los Angeles Pioneer Society will hold a picnic today in Sycamore Park, where there will be old-time speeches and singing, in Spanish and English, and an old-fashioned basket lunch.

Free Kindling.

Free kindling, all new wood, short pieces, may be had at the New Times Building, First and Broadway. There are many loads of it and it is expected to be taken away quickly.

Full Complement for Battery A.

Capt. Ford of Battery A, First California Field Artillery, received orders yesterday from Artillery Adj.-Gen. to recruit his battery to 133 officers and men, the full complement. There are at present ninety officers and men, and more desirable men will be enlisted immediately.

Dine in Hundred Colors.

A “Dinner of a Hundred Colors” was the unique affair given last night at Christopher’s Broadway cafe by the winners of the first annual prize contest of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company to the officers and agents of the concern. Among the speakers were President George L. Coopersmith, Director E. C. Johnson, and Director E. M. Mason, J. N. Russell and J. W. Foley, the magazine writer. The winners present at the event were fifteen in number. Benefits of Junior Republic.

A benefit will be given at the Cumock school of expression on Wednesday afternoon and evening, for the George Junior Republic. The winners of the school, in the afternoon at 2:30, will give the “Masque of Maidenhood,” and in the evening the “Flower of Yester.” The plays will be in costume, and those who attend are assured of an artistic and entertaining presentation. The cause is a worthy one and a large audience is solicited.

Postal Bank Flourishes.

Statistics furnished yesterday by the postmaster concerning the operations of the postal savings at the local postoffice, for the period from its establishment, September 15, last, to March 21, are as follows: Accounts opened, 1859; closed, 861; still open, 291; deposits, \$1,116; amount deposited, \$279,561; withdrawn, \$137,946; balance on deposit, \$242,515; cards and stamps sold, \$84,40; savings bonds sold, \$16; amount invested in bonds, \$16; total amount on deposit yesterday, \$253,647.24. Dead in Vacant Lot.

The body of a man who may prove to be Frank Hamilton of Hutchinson, Kan., was found dead in a vacant lot near Eleventh and Santa Fe streets, early yesterday by G. W. Kemp, a night watchman. The body was removed to the Pierce Brosnahan mortuary. Before shooting himself in the right temple the man sought to make identification impossible by destroying all his papers, but he did not succeed in a small hour, however, in overlooked the name given above. He was about 70 years old, 5 feet, eight inches tall, and had gray hair and eyes. On his vest was a Masonic pin. League for Self-Support.

A meeting of school teachers, part of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, was held at 2 o’clock this afternoon in the Shophony Hall, Blanchard building, under the auspices of the Self-Support Educational League. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Marie Larkey of the city school, J. S. Jackson of the McKinley Home, Prof. George Littfield, founder of the Fellowship farms, and F. E. Epper of Yuma, who will present a series of stereopticon views of Arizona. Charles W. Caryl, the largest boy in the city, his idea is to devise ways and means by which persons not now so may be come self-supporting.

Ex-Police Chief’s Funeral.

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Dead in Vacant Lot.

The body of a man who may prove to be Frank Hamilton of Hutchinson, Kan., was found dead in a vacant lot near Eleventh and Santa Fe streets, early yesterday by G. W. Kemp, a night watchman. The body was removed to the Pierce Brosnahan mortuary.

Before shooting himself in the right temple the man sought to make identification impossible by destroying all his papers, but he did not succeed in a small hour, however, in overlooked the name given above. He was about 70 years old, 5 feet, eight inches tall, and had gray hair and eyes. On his vest was a Masonic pin. League for Self-Support.

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Baseball—Los Angeles and Santa Monica—
at Washington Park. 2:30 p.m.

“THE LAND AND ITS PATRIOTS”

Permanent exhibit in the corner of Concourse building on Broadway.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Times Office, No. 33 South Spring street.

NEWS & BRIEF.

Pioneer Society Picnic.

The Los Angeles Pioneer Society will hold a picnic today in Sycamore Park, where there will be old-time speeches and singing, in Spanish and English, and an old-fashioned basket lunch.

FREE KINDLING.

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PUBLISHERS:

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DID YOU KNOW?
Gov. West of Oregon has ordered a strict enforcement of the law of that State against selling intoxicants on trains. The Governor's idea of "extra dry" will not agree with that of many passengers.A DEAD ONE.
In defending his position with regard to the harvester trust Roosevelt quotes John Paul Jones. We would not detract from the excellent reputation borne by Capt. Jones, but that gentleman's injection into the present campaign is a trifling remote and the American people must be pardoned if they do not quite see the intimacy of the relation.S PARE US!
The French are much wrought up over what threatens to be a parallel of the Dreyfus case. That incident, of course, did much to arouse the sense of justice in the breast of all humanity, but it required a great deal of newspaper space to accomplish this. We have no objection to an interesting page of French history, but the world is so busy at present that we prefer not to be deluged with a sentimental drama in several volumes.Q UITE HUMAN.
A New York man who is in Reno to get a divorce hurried East to greet his wife with affection when she escaped from the Titanic. That is entirely human. A man will move heaven and earth to wreck his happiness by his own conduct, but let some outside influence make a move to that end and he is instantly in the defensive. He seems to get a perverse satisfaction in doing to himself the things he would let no other do. Life is obliged to lay a heavy hand on some people to prevent them from laying a heavier hand upon themselves.K EPPEL SPEAKS.
Mark Keppel, County Superintendent of Public Instruction, has answered his enemies who misinterpreted his position on the question of free text-books for children. He has answered them with the wisdom and good faith of an honest expert, and the public will be inclined to accept the word of a man who speaks with authority and whose one motive is the increase of efficiency and the elimination of graft. Mr. Keppel wants the children to have free text-books, but he wishes to see this accomplished without the possibility of enriching a few members of a political ring at the expense of the people. He and his teachers will have a bill drafted which will give the children free books without making it possible to loot the treasury.O UT OF THE QUESTION.
Cupid is accused of cupidity. It is said that persons married in this city have sometimes been charged as high as \$5 for the marriage ceremony. Realizing that the cost of living is high enough after marriage has taken place, a groom who claims to have paid this exorbitant price solemnly protested to the District Attorney against the extortion. Men have been married who thought their wives were worth \$5. It may have been their judgment was prejudiced by their affections, but some of them have not repented the bargain with the passing of many years. Nevertheless, all the world is supposed to love the lover and we are quite willing to love the \$5 kind if the \$5 kind is obsolete. We believe we have known brides who would have despaired at the altar if the groom had struck for a \$3 limit.A MAN'S SIZE.
Two Bakersfield men went down into Arizona the other day to buy a ranch. Having lived in California they wanted to do the thing on a proper scale. They decided that they could find breathing room for themselves and their cattle on a little place near Benson left by the late W. C. Greene, which is ninety miles long and from three to twenty miles wide. Now the United States is 3000 miles from east to west and 2000 miles from north to south with a population of 95,000,000 people. Our friends from Bakersfield, therefore, do right to leave the crowded city in search of a place measuring to their idea of what a ranch ought to be. One of the joys of the West is that it gives a man room to spread, if there is any spread in him. Of course, it is rather a shame to have to divide this property between two partners. Supposing they should both want to build houses on it, what would they do for laws?I NVASION OF TURKEY.
Reports come from Constantinople, from Athens, from a Greek port on the Aegean Sea and from Lloyd's station in the Dardanelles that an Italian fleet appeared off the entrance to the Dardanelles and engaged the ports which guard the entrance to the Sea of Marmara, with the result that one Italian ship was sunk and the other vessels were repulsed.

The press dispatches were censored by the Italian government so that no news of the repulse was communicated to the world. It is believed that the Italians, enraged at the slow progress of their army in Tripoli, have resolved to force matters by carrying the war into European Turkey. It is hardly possible that Italy would attempt to land troops in European or Asiatic Turkey, and it is extremely improbable that France, Germany and Austria would remain quiet and permit the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire and the restoration of Constantinople to the possession of the descendants of Constantine. Yet no one can safely predict what changes in the map of the world might be effected by a war between Italy and Turkey.

TAFT'S PHILIPPIC.

The result of President Taft's fearless and comprehensive dissection of the inconsistencies, unfairness and untruthfulness of Col. Roosevelt will cause the complete elimination of Roosevelt as a factor in politics and his loss of the good opinion of his fellow-men.

Roosevelt was guilty of a common trick of precinct spellbinders. He garbled and misquoted the language of his opponent. He quoted President Taft as saying in his Toledo speech, "This should be a government of all the people by a representative part of the people," and upon the basis of this garbled sentence Roosevelt claimed that the President is opposed to a government of the people, by the people, for the people" and in favor of the rule of a select oligarchy of wealth owners.

What President Taft really said was, "It is apparent that ours is a government of all the people by a representative part of the people." The context shows that the President meant that, as a majority of the adult voting males, comprising one-tenth of the population, govern by their votes the other nine-tenths, therefore it was not wise or just to abolish or paralyze the protection which courts throw around the nine-tenths.

At the Presidential election of 1904 the total vote cast was 12,535,285, of which Roosevelt received 7,522,365. The population of the United States in 1900 was 76,303,287.

Nine men, women and children, being either minority voters or non-voters, were controlled and therefore represented in legislation by one man. Suppose that the one-tenth thus vested with the lawmaking and law-executing power should enact laws that would strip the nine-tenths of their constitutional rights. The only protection that the nine-tenths would have would be from the courts. This protection Roosevelt proposes to deprive them of by authorizing the one-tenth to override the courts at the polls. This protection of the rights of minorities so vital to the very existence of free government President Taft proposes shall be continued, and because he declares for its continuance and opposes the revolutionary, not to say politically insane, fad of Col. Roosevelt, therefore the colonel, in his desperation, is guilty of the small-minded and disreputable trick of garbling the language and misstating the argument of President Taft.

The President in his Boston speech on Thursday last struck out straight from the shoulder when he said:

"I pointed out the fact that this popular government of ours is a government by the adult voting males in order to show the necessity for constitutional restrictions to protect the non-voters among the people against the possible injustice and aggression of a majority of the voters.

"It is honest, was it fair of Theodore Roosevelt to seize one sentence from a speech, to garble it and then to give it a meaning which he knew from the context, it could not bear? Do you just people of Massachusetts approve such methods, or warfare? Do they think that in carrying it on Mr. Roosevelt is giving to his successor a square deal?"

According to Col. Roosevelt's code of definitions all active participants in politics who support him are honest leaders of progressive popular thought, while those who support President Taft are mercenary and unscrupulous bosses. George W. Perkins and Frank A. Munsey of the steel trust, who gave \$50,000 to a fund to carry New York City for the colonel, are benevolent, public-spirited men who cordially dipped their hands into the pockets of steel-trust shareholders in order to aid a great statesman in his self-sacrificing effort to have the people arise and thrust the Presidency upon him. But Andrew Carnegie, who closed his pursestrings with a relentless snap when the colonel asked for a few thousand or a few hundred thousand dollars to help along the "thrust," is a close-fisted, miserly foe of popular rights and a base adherent of big business.

Col. Roosevelt when he was running for President in 1904 solicited and gratefully accepted the help of Uncle Joe Cannon and Senators Aldrich and Penrose. These gentlemen were then great statesmen inspired by patriotic devotion to the best interests of their country in aiding to place in the Superior chair the one greatest man in all the world. Now Cannon and Aldrich and Penrose are low-down, meanly, unapreciatively, scrub politicians, because they support President Taft, and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who stood by Roosevelt and swallowed everything until the last dose of popular reversal of Supreme Court decisions gaged him, is classed in the Rooseveltian dictionary as a brutal reactionary.

Senator Lorimer threw what little influence he had in Chicago in favor of President Taft; not that he loved or had occasion to love the President the least little bit, but that he hated the colonel more.

Ananias Roosevelt thereupon said that there was a combination between Lorimer and Taft. He knew that he was lying when he said so, for he knew, both by private letter and by personal conversation, that President Taft reproached Lorimer, had not desired him to serve for two years, and strongly desired his expulsion from the Senate.

On January 12, 1911, Roosevelt wrote to President Taft: "I firmly believe in reciprocal trade with Canada for both economic and political reasons. Whether Canada will accept such reciprocity I do not know, but it is greatly to your credit to make the effort."

And for months the colonel has been sounding his bazuong along the shores of the Great Lakes, from Buffalo to Chicago, denouncing President Taft and telling the farmers that they ought not to support him for re-election because of the iniquitous reciprocity treaty by which he endeavored to deplete their incomes for the benefit of "special privileges."

G R E A T S T O R Y.
The account printed in The Times Friday morning of the manner in which Miss May R. Birkhead wrote her great story of the Titanic disaster, enabling this newspaper and the New York Herald to beat all other papers in the country for a comprehensive report of the disaster, with illuminating and exclusive photographs, is one of those delightful romances of fact more interesting than the most brilliant creation of fiction. It is indeed strange to make a case of eggs.

Branded!



UNCLE WALT.

The Post Philosopher.

It is indeed a blessed thing that lots of words will rhyme with Spring; there's wing and king and sing and bring, and fifty-seven more, by Jig! And when we've written "sunlit leas," we have our choice of trees and bees, and breeze and sneeze and fleas and cheese, and sundry other words like these. And when we speak of "assane skies," we have a stock of flies and pines, and stys and sighs and maidens' eyes; watch the sweet affatus rise! There are so many words that rhyme, the poet has an easy time; there's clime and thyme and crime and prime, and now and then perhaps a rhyme! Of course we have to ring in babbling streams, which bring us round to twilit dreams; and then, as inspiration steams, we reach for themes and schemes and beams. We must refer to sighting woods, if we deliver would the goods, and then leap up to noble pines, suggesting vines and twines and shines. O thunder! Any healthy bard could loaf around in his back yard and write spring poems by the mile along the old accustomed style. The same old verdant woodland nooks, the same old bushy babbling brooks! The same old birds on joyous wing, the same old harp, the same old string!

WALT MASON.

(Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)

APROPOS.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] Apropos of the various present-day arguments for the recall of bad judges, a Chicagoan said the other day:

"I once heard Col. Roosevelt tell a story about a frontier magistrate—a story that reminded him of a certain type of high court judge."

"The magistrate had in hand a hatchet-stealing case. It was proved that the prisoner had stolen the hatchet, but the magistrate, search his law books as he would, could find no precedent for hatchet stealing."

"Prisoner at the bar," he said at last, glaring up at the accused man from over his spectacles, "I can't locate nothing in the books relatin' to hatchet stealing, though I find here a case of ax stealing, where the defendant was convicted and got heavy punishment. Prisoner at the bar, you may now go, and let this be a warnin' to you."

And both judges are being cited to appear before the tribunal of public opinion—"they and their agents, servants and employees"—and show cause why a Chicago court should not be considered as being beneath contempt.

A Cliff Full of Garnets.

[London Globe:] A garnet deposit of exceptional possibilities has been discovered on an island situated in St. Michael's Bay, Southern Labrador (part of Newfoundland's domains,) about thirty-five miles north of Belle Isle in the straits. The island is about a mile long, half a mile wide and 200 feet in height. The vein is composed of crystals of garnet about the size of large oranges, with sufficient matrix (a flinty quartz and mica) to hold them together. Over the south side edge of the cliff, which is almost perpendicular, the large garnets are profusely exposed down to about sea level. This shows that the supply is almost inexhaustible and that they can be quarried at a minimum cost. This garnet has been tested for abrasive work and pronounced superior for that purpose to any found elsewhere. It is also thought that slabs of any size and thickness can be cut and polished. If so, it will be interesting to establish trades, as they would be exceedingly handsome, durable, attractive and new for both inside and outside ornamental work.

What a Man is Made of.

[Leslie's Weekly:] The average man has "ingredients" to make fat for seven bars of soap, iron for a medium-sized nail, sugar to fill a small bowl, salt to fill a shaker, lime to whitewash a chicken coop, phosphorus to make 2200 match tips, magnesium for a dose of magnesia, sodium to neutralize a pint and a half of water, potassium to explode a toy cannon, sulphur to rid a dog of fleas, and albumenoids to make a case of eggs.

Opposed to the Recall.

[Chicago Post:] "No sir," says the man with the movable east and the dissatisfied mustache. "I am unalterably opposed to this proposition to recall the judges. It's all plumb nonsense. It's an impossibility."

"It's a impossibility," says the man with the recalculating eyebrows and the busy Adam's apple. "It simply couldn't. Man, I tell you, our school children are already overtaxed. Their little minds are expected to grasp and contain more useless and valueless information than—"

"What have the public schools got to do with it?"

"Why, great Scott! Isn't it put up to the pupils to recall the judges? Hang it! I'll bet there isn't even a grown man in the country who can recall half the Vice-Presidents."

BURDETTE AT THE BAT.

CLVIII.

The Panama isn't the Only Canal. I had a little thrill a few days ago. Reading in the papers about the growing plans for our new harbor I read one paragraph that pleased me greatly. That was that the authorities were already taking steps of such precaution as would render forever impossible a repetition of the recent Arctic disaster in the great harbor of Los Angeles. The details of the preventive measures which would bar icebergs fifteen miles square from the waters of the Southern Pacific—the ocean of that name, not the railroad which is popularly supposed to own it—are not given. But that the harbor will be protected from ice is no doubt.

There is to be built a wide, smooth highway of the best for auto-freight and passenger service, and for the heavier freight a canal will be constructed to parallel the highway.

A canal. Always the same untamable speed, driving men to danger and death. Well; you cannot keep men from it. Just as our rulers are vigilant to keep the canal free from ice, summer as well as winter, goad on the mules and send with a bone in her teeth past the busy wharves of Ingleside and Strawberry Park through stormy Eucalyptus and raging Santa Ana to the sea.

Put on a Packet.

When the canal is completed, I wish they would put on at least one passenger packet. When I was a little child they ran passenger "packets" on the Miami Canal, and I have journeyed thus from Cumminsville to Cincinnati. Long nests on the side of the cabin, after the fashion of omnibuses.

In pleasant weather the passengers sat on deck like animals and talked politics. They talked of Gen. Taylor—"old Rough-and-Ready," and Fillmore and Polk and Fremont, and of the discovery of gold in California, and of Harry Clay's return to the United States Senate, and his bill for the immediate admission of California as a State without passing through the preliminary territorial organization and with a Constitution forbidding slavery; and of John C. Calhoun, who had dragged himself to the Senate chamber to reply to Clay, making his last speech, for he died a few days later, murmuring, "The poor South! What will become of her?" And they talked of Webster, who followed Calhoun in three days with his famous 7th-of-March speech in favor of compromise—a speech that did not add to his political strength North or South.

"We" talked about great men in those days, even if we did travel on canal "packets," and didn't know what automobile was or even what it was going to be. I was a little child then and didn't understand much of what I heard. And now I am old and wise and travel by "The Limited," and politics is just as perplexing to me as it was then. I was a Whig because I once shook hands with Gen. Taylor when he came home from the Mexican War. And now I am a Republican because I have shaken hands and broken bread and eaten salt with every one of the Republican candidates, I reckon. But, then, also, I admire Mr. Bryan, and I like Champ Clark, and I certainly do most highly esteem Woodrow Wilson. Fact is, I need a few years on a canal boat to get my mind settled that I may "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh me a reason of the hope that is in me."

The Race is Not to the Swift.

Do you remember an account of the great race between the twenty-one-knot turbine steamship, the "Hare," and the old-time three-mile canal packet, "Tortoise," chronicled by that star among special correspondents, George W. Aesop? George was Johnny-on-the-spot with his little camera, too, for I have seen the snapshots of the "Hare" in great favor; and the odds were piled up on the start, and the odds won out easily—hundred-to-one. I remember the "Tortoise" well. She was an old-fashioned, turtle-back packet, never carried any perishable freight, and would lie on a mud bank all summer waiting for a freshet in the creek to come along and tide her off. But when she started from the Falls of St. Anthony for New Orleans, the first thing we knew, after you had forgotten all about it, she was reported to have had a narrow escape. O happy bard could loaf around in his back yard and write spring poems by the mile along the old accustomed style. The same old verdant woodland nooks, the same old bushy babbling brooks! The same old birds on joyous wing, the same old harp, the same old string!

WALT MASON.

(Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)

APROPOS.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] Apropos of the various present-day arguments for the recall of bad judges, a Chicagoan said the other day:

"I once heard Col. Roosevelt tell a story about a frontier magistrate—a story that reminded him of a certain type of high court judge."

"The magistrate had in hand a hatchet-stealing case. It was proved that the prisoner had stolen the hatchet, but the magistrate, search his law books as he would, could find no precedent for hatchet stealing."

"Prisoner at the bar," he said at last, glaring up at the accused man from over his spectacles, "I can't locate nothing in the books relatin' to hatchet stealing, though I find here a case of ax stealing, where the defendant was convicted and got heavy punishment. Prisoner at the bar, you may now go, and let this be a warnin' to you."

And both judges are being cited to appear before the tribunal of public opinion—"they and their agents, servants and employees"—and show cause why a Chicago court should not be considered as being beneath contempt.

A Cliff Full of Garnets.

[London Globe:] A garnet deposit of exceptional possibilities has been discovered on an island situated in St. Michael's Bay, Southern Labrador (part of Newfoundland's domains,) about thirty-five miles north of Belle Isle in the straits. The island is about a mile long, half a mile wide and 200 feet in height. The vein is composed of crystals of garnet about the size of large oranges, with sufficient matrix (a flinty quartz and mica) to hold them together. Over the south side edge of the cliff, which is almost perpendicular, the large garnets are profusely exposed down to about sea level. This shows that the supply is almost inexhaustible and that they can be quarried at a minimum cost. This garnet has been tested for abrasive work and pronounced superior for that purpose to any found elsewhere. It is also thought that slabs of any size and thickness can be cut and polished. If so, it will be interesting to establish trades, as they would be exceedingly handsome, durable, attractive and new for both inside and outside ornamental work.

What a Man is Made of.

[Leslie's Weekly:] The average man has "ingredients" to make fat for seven bars of soap, iron for a medium-sized nail, sugar to fill a small bowl, salt to fill a shaker, lime to whitewash a chicken coop,

phosphorus to make 2200 match tips, magnesium for a dose of magnesia, sodium to neutralize a pint and a half of water, potassium to explode a toy cannon, sulphur to rid a dog of fleas, and albumenoids to make a case of eggs.

Opposed to the Recall.

[Chicago Post:] "No sir," says the man with the movable east and the dissatisfied mustache. "I am unalterably opposed to this proposition to recall the judges. It's

Ten Points: By the Staff.

those who have taxes to pay should

be paid them now.

will be at least another month before

the votes on something or other.

Roosevelt calls him "Billy" and

a greater friend was once called

"Will."

Now is the time to store eggs for next

"is the advice of an exchange. Get the eggs.

a booster all the time for greater

There is everything to buck you

up.

Nick Longworth still on the fence

simply ask the question in the interest

of the top rail.

Welcome, San Franciscans, to our fair

tomorrow, but don't let anybody

mention the name of the Court.

Let's get down to business now. The

sons have nominated their officers

the ensuing year.

It's about time for the seven Ringers

to shun their castors into the second place?

Tom Gun will train young Chinese

in the art of shooting. Is this Gun

shot or a repeater?

President Taft hasn't won that

yet, but like the constable in "The East."

he has his eye on it.

will be observed that there is no

denial of Col. Bryan that he is

able at the Baltimore convention.

Los Angeles church is contemplating

establishment of a free lunch. But

it's look natural without the foot

national bank deposits in Los Angeles

to nearly \$70,000,000. What does

town care what the price of eggs is?

New York professor of music has

written to play the piano fifty hours

yet we wonder at the increase of

size.

um-shoe Bill Stone says that Chan-

k has many times greater manu-

facture, and that he is an all-round

Agreed!

is reported that the suffragettes

are throwing stones, probably

down a string of lanterns and

the machine gun.

archaeologists have discovered recent

remains of wine shops in Pompeii,

fall to note that they found any

shines or cash registers.

have seen or heard nothing of Col. W-

on's famous Star-Eyed Goddess in

Spain. The old girl working out

week, or taking in washing?

there are some high-class works of

even J. Pierpont Morgan cannot

Lina Cavalieri says she won't

sing to Americans. Oh, very

their complete a very attractive

here may be no occasion for interview

in Mexico, but the members of the

California National Guard are awaiting

superior officers. "Adieu."

Roosevelt is likely to exceed

votation records in getting away from

tariff question. By the way, why did

tackle it when he was President?

the high cost of living in the City of

complained of. But the queer part of

that the consumers are not doing the

complaining. It is different on the

things are changing down in

the daily crisis is now pulled off right

the former hour was drawn

breakfast after a feast of tortilla and

the request of the United

at Britain, Germany and France

loan by China from Belgian

60,000 has been canceled. What

of Belgium?

Capt. Amundson, having discovered

with Pole, is now about to try to

reason for the nomination of Roosevelt.

Everybody worth mentioning

the gallant captain has given it up.

the chances are that the

police will make so much noise

sun shines during the convention

we will be no alfa left for the

the donkey. He has been on about

in for quite a while now.

there appears to be a sufficient

opinion as to whether the Elks

county, Cal., contain off, to

first-class argument. But he does

not that will ever live to see the end

pending case against the

it! It promises to be drawn

than the Lorimer investigation

trial of the Camorrista.

RECOMPENSE.

is my sincere endeavor,

to help a man whenever

he is slipping backward.

or perhaps he's lacking muscle

to be victor in the tussle.

again maybe he has an unfair

is not for me to pass him.

hot haste and roughly claim the

uncouth thing as he so feels the

the heart in him is heating

just the same as mine and friend

I reach to help him onward with

hands.

to make brothers feel like this.

I do not ask that money be my

is my tribute to the master

to help those who meet disease

are falling in the mire above.

let me see them banish sadness.

is my smile in gladness.

at heart I am repaid in every

out to know that through every

some one has been hurt from

the greatest and most happy

one N. Pleasant in Portland, Ore.

make points on return

EDWIN P. RYLAND.

President Juvenile Court Committee.

A WOMAN'S VOICE FOR TAFT.

SANTA BARBARA, April 23.—[To

the Editor of The Times:] Can you

give space for a sentiment of the

"Voice of the People," regarding the

Presidential election? A man that will

prove a traitor to his friend, is not to

Masque and Melody.

CALVE SINGING
"CAVALLERIA."
PROGRAMME AT THE AUDI-

THEUM THIS AFTERNOON.

The



New



Hats

LETTERS TO
"THE TIMES."

THE DETENTION HOME.

LOS ANGELES, April 26.—[To the

Editor of The Times:] I am writing

you this statement of the general

policy and work of the Juvenile

Court Committee of Los Angeles

particularly as it concerns the Juve-

nile Hall or Detention Home. We

are working under a wise State law

which provides that the Detention

Home shall be conducted as nearly as

possible a real home and shall

be conducted in the spirit of a pen-

ititute. Our committee controls this

provision as thoroughly wise, because

of the fact that we are dealing with

young life and very many of our boys

and girls are no more than criminals

and the average child犯人 who do

not need a prison, but a home. It has

been suggested that the windows on

this home should be barred. That

such a plan would be unwise and

ineffective would appear to us, when

it is born in mind that the children

are not placed in cells, but in

living-rooms, and they cannot be kept

there day and night as are the prison-

ers in a city jail. A reasonably small per-

cent of the children sent here have

been sent away, a very large per cent of

them left in the day time and not

through the windows at all.

The committee has been for two or

three years in fact, quite since we

began the use of the new home, trying

to devise the wisest plan for putting

a fence around the yard, and that is

the plan that will be ultimately

carried out. But with the fervor

and enthusiasm of the Juvenile Hall

from the wise provision of the law

that provides that it must be as nearly

as possible like an ordinary home.

Permit me, please, to say, too, re-

garding the administration of the

Court, Mr. Eby and Mr. Libby, and

the matron and her assistant, Mrs.

Eby and Mrs. Libby, have been

chosen with the utmost care and

are of such thorough preparation and

experience as to make them

approximately ideal for this work.

There has been nothing in the

Court that we have not been

able to find in the best of schools.

The court is in a very fine

condition and that rapid progress is

being made toward the perfecting of

their system for the conduct of the

Court.

The Juvenile Court Committee feels

quite certain that your paper will

help toward the doing of the

great work for childhood, and a very

unhappy part of childhood, too, that

we are understanding. You may



DAILY BEAUTY HINT: There is nothing like open air exercise to bring roses to the cheeks and color to the lips, as well as a sparkle to the eyes. I have heard girls make the excuse that they had not the opportunity to belong to a tennis or a golf club, and had not the courage to start out upon aimless walking expeditions. This is a poor excuse, for if no other game is accessible handball may always be played by any girl who has a companion; and if she has not a companion or playfellow, she may at least play "wall tennis" by throwing the ball against a convenient wall and "batting" it with a racket. Any exercise which necessitates the rapid moving of hands, arms and lower limbs is good for development and circulation and therefore for the entire body.

"I have heeded your admonition," said a friend whom I met on Broadway, "and am cultivating a fad."

I had remarked upon the beautiful harmony of coloring between his neck and the shoulders which he wore and he was so pleased over my praise.

Of course I inquired as to the "fad."

"I am cultivating begonias," said he. He told how many varieties he already owned and said he was en route then, to purchase a new kind of which he had heard. I said that this new avocation takes him away from business cares, and also I am learning many things about plants and their ways, which I might not know did not gain access to the floral world by means of some especial favorite there."

He then added, "A girl friend said, 'I cannot help observing how fond men seem to be of flowers, out here. Back East one seldom sees a man carrying bouquets; but I noticed the other morning coming in on a suburban train, here, that nine out of ten men carried from one to dozens of roses and other blossoms.'

A Wondrous Sale.

This is a sale which is worthy of a volume of talk from me; but I am sure you will see for yourself and agree with me upon every item.

The great Bazaar is one of the big stores. Upon this occasion, the buyers of the different departments vie with each other in placing the prices upon their goods at lowest possible figures—and well, some of them would tell you and "cross their hearts" that the figures are actually impossible. They would mean by that, that they were far below cost, even when that cost was at special buying prices. I had a peep at some of the items which will be in that sale, and believe every word that I have heard regarding that sale. In every department of the house bargains will be, from Monday next for several days.

The ribbons, the season's very best and latest, and in widths fit for use as girdles, yes and saashes, as well as in millinery, are there for one-third of the regular value. Rich flowered stripes, even heavily brocaded and embossed ribbons, antique gauges and in fact everything that your heart could wish, either gowney, hatery or accessories for your summe-wardrobe, will be found in that store.

Then in white and tan shoes—well the prices are less than actual cost to the house in their purchase, and the quality A No. 3.

In chinaware—well, if you are a housewife, you'd better be there.

In cutlery, I would hate to tell you the amount that you may save—for you might think that I had worn bright rose spectacles when looking at those fabrics. The same is true as in linens, are blankets, red wool and as dusty and any one could want, for just about nothing.

In jewelry, such as bracelets of sterling, chain bags, etc., the savings are remarkable. In fact nearly every department in the house has brought offerings for this great merchandising event.

Jappyland.

This is the name of a new long coat, in a novel cut, which one of the blouses is printed on the market.

It is in navy and black stripes, and in black satin, is trimmed in white and has a most striking shape as to skirt and sleeves as well as collar and rever. It is named for the playette which is about to be given.

The Decorations.

By the way, the decorations and furnishings for that same play will be loaned by one of the oriental stores on Broadway, and will be most tasteful and original.

Of Personal Interest.

A girl or friend lingerie is always interesting to the woman who likes dainty underwear; and when such articles can be purchased for less than the ordinary kinds, there is no question that every woman who can make to herself the least excuse for buying more underwear will do so.

Novel Mending.

A girl who had the misfortune to cut or tear a hole in a conspicuous place in front of her new blouse, had an inspiration as to mending. She happened to have several lace medallions, and it occurred to her to cover the hole with one of these. She applied it nicely and then placed its mate opposite and another set likewise; and behold! her blouse was prettier than ever.

Crocheted Toys.

A whole page of crocheted toys for little ones, and exact directions for making them, forms an attraction in a new book. The kind man of "Bosnia," a poodle dog, a pony, and tubular reins are some of the articles given. This reminds me of a little boy whom I once knew, who was the petted darling of a very wealthy family and who consequently owned a pony and of course a dog. He was adorable; but he would never go to bed without his "dog-and-lamb-and-man." These were crocheted toys, a dog, a man and a lamb—all much the worse for wear, and outshone all the mechanical toys in his affections.

Canton Cream.

An ice cream which is delicious and which may be eaten by those who sometimes find ice creams and sherbets are unsatisfactory for a dessert.

In Canton for cream. It is made as follows: Make plain vanilla ice cream and when nearly frozen, stir in

So Says Witness.

PATENTED LAND PUT ON MARKET.

RAILWAY COMPANY'S PROPERTY RIGHTS DISPUTED.

Federal Suit Brings Out Testimony Showing that Kern County Holdings Appeared Valuable Years Ago and That Corporation Withdraw Them from Sale.

That just after government land in the Kern River field had been patented to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, it was possible to purchase it at the rate of \$2.50 an acre, was the testimony given by R. C. Farnum before Special Commissioner Leo Longley, yesterday, in the suit brought by the Federal government against the company to cancel patents to such lands.

Farnum and his associates entered 26,500 acres of land in that section, but at that time had not attempted to develop it. He declared that after the discovery of oil in the section between McKittrick and Sunset, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company withdrew all propositions to sell any more of the land, although his company did secure two sections of 1280 acres in the Elk Hills before word was received from New York for the withdrawal of the balance of the corporation's holdings.

Farnum said he had been told by J. C. Treadwell, a vice-president of the Southern Pacific, that he had advised his superiors not to sell any of the land and Treadwell offered the information to him that if he had had anything to do with the matter the Farnum syndicate would never have been able to secure an acre.

The witness said he had noticed oil wells in the Elk Hills country and knew of at least four working operations in the district but could give no information whether the wells were profitable or not. He testified that he was firmly of the opinion that there was oil on the land, but admitted that all the others who had his associates had held large entries they had made no attempt to develop the oil supply. Farnum said that because it might be necessary to go 4000 feet or more to find oil, he had not attempted to develop the land.

Taffetas, crepes, satins and Turkish toweling are equally in the foremost march of fashion.

Champagne-colored needle-rus lace is a charming addition to many afternoon costumes.

Woolen stockings in footwear, gloves, neckwear, parasols and general dress accessories.

Revivals from the crinoline period are making their appearance in the hats of the moment.

Silk and lace foulard will be greatly in favor for morning frocks for wear in the parks.

Taffetas, crepes, satins and Turkish toweling are equally in the foremost march of fashion.

Mechlin lace is very much worn just now, and appears on many of the smartest evening gowns.

Single-handed.

FORTIFICATIONS NOT EFFECTIVE.

STRATEGIC POLICEMAN RAIDERS CHINK LOTTERY DEN.

Negro Care-taker Incidentally Opens Barricaded Door and Faces Officer Who Threatens to Shoot His Head Off if He Gave the Alarm—The Rest Is Easy.

PLOT LAID AT OCCIDENTAL.

Policeman Rogers distinguished himself yesterday by the manner in which he raided Gee Lot's den, located at No. 411 Central Avenue. In full uniform and alone he walked into the den after the front door had been incendiarily opened in answer to his light knock. Gee made the frequent boast that his place was so fortified that it could not be raided, and it had flourished for months. The walls were four inches thick, and all doors reinforced with bolts and iron rods.

It was a few moments after noon that Rogers walked up to the Centennial entrance of the den and rapped. There wasn't a sound inside the den for several minutes.

The door opened, and the officer stood face to face with L. Buchanan, a negro.

"Please open your hand and I'll shoot you," whispered Rogers to the negro, who was as frightened as he couldn't have given an alarm if he had tried.

Preceded by the black man, Rogers entered into the den, which was deserted. Gee was lying on the floor, sat down and waited. Half an hour later Gee returned to prepare for the 2:30 o'clock drawing and walked into Rogers' arms. Seizing all tickets in his hand, Rogers brought his men to his headquarters. Gee was fined \$100 by Police Judge Chambers and Buchanan \$10.

Gee afterwards explained that he had left Buchanan in the den to watch it while he went to lunch.

Sgt. Hester and Rogers then went to No. 137 Wilshireton street, where they found Lee Joe with several hundred lottery tickets. The latter were found in a secret drawer in the top of an ordinary-looking wooden kitchie table. John, a negro, was the owner of the table.

Francis L. Wilson, Palmer Ritchie, Ray Shauer and John Blodgett, the chorus composed of "co-eds."

The scene of the day is laid at Occidental College, and the story has to do with life at the institution, many features bringing in the fun and frolic of the students. The cast will be made up entirely of students of Occidental College. The director is to be played by Everett Dunlap, and Miss Bertha Smiley plays the chief feminine part. Others in the cast are Elizabeth Palmer, Muriel Dunsmore, Francis Lawson, Palmer Ritchie, Ray Shauer and John Blodgett. The chorus is composed of "co-eds."

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features bringing in the fun and frolic of the students. The cast will

Business: Markets, Finance and Trade.

FINANCIAL NEWS SUMMARY.

(Purchased by Logan & Bryan, Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, Broadway building, Los Angeles.)

NEW YORK, April 26.—Americans up from 10 to 12 cents.

Heavy National absorbs Gallatin National Stock.

Amended money trust resolution giving large scope to inquiry passes House by vote of 237 to 31.

Monetary relations as to the national convention unstructured.

Twelve industrials advanced 1.6 per cent.

Twenty active rails advanced 1.5 per cent.

The markets were again the feature, in fact, to such an extent that the action of Readings in the last two days has been the chief news, other quarters with the result that at the close the list presented a rather irregular appearance.

Otherwise, there was little news of importance, and清淡 was centered mainly on politics and politics.

From now on much depends on the disposition of the public to hold on the buying side, as prices have been forced to a level which marks the culmination of several other upturns.

FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

LOS ANGELES, April 27, 1912.

BUCK CLEARING HOUSE.—The same day was a comparative statement: \$1,643,534; same time in 1910, \$2,345,632.

Following is a comparative statement:

1910. 1911.

Monday \$2,432,121.25 \$2,062,011.31

Tuesday 4,729,280.00 4,729,280.00

Wednesday 2,360,690.76 2,364,728.14

Thursday 2,656,000.00 2,654,000.00

Total \$10,854,801 \$10,441,534

Quotations furnished by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange.

GIL STOCKS.

Associated Oil \$1.60 Asked.

American Pet. Co. 54.50

Associated Oil 45.25

Arco Oil & M. Co. 45.25

Cal. Midway Oil Co. 1.75

Central 1.50

Continental Oil 1.50

Marine Oil Co. 1.50

Business: Shipping, Mines and Stocks.

THE WEATHER.

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Los Angeles Times

INFORMATION

Advertisers, Subscribers
Advertisers, Agents and
General Public.

SCOPE AND AIM:

THE TIMES PUBLISHES REGULARLY
several pages of news and other reading
matter of interest to the public, and
advertisers, agents and
general public.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: Independent, uncompromised, unshackled, unper-
secuted, uncompromised, unshackled, unper-
secuted.

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES is devoted
to the great principles of liberty and
law, justice, truth, freedom, safety, and
human endeavor. Industrial Freedom, and
the upbuilding of Los Angeles, the
state of California and the great Southwest.

TO LABOR: The Times is the
understanding friend of all honest
men at work, and is the champion
everywhere; and while never denying
the right of workers to demand
more money, further appointments
will be made at a later date of City
Attorney, City Marshal, City
Engineer, building and plumbing
inspector.

Miss Ellis, Stones of this city and
of Los Angeles, were married
to Riversides Tuesday and were
quietly married at the Glenwood
Inn, where they will remain until
their return to this city. They will
make their home at No. 1171 South
Home street.

The Young Women's Foreign Mis-
sionary Society of the Methodist
Church will meet with Miss Lulu
Finney, No. 1216 Lyndon street
tomorrow afternoon. Miss Mary Hart-
will and Sunday average for 1912, \$7,500

average.

WORKS CIRCULATION: Daily not average
10,000,000. Sunday, including Sunday
Edition, 18,000,000 for 1912, 26,154;
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Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest

1897-1912 | IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR.
NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 17.

APRIL 27, 1912—40 PAGES.

Single copies, by mail,
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The Camels Are Coming!



Over the hot sands to the Oasis.
[641]

[841]

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.
REORGANIZED JAN. 6, 1912.

devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the world-politics of their woods and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

Similar in tone and color; Southwesters in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

An independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public gratis from The Times news sheets when required. Old series ended December 31, 1911. New series began January 6, 1912.

In contributing to The Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found valuable; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

For six months 10 cents a copy. With The Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.00 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Los Angeles Times
Illustrated WeeklyUnder the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Navy Pages—Regular Issue Over 88,000 Copies.

BY THE WESTERN SEA,
AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Seal Skin Sacks for Psterity.

SECRETARY NAGEL and Charles P. Anderson, counselor of the State Department, have been before the Federal Senate Commission on Foreign Relations urging that something be done to protect the seals of the northern Pacific Ocean. Something was done in this direction years ago, but not enough. The people of four nations have rights in the seal fishery, the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan. An attempt has been made to protect the seals by prohibiting pelagic fishing. The trouble is there are too many persons in these countries with practical qualifications, and with one exception, our own country, the governments are too little disposed to enforce the laws in this respect.

When the Pacific Ocean was first discovered and navigated by Europeans the seals spread over the islands and coasts all the way from Bering Strait almost to where Sailor Amundsen has just been at the South Pole. They existed in myriads. But wasteful killing has reduced the herds to a mere half-dozen. In our own possession, Pribilof Island, is the greatest sealery in the sea. Unless something is done in this direction pointed out by Secretary Nagel, the seal will many years will be as extinct as the dodo.

Summer Season at the Beaches.

There is no such thing as a close season at the beaches that front the ocean below the city of Los Angeles. Winter and summer, springtime and harvest are all the same there. And they never fall. At the same time it is different in July from what it is in January, and preparations are now humming for the summer business. At Santa Monica a pleasure pier is being erected at the foot of Kinney street, repairs are going on the Hollister-avenue pier, the Busch house to cost \$32,000 is under way, the Elks' Clubhouse is being erected at a cost of \$40,000, the members of the Masonic order are clearing the ground for their new temple, and the Woman's Club have planned it their clubhouse. A movement has been started to construct a viaduct across the network of trolley tracks and three new lumber yards have been built there within a few weeks.

At Venice there are nearly a score of new apartment houses going up, and twice as many planned. Building costs for two months ran to over \$200,000.

Otagenarian Wins Golf Match!

It was at Del Monte, by the shores of the West Coast. It was a March day. And a golf match was won by Mrs. H. D. Quimby, aged "80 years." She allowed a little handicap by her younger sisters, and with her bonus of forty strokes her net score was 91. It was surely the climate that permitted the game to take place near the seashore in the early part of the month of March, and there is little doubt that the abundant wine of life in the sea breeze by the western sea that enabled the octogenarian to win the match.

City and County Consolidation.

The city of San Francisco desires to consolidate with the county across the bay and up and down the peninsula. At Los Angeles the subject of city and county consolidation has been discussed with more or less

vigor for not less than thirty years. Now the people of the two cities are joining hands for the purpose of a campaign to put legislation through to make the scheme more feasible.

That Thy Days May be Long in the Land.

IT IS not a new commandment I give unto you, but an amendment to one of the old ten that Moses brought down from Sinai. The fifth one of the Decalogue promises to those who honor their father and mother length of days. We would not for a minute dispute the correctness of the injunction that all should honor their father and their mother. But we think, with all deference to Moses, we have a better way of securing length of days. If you have joined the Century Club and wish to reach the goal, come and live by the Western Sea.

There lies before us the vital statistics of a single day as they appear in the Los Angeles Times. There are in the whole list of deaths less than thirty items, and of these no less than sixteen—or considerably over 50 per cent., are put down as more than 60 years old. In several of the other cases no age is stated. It is quite safe to assume that at least twenty, or more than 70 per cent. of the total list, had passed three score years. Not only that, but most of the sixteen had passed three score and ten, only six being under 70. Again, of the ten left seven were more than four score, and of these seven three were over 90. One had reached the age of 92, another was past 93.

There was not one native Californian in the whole list. These persons were nearly all among those who have come here late in life, when they leave their old homes fearing to risk longer the severity of the climate, and seeking here comfort rather than long life. No doubt some of them came here with health severely impaired. One meets here almost daily men and women who arrived here in very feeble condition, having given up entirely all occupations in their old homes and never expecting to enter active life again, and yet here they become so strong that their excess energy renders them too restless to continue in idleness. They take up new lines of work and succeed in them.

Competition Stimulates Trade.

THE steamship lines doing business up and down the coast have made a cut in freight rates between San Pedro and San Francisco amounting to from 20 to 40 per cent., in commodity rates, and from 3 to 4 cents per hundred pounds in classified rates. This cut will save business men of Los Angeles between \$200,000 and \$300,000 a year.

To Manufacture Intellectuals.

CORONADO BEACH is to have a High School worthy of any city by the Western Sea, when proposed plans are carried into effect. The new High School is to cost \$85,000, and to consist of a group of three one-story structures of reinforced concrete absolutely fireproof. Among other features will be an auditorium with a capacity of 6000 seats.

Hermosa Beach to the Front.

IN THE past four years the city of Hermosa Beach, now numbering 3000 inhabitants, has grown from a little village of about half a thousand. Much public spirit has been manifested there, as indicated by the construction of twelve miles of street paving of the asphalt variety, and a pier of concrete material costing \$100,000.

Forward Movement at Seattle.

THE people of Seattle by popular vote have authorized the issuing of bonds to the amount of \$8,725,000. Of this sum \$5,000,000 is for the construction of Harbor Island Terminal. For other harbor improvements go bonds to the value of \$3,100,000, \$500,000 for park work and \$125,000 for a municipal tuberculosis hospital.

Progress is the Keynote.

PROPERTY holders at Venice the other day easily and handsomely carried an election for bonds to provide money for municipal improvements. The demand of the community was \$23,000 to be used on an outfall sewer, and \$20,000 in installing a garbage incinerator. The bonds carried by three to one.

San Diego Will Not be Left.

SAN DIEGO business men have in mind the improvement of the harbor by the Silver Gate at a cost of \$1,000,000. The work will be in full swing if expectations come out right by the middle of April. The city has issued bonds for the whole amount of the cost, and they have been taken by local interests.

A Colony of Intellectuals.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, the author, is reported to have purchased seventy-five acres of land on the beach at Carpinteria, where he plans to establish a literary colony. It will be a village of bungalows, and probably the sign over the gate will be "None But Authors Need Apply."

San Diego Tambien.

HOW people with an eye to the future are looking over San Diego with the idea of building there two theaters of metropolitan proportions and equipment. This undoubtedly glimpses the crowd of visitors expected at the Silver Gate when the show is on in 1915.

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April 27, 1912.] 3

Can the Old Race Do It?

FOR the time being at least the people of China have thrown off the yoke of the Manchu conquerors, have overthrown monarchical institutions, and established a republic in name. Can this ancient race accomplish the purpose indicated by this revolution? Or, to put the question in the language of the street, "can the Chinese make good?" Can they "turn the trick?"

If these people, for so many ages accustomed to despotic rule, so little in touch with modern ideas, and so little experienced in the intricate and difficult business of popular government, succeed they will have done something absolutely new "under the sun."

Popular government is an Occidental institution, not Oriental; European, not Asiatic. In very fact the institution is of even narrower origin. As known and practiced for more than a thousand years it is Teutonic and not Latin, nor even of any branch of the Pelasgian race.

To be sure, the ancient Hebrew state, mis-called by some students of the scriptures a theocracy, was in fact a form of government with some of the semblances of a republic. But it failed and failed quickly as an effort to establish popular government. It is also true that the Hellenic people established popular governments in nearly all Greek cities. But these, too, failed after brief and stormy careers, and the same is true of the Latin attempts at popular government as exemplified particularly in the case of the city of Rome. These Pelasgian republics were narrow in scope, in each case the city being the state. Yet even in these narrow spheres these attempts at popular government failed.

Republican institutions of the modern world are distinctly of Teutonic origin. The Angles and Saxons brought the germs of these institutions into Britain, where they never perished entirely. Conditions of life were crude and the masses of the people ignorant during the early years of Teutonic and Angle civilization. But wherever the Teutonic people planted themselves permanently, whether in their native territory across Northern Europe, in France or in Britain, the ideals which prevailed among the warlike people whom Caesar and Tacitus first introduce in the pages of history, never entirely lost their force, much less perished.

It was a long, tedious and awful struggle, winning here a point and there a point, until, after the battle of Runnymede, the feudal lords wrested the Magna Charta from King John, and finally the people secured the Bill of Rights, and put a quietus to feudalism. Then came the real triumph of the people in their age-long contest for self-government and the establishing of a very narrowly limited monarchy in England and an absolute republic in the United States. For 300 years monarchy in England has been little more than a name, and the hereditary House of Lords has finally come to that pass in our own time. The House of Commons, by whose decree the head of the last would-be absolute monarch in England fell upon the block, in the basement of the Parliament House, has from that day to this been the lawgiver and practically all the government of Great Britain outside of the closely-guarded independence of the judiciary.

The republic established by the founders of the American institution is acknowledged by all statesmen who have given attention to the fact to be the flower and fruit of all attempts at popular government. It has the advantage over the English republic of having all its governing officials of any considerable degree of importance elected by popular vote, or what is tantamount thereto, of providing for the entire independence among themselves of the three chief branches into which government divides itself, and of having a written constitution which carefully defines the functions of each branch and of each official.

The Constitution of the United States has been pretty closely copied in several instances by peoples of races not Teutonic, and these attempted republics have been set up among peoples of little or no experience in the business of governing themselves. Now, although in many instances these peoples were elevated far above barbarism, and had intimate knowledge, although not practical experience, in the ways in which self-government is carried on, yet it required the practical experience of several generations in every case to acquire skill by which to make these republics successful. Revolution after revolution has swept the constitutional governments out of office, followed in many instances by practical despotism.

The government of Great Britain seems to

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DURABLE.

particulars—or if he isn't
LOS ANGELES

and her counsel believe it will be successful.

THAW IN CONFINEMENT.

During the last two years Thaw has

selected. Reports say the Japanese have not troubled America. All the foreigners at Mexico City are reported under date of April 25 as in Jutias. Most of the coal miners

which has a terminus in El

For day.

have had these facts clearly in view for many generations in dealing with the government of their colonies. Where colonies have been established composed almost entirely of people of Teutonic race the popular form of government has been successfully established. But where England has had to deal with alien races, as in India and South Africa, the statesmen of that country have strenuously opposed all attempts to set up there any government of the people or by the people.

With these facts in view, it must become entirely clear that the Chinese people are undertaking a novel experiment, and if they succeed they will then have accomplished a remarkable thing, unique in the history of the world. They are an intelligent, patient and docile people, remarkable for their personal industry and personal integrity in financial affairs. They have among them many thousands of their own race who have seen, with more or less clearness of vision and more or less comprehensive grasp, the working of popular government in the United States and elsewhere. This of course gives them some little advantage. But the whole mass of the people is exceedingly heavy and very inert from our point of view. They lack the medium of a popular press for educational purposes. If they succeed in holding the great mass together, preventing the government from disintegration into many conflicting factions, and successfully at last establish a real republic, preventing some man of great skill in statesmanship or great capacity in military tactics from setting up a despotism, they will then stand before the world as one of the very greatest of peoples.

Opportunities, Past and Present.

THE local news columns of The Times have recently given details of real estate deals in what is now absolutely the business center of the city. One of these is Ord's Survey lot on the northeast corner of Sixth and Spring streets, 120x165 feet. This was purchased by the present holders about thirty years ago for \$4000, and is now held at \$1,000,000, with an intimation two weeks ago that somewhat less money might buy the property. The second instance is an actual transaction or a culmination of several by which the northwest corner of Spring and Fifth, a similar lot in the same subdivision, had been secured at a little trifle more than \$1,000,000. In view of the publication of this deal, it is very doubtful if the other parcel of property could now be secured at any concession from the holding price.

The writer is thoroughly cognizant with the history of the lot on the corner of Spring and Fifth. About forty-two or forty-three years ago he bought this property from Dr. Hammel, father of the Sheriff of Los Angeles county that now is, paying \$5000 cash. There was on the lot at that time a fairly good brick house of a story and a half, containing eight or ten rooms. In 1873 the property went to the late Thomas D. Mott, at \$5000, and a few years later \$9000 was refused for the property, it being held at \$10,000. Then came the years of depression, running from 1877 until 1884, and in 1881 the property went to the late Dr. Mohn at \$3750.

Now it is easy to figure out the enormous profit accruing from the holding of these two small parcels of Los Angeles business property. From the lot on the corner of Fifth street has been cut off an alley, leaving the depth a little less than in the original survey. But this is a case where a part is worth as much as the whole, as the alley is an asset more valuable than the square feet taken off of the original lot. The price works out at something more than \$8000 a foot for the frontage on Spring street, and is about the record price for business property in the city at the present time.

Now it is not necessary to point out to the dullest mind the opportunity to make large profits by buying property here a generation ago. The investment of \$4000 growing to \$1,000,000 in thirty years is making money very rapidly.

To intimate to one at the present time that there are still opportunities to grow rich in Los Angeles real estate might be received with some misgiving, and probably would be with much misgiving. But we hold that, with a single exception in the fact that it takes more money to "get in" now than then, the opportunities of today are quite equal to those of thirty years ago. Nor will we concede that the investment of \$4000 this year may not thirty years from now show as large an increment of growth as those referred to above.

The population of the city in 1880 was about 10,000, and is today probably 400,000. This in

crease in population is the reason for the increase of the value in property. Let us look ahead thirty years, and at the next third census-taking in 1940 the population of Los Angeles is not unlikely to be 2,000,000 people. When the next census shall be taken in 1920, the population will be not less than three-quarters of a million, is almost certain to be more, and may be a million. With this growth in population will come a good deal of shifting of the business center, and the creation of secondary business districts widely scattered all over the whole area of the city.

In Chicago at the present time business property ranges from three times the record figure in Los Angeles to ten times that sum. If our prognostication for growth in population here is realized, then property now worth \$8000 a foot will be worth \$25,000, perhaps \$40,000, not impossibly \$75,000. The purchasers of the lot on Spring and Sixth just referred to are \$1,000,000 richer than they were thirty years ago. If the population ever reaches 2,000,000 souls, then the property in Los Angeles, worth the Chicago prices of today, will show an increment of value of three to eight times the current prices now, and the million dollars of today will be three millions to eight millions thirty years from now.

Is the Sherman Law Workable?

OME weeks ago an eastern newspaper mailed thousands of postal cards addressed to "the plain people," embracing all sorts and conditions of men, asking for opinions as to the Sherman Act, whether it was workable or not, and if so whether it was just and beneficial, or otherwise.

We refer to this not to approve of it. It is our firm belief, without doing violence to the American people as to their intelligence, that the people are not prepared to find an intelligent and just verdict in the case. This does not mean that the people will not become qualified. But the only way for the people to come to an intelligent and proper conclusion as to a question like this, is to try the law out by proper application of it.

If "big business" is opposed to the President of the United States because of his persistent efforts to enforce the Sherman Act, then the people prominent in this opposition are wrong in their judgment of the President, and wrong as to the way to test the law and to get it repealed if detrimental to the interests of the people. That there is opposition to Mr. Taft in very high quarters in business circles is plainly evident from the presence in the opposition of men like George W. Perkins, Medill McCormick, Dan Hanna, Gifford Pinchot and a good many others.

General Grant was absolutely right when certain men found fault with him for enforcing an obnoxious law, and he replied: "The best way to get a bad law repealed is to enforce it."

The people of the United States will not permit the Sherman law to be repealed before it shall have been thoroughly tried. Those opposed to the President who arrogate to themselves the epithet "progressive," are particularly insistent upon the enforcement of all anti-trust laws on the statute books. Inconsistent as they are in this respect, they would be the last to permit the repeal of the Sherman Act or any other law made for the regulation of business.

The Sherman Act and other similar laws as they exist are anomalous in some respects. The Sherman Act itself is short, direct and written in plain English. Yet there is a great deal of dispute as to its meaning and scope. The only way to get the matter clarified is to carry it out according to its apparently clear intention and according to the decisions of the Supreme Court. That is exactly what the President is doing, and that is all he is doing.

Mr. Taft has done more to carry out the will of the people in enforcing the Sherman Act than all his predecessors for the last twenty-two years. In doing this the Department of Justice is encountering some "snags" and doing things that are causing the people to open their eyes very wide. Here at home we have the Bean Growers' Association of California and the Walnut Growers' Association attacked under the provisions of this law. While this was not expected, it appears to us to be perfectly natural. No law is justly made that is not general in its application, embracing in its scope the smallest as well as the largest individuals or associations guilty of breaking that law.

The operation of the Department of Justice under the administration of Mr. Taft is doing more to clarify the views of the people generally as to

these laws than anything that has been done since they were spread upon our statute books. If they are wrong in their general scope, the Taft administration is going to bring that so plainly to view that the man who scorches in an automobile will be able to read the signs of the times. If there is any need of amending these laws in a large way or in a small way, the Taft administration will show where the defects lie, and what the remedy is.

An Army of Amazons.

MISS—or is it Mrs.—Yik Yug King, was elected recently a member of the Chinese Parliament from the province of Canton. She is a college graduate. The women of China were not compelled to pull the queues and break the heads and smash the shop windows of their parents, husbands and suitors in order to obtain the suffrage. There was no almond-eyed Mrs. Pankhurst among them. It took forty-two years of agitation and effort for the women of California to secure the ballot. The women of China obtained it in a few weeks after the republic of China was established.

The rapid evolution of China from the twentieth century B. C. to the twentieth century A. D. is the eighth wonder of the world. The leap from an empire to a republic, from imperialism to democracy, was an astounding political acrobatic feat that has amazed the world.

The Chinese women have evidently considered it to be their duty to promptly accept the duties and responsibilities as well as the privileges of their new citizenship. They have organized an army composed of women, and will wear helmets instead of Easter bonnets upon their brows. Why not? Why should not the right to strut in brilliant regiments and march to the music of a band making martial sounds be enjoyed by women as well as by men? Soldiers no longer wear steel corslets and whack away at each other with lances and swords. War has become an artillery duel, and the combatants are barely in sight of each other. A woman can learn to carry, and handle and fire a Mauser rifle as skillfully and effectively as a man. The objection that soldiering would be incompatible with the duties of motherhood is no objection at all. The rank and file of our regular army as well as that of the great armies of Europe is composed of unmarried men. Why not a regiment of maidens as well as a regiment of bachelors?

The right of the women of modern civilization to bear arms and dress right at functions has never been questioned. Shall not the women of an ancient civilization be suffered or even required to bear arms and right dress? China has taken a lesson from us. May not we take a lesson from China?

Fall in, First Regiment, California Woman's State Militia! Right dress! Heads up! Eyes front! Salute your brigadieress-general!

"Sound the trumpets, beat the drums; See the conquering hero comes!"

Sure!

Dissolution of Trusts.

AT particular fragment of the dissolved Standard Oil Company known as the Standard Oil Company of Indiana recently declared a \$29,000,000 stock dividend to its stockholders. The "busting" of the oil trust seems to have resulted in an increase in the price of coal oil to the consumer, and an increase of dividends and an advance in the market price in Wall street of the value of the stock in the smaller trusts into which the larger trust was dissolved. The disiecta membra of the old corporation, like the pieces of a chopped centipede, each wiggled off into a life of its own. Instead of a Standard Oil stockholder owning one share of stock in a big entity, he owns one share of stock in each of about thirty little entities. An advance in the price of coal oil paid the increased cost of operation, and the income of the oil magnates was enhanced rather than reduced by the change.

The result of enforcing the Sherman Act has proved so unsatisfactory to trust busters that they are now demanding its repeal, and that there be substituted for it a Federal law "regulating" corporations by placing them under the rule of commissioners appointed by the President, these commissioners to deal with corporations as the thrifty housewife deals with newborn kittens, the desirable ones given access to the cream pot and the undesirables drowned in a slop bucket.

Men and

EN. BADEN-POWELL distinguished figures in one of the English trate the fact that in Great Britain wool centage of the known Most of the English figures are not English at all, but Scotch like the Black Watch, Kitchener and little Bob, the Inniskillen Dragoons. Baden-Powell won glory in He is the proponent of the Boy Scouts.

Arthur Edward Stillwell had a better fate than to have Kansas City, Mexico and the hands of receivers. He at Rochester, and is only old. His education was He spent some of his early business and in 1869 first railroad achievement line around Kansas City, in the development of western States, and then the road to Topolobampo Bay, Mexico.

The saw is an old one, and on long observation, which sinking ship. Political rates on prompt in a storm natural history. California the person of Congressman able gentleman has been in policies, and a loud if not last reform. He has been a member of every catchy Now Mr. Hayes seems to have we think to his vision shown in Congress back to Mr. T. R. squarely on T. R. and all the coming out square-toed. His equivocation, for the renoun This as we see things mean things, the road with its leads back to Congress.

William B. McKinley of Illinois managed the Taft campaign the President by the Republicans at the end of June, made in the selection. Mr. McKinley the successful man in business career in both has been so the hotspurs of reform, in C. done in his life, because the however deep they may go, a probe to the bone and in his own State and elsewhere the object of bitterly virulent before the people for re-elect his worst enemies could allege him was that he had been a fortune. In doing it he had around him more than he had displayed particularly in among the fat prairies of adequate local transportation lines. This is the head and had done big things, and had done. Is not the degeneracy

Among all the followers of Theodore Roosevelt, few equal and standing as a statesman one who was present at the National Convention in the Convention will easily forget the ability Mr. Lodge presided over that forget his devotion to the President usually called Col. Roosevelt. His clique kept up their seven minutes, trying to stampede Mr. Roosevelt, who were very impatient under a to be stampeded. Counter ered the lips of thousands and the President Roosevelt, to raise gavel, to check the bogs ent crowd. They hooted with ill-willers who had ever manifested of the third-term of today. bore for the sake of his re-election that day. But times change, Mr. Roosevelt has radically changed his political views. He has probably not changed his political leader, he refuses to do what he is advocating today. Ton recently Senator Lodge gave a long speech behind them, to the Socialists dressed in the falsely-called Republican, and called Democrat.



HE EAGLE has been profoundly pleased with the results of the Titanic disaster, which the same remark may seem strange and uncouth to the ears of you-all who are accustomed to attend my Sabbath-morning sessions. But I can explain myself. I am not pleased that there was there was one, why, it makes me feel good down into the middle of my bronze insides to know that men are still made of the right stuff, and that the proportion of cowards has not increased; and that soldiers and sailors, too, not to speak of just common, everyday land lubbers, who can meet death as the martyrs of old met it, with smiles on their faces, are still here a-plenty, studding the landscape and the seascape, tambien.

BY GINGER! I would like to tear loose from my perch for the purpose of scattering a few flowers over the great waters there among the ice floes off the banks of Newfoundland, where John Jacob Astor went down to a brave man's death. There was a fellow that I, among others, took a fling at that time when he married his second wife and was hunting around the country trying to get a preacher to tie the knot. I jeered at him then, as you did. I joined the chorus of knockers who called him names. And now I am sorry. For, my dears, he has squared himself. And I don't think God will be hard on him when he faces the judgment and stands before Peter at the Jasper Gates.

Now would I confine my floral tributes to Astor. There would be blossoms for Archie Butt and for Capt. Smith; and for Henry Harris, who tucked his wife in the lifeboat and said "Good-by, dear," as he turned to wait for Death. Ah, there were so many of them in

that fearful night who were so brave. Whatever their faults and their failings may have been on this earth, I am sure the angels of heaven came flocking to meet them when they appeared to report to the great God of the Ages.

THERE are a myriad ways in which death may be met, but it seems to me that when a man meets the dread reaper without warning, in the midst of happiness, and doesn't quail, we see a real man. Astor and Archie Butt and Henry Harris and the most of those fellows were in their full-dress clothes and in the fullness of contentment when Death stood like a specter and without warning before them. And it was as though they said: "Hello, old Reaper, you've come for us, have you? Well, we didn't look for you exactly like this, but it is all right. You were sure to come some time, and it might as well be now as later. Take us; we are ready."

WHEN you think of men like that, and then compare them with men who have lived long lives, yet who howl and wail and skulk and cover in their beds where they are about to die naturally, you will understand the full force of the remark I made at the opening of this discourse, which was to the effect, namely, that I am profoundly pleased with the results of the Titanic disaster.

OF COURSE, some one will be sure to say that these men were stoics. That they didn't believe in a hereafter, and that dying to them meant simply falling into a dreamless and an endless sleep. If this were the case, my admiration for them would still be great, because of the heroic manner in which they died; but such was not the case. There was not a man of them who had not a belief in a future existence—of a judgment and an accounting. It was easy enough for the stoic to die, but Jew and Gentile require a greater courage and bravery to take that awful leap in the dark which you all, every one, must sooner or later take.

DEATH, to be sure, is as natural as birth, and yet it is strange how variously the summons to the grave is set to work. There are men who follow the wars, even as a profession, and there are other men constantly exposed to hazards and danger, but who still live long lives, nevertheless. On the other hand, other men are cut off in their prime and before it, by the merest accidents. Some die in childhood and others in youth. There are those who long for death, but still live on, while others who love life are robbed of it. Whenever I sit under the stars in the silent watches of the night, this is the greatest mystery of all to me—the inequality of the chance to live.

SINCE, however, it all comes to the same thing in the end, and that life, at best, is no more than a short and fleeting dream; perhaps it doesn't matter whether a man die soon or late. Certainly the question is not for consideration in either your hands or mine. You all must be plugging along and thank God at night when you lie down to sleep after having escaped the numberless dangers of the day. But, even at that, you may "wake up dead," as the fellow said.

THE fact of the matter is that you-all are much the same in your plight as the insect that crosses your path. You may step on the poor thing or not, just as it happens. Death is abroad on his rounds ceaselessly. In his busy work he may take a notion to lay you low today, or he may take a notion to let you go until he meets you again some other time. As far as you are concerned, you have no say in the matter. On the deck of a doomed ship or as you lie quietly in bed, it doesn't matter—when Death comes with the summons, you must answer. And if you answer like a man it will be all the better.

SO, MY dears, seeing that the situation is as it is—you may live another day only, or another year or many more, as the case may be, all that I can say for you to do is to take it in good part and make the most of it. Do not waste your time—little or much as it may happen to be—by chasing false gods and iron dulls. At least don't do that all the time. Don't hurt anybody's feelings; it is not worth while and it isn't necessary. Don't leave the scene of your earthly career with the thought on your soul that there are accounts you wish you could come back to pay. When the time comes for Death to bump you let it be that you have the same smile on your face that you had when down was the farthest thing of all from your thoughts.

I WOULD not say, however, that you should never think of death. Death is a fine thing to think of. If you are living right, it isn't a thought that you should dread. And to think of it, once in awhile, will help to keep you going right. You will then see that lots of things that worry you now are not worth the worry.

IN OTHER words, you should so live that when you come to die you will wrap your cloak around you and lie down as though to pleasant dreams, as the poet said, or words to that effect. And when you get yourself which you will—take it like a man, whether it is in the middle of a dance or stretched on a bed with the doctor taking your temperature while an anxious hand deepens his furrowed countenance.

THE EAGLE



SO THE Chicago Fashion Congress has passed a men's con. resolution in favor of electric light bulbs to be worn in the hair of fashionable society maidens.

It seems perfectly reasonable to carry the present inclination to its logical conclusion and make the dear things lightheaded both inside and out.

And while Chicago was attending to the top end of the dear creatures, Mrs. Longworth, the now rather demode "Princess Alice," was turning her attention to their lower extremities. Shoes, Mrs. Longworth feels, are a much-neglected possibility for fashion atrocities. As far as I can make out she would like to see them worn a different shape every few weeks, diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs, for instance, and heavily studded with jewels or gold nuggets, or possibly handpainted miniatures.

But in any case, feet are to be more pronounced.

The Seat of Intellect.

WHEREFORE the very timely assertion made by one of those indefatigable German scientists with cough-and-gurgle names, that women with large feet are invariably more intelligent and intellectual than their small-footed sisters should bring comfort to many a female heart.

He points out with convincing argument that the progress of the higher education of women has coincided exactly with an increase of size in their feet—and he did it without making capital out of a great opportunity to make a pun on the feminine understanding!

But he could not resist that everlasting allusion to Chinese feet. As the women of China cease to bind their dear little tootsies and let them expand indefinitely, we may expect a devastating wave of women's clubs all over the Chinese Empire, I suppose. Well, poor China certainly seems to be in for a prolonged national stomach-ache one way and another.

In the meantime, it is permitted for the prospective wooer to make interesting comparisons on his own account? There are two salient points for him to settle—first, whether the large-footed maidens of his acquaintance are really the most intellectual, and secondly, whether he has the necessary endurance for matrimony with an intellectual wife.

Matrimonial Bias.

FOR after all, you know, an intellectual wife (with big feet) must be something of a responsibility. There are two classes of women I respect from the bottom of my heart—women writers and women lawyers—but you would not catch me marrying either of 'em under any circumstances, not me. Ye gods, fancy having to live with a woman lawyer! And Fate must indeed owe the man a grudge that is compelled to cohabit with a woman writer. The male of the species is bad enough, goodness knows, but as a domestic animal the woman writer is a horrible mistake.

What about large-footed men? The learned professor does not inform us whether men, too, may be judged by the size of their feet. It should be a great boon to employers of intellectual labor to have such a definite assurance. But I have it on the assurance of a number of wives that men with large feet certainly make the best husbands. Which would be very enlightening if we could be sure what constitutes a "best husband." From my own observation, I should describe the average "best husband" as an invertebrate sentimental, a hard-working, confiding, and pathetically illusional worm.

Memories.

TURNING from these modern innovations, and these sad, bad days of bridge and auction bridge, it is certainly comforting to read a book of memoirs a century old. They of olden times, too, had their smart sets and their ultra-fashionables, and with a thrill we learn that society was going rapidly to the devil then in just the same way that it is now. Only then the all-absorbing card-games were "commerce" and "all-fours."

And then, too, they were having their outcries against the new and disgusting fashions. It was in 1809 that the Duke of Wellington introduced trousers into England and feeling ran so high on the subject that the militia refused to march in the new, indecent garment!

Instead of aeroplanes, they were having society balloon ascensions, and the balloonists were regarded as regular devils, don't you know. And instead of our

manikins that parade Broadway to exhibit the newest fashions, harem skirts and what not, they had female marionette shows to visit each of the town for my lady or my lord ordered their new spring suits. The had no Ladies' Home Journals, it is true, but they had their manners and their deportment, and they were sent into fits of hysterical horror at the idea of highly improper society dances, the waltz and the polka! Ah, well.

Canned Goods.

BUT they did not have their canned goods and went to heaven our modern housekeepers had not got them, either! If ever there was a disgraceful thing it is canned vegetables in sunny, fertile California, where anything will grow anywhere, and the luxury of fresh fruit and vegetables, fresh milk and fresh meat within the easy access of everyone.

Canned vegetables are excusable only in hard climates where they cannot be obtained otherwise, and canned meat is only excusable when there is nothing else gettable anywhere. I have seen housekeepers in this very town use canned tomatoes at a time when fresh tomatoes were being sold at three pounds the dime, and they are using canned asparagus now at 25 cents a can, when the fresh variety is obtainable at 15 cents a pound. But the latter requires a little trouble taken over it, which would prevent mother staying at the bridge party or the club, so the canned kind is the only kind that household can ever know outside of a restaurant.

One of the most appalling sights to the foreigner coming to California is the great piles of empty cans piled up in the vicinity of every house. Canned meat must be the only kind of meat half the household in Los Angeles know, and they evidently live on canned peaches and canned apricots, canned peas and canned tomatoes, in a land where all these things are grown in wonderful abundance and cheaper than anywhere else in the world.

The average modern housewife can't and won't take any trouble whatever over the meals, with the natural result that every person one meets is a miserable dyspeptic. If by chance one meets a clever housekeeper nowadays who is really capable of providing a decent meal of fresh food, you will find her pitted openly and loudly by the rest of her sisters and described as a "slave," and they don't leave her, and they have converted her to their half-a-pound-a-meal-and-10-cents-worth-of-potato-salad-at-the-delicious theories. No wonder hospitality is such an abomination and studied ordeal these days. The most monstrous thing that can possibly happen is an unexpected visitor to a meal. It throws the whole household into a panic and but for the array of canned substitutes in the bread, butter, coffee and canned milk would have to compose the whole repast.

THE LANCER

Illustrated Week

Woman

OUR FATE

IT IS eminently proper that Adam as our father. The apostle said there was in our veins Adam. When the Lord came walk in the beautiful garden and found the man He had made, and entered into a cross-tail apple, Adam did just as he was making, cowardly progeny who pointed to the poor affectionate and whined, "The woman gave us the how this vice persists in us. When that princess among women failed to produce for her liege lord "handmaid," Hagar, came to him as a son Ishmael. Now mark child of promise," Isaac, came to him as jealous of the offspring of the man was too cowardly to stand up to the mother and her child were of bread and a bottle of water to shift for themselves as best they could.

When the progenitors of the human race from the Garden of Eden the sent woman was "Thy desire shall be to rule over thee." My exegesis I will presume that by Eve's "desire" is meant that the woman's affection shall make her always unequal to man's control. In other words that he should be privileged to do as he pleases. Anyhow this is through most of the long ages "word" was set up to keep the woman even among the Hebrews after the Egypt and the semi-republic had their form of government, under the of Moses, all Adam's son was required daughter when he tired of her or to just write her out a "ticket of leave," a bill of divorce and turn upon the crust of bread and bottle upon Hagar. Among the Romans the woman was for the woman and her

Sayings

TO THE POLE

BEAUTIFUL woman without A is like a beautiful flower without

Never deride Hope. Without her we would never have courage to

Great inventions may be wrought, but great thoughts are always born

Youth is not nearly so defiant. Only an old man has the courage to

A good citizen is a man who sweeps clean; keeps his chickens shut up in his neighbor's barking dog.

When a man says "he is willing to future," it is just as well to look into

There was never on earth a man who could not find a spot on the front they were half-way to church Sunday

To the end of time the mother will be the possible thing for her boy. She will pray for him as he starts to school, and sigh for him and put it on again twenty steps

A boy gets more scoldings than any home, but his sister gets the least anybody, including his sister, will make his fall from grace. But daughter is a woman of her sex to be a little angry with no thanks for it.

Every once in a while a great man passes from lip to lip: "Who takes his place?" All living men are compare them with the memory of the month when the great man's name is our asks: "Why, is he dead?"

Charity, simply attired in her white uniform, was at the hospital at 3 a.m. very and bedraggled, homeward-bound. She wore Holland moccasins, Circassian, a Paris skirt, a Spanish bolero

Woman and Her Child. By George W. Burton.

OUR FATHER.

It is eminently proper that we should all look to Adam as our father. The apostle was right when he said there was in our veins a good deal of "old sin." When the Lord came down from Heaven to sit in the beautiful garden in the cool of the day and found the man He had made hiding in the long grass, and entered into a cross-examination as to that and apples, Adam did just as have done nearly all his sin, cowardly progeny who have donned pantaloons rather than petticoats in place of the fig leaf, turned to the poor affectionate companion by his side, and whined, "The woman gave unto me and I did eat." See how this vice persists in the veins of mankind. See that princess among women of her day, Sarah, did to produce for her liege lord a son and heir, the "maiden," Hagar, came to the rescue, and gave Abram a son Ishmael. Now mark. When later on "the seed of promise," Isaac, came to life, the Princess Sarah was too cowardly to stand up for his offspring, and Abram and his mother and her child were cast out with a crust of bread and a bottle of water as their sole heritage. Shift for themselves as best they could in the wilderness.

Then the progenitors of the human race were driven out of the Garden of Eden the sentence passed upon the woman was "Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." My exegesis may be false, but I presume that by Eve's "desire" and Adam's "rule" is meant that the woman's affections for her liege lord will make her always unequal to him in the contest of control. In other words that because she loves him she should be privileged to do with her and to her as she pleases. Anyhow this is what has happened through most of the long ages since the "flaming sword" was set up "to keep the way of the tree of life." Among the Hebrews after they had returned from Egypt and the semi-republic had been established as a form of government, under the generally wise laws of Moses, all Adam's son was required to do to Eve's son when he tired of her or got a grinch on, was just write her out a "ticket of leave," or, as the Bible says, "a bill of divorce" and turn her adrift without the crust of bread and bottle of water bestowed on Hagar. Among the Romans the case was a good one worse for the woman and her child, inasmuch as

the pater familias in the Eternal City had absolute power of life and death over his wife and children.

As late as fifty years ago, the late Ross Brown, a California traveler almost as noted in his time as Bayard Taylor, wrote letters to American newspapers in which he described conditions on the continent of Europe, where the woman, leaving her child to split its lungs with crying, was hitched up with the family cow and made to plow the cabbage patch. I remember a picture illustrating one of these letters of Brown, in which the poor woman, dressed in rags, with hobnailed shoes, trudged along the road pushing a cart heaped up with all sorts of farm truck, while Adam walked by her side smoking a pipe as big as a coffee pot, with a stem as long as a piece of garden hose, the while he cracked Eve under the chin and said to her "Ach, du bist so schoen."

The case of the child was scarcely any better than that of its mother. Before the boy or girl could walk straight, it was sent as the sun rose into a factory to toil until after the cows came home. Until it reached the age of maturity it shared the servitude of its mother and was forbidden to touch a cent of its earnings any more than she might. I read a story the other day of a brutal father who horsewhipped his boy until he could not occupy a sitting posture because he spelled potatoes as the dictionary prescribes, and neglected to follow his father's ignorance and spell the word "taters." It was only a story, but if not true it had verisimilitude.

Well, the woman and her child are at last coming into their own. To be sure, this evolution has been going on from the beginning, but oh, how slowly things have moved for the mothers and children of humanity through all the long ages of oppression and suffering they have struggled through to reach the light of real civilization. All along the centuries if you would arrive at a right conception as to the degree of civilization that marked the epoch, do not bother to learn any more than concerning the status of the child and its mother. That will tell the whole story.

Well, where are we now? The other day in a local court a woman with two children appeared, complaining that her divorced husband was not paying her the alimony for her support and that of her children ordered paid by the court. In this case this worthy son of "old Adam" looked out of cold eyes at his former "helpmeet" at his own offspring, and with icy impudence set up the contention that his salary was only \$125 a month, and

that it was impossible for him to live on less than \$110 a month, and that therefore he was unable to pay his former wife for the support of her two children \$40 a month, but could afford to give her only \$20. Now there was the very spirit of Adam himself. But times are changed, and whether willingly or not, Adam's sons will have to change with them. The laws of California have reached a degree of progression where contempt of court in matters like these is not so easy to "get around." The apostle says "he who will not provide for his own especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." The laws of California at the present time are in accordance with the spirit of this apostolic declaration. The spirit of the law is that the man who will not provide for his own offspring and their mother is worse than a horse thief, and to jail he may go if only the court is presided over by a just judge.

The woman's son is coming into his own too. A catfish deposits its spawn on a sand bank, and when the eggs are hatched the young navigator can take care of himself. A calf learns to eat grass before it is a month old. Human offspring requires to be "mothered" until about twenty years old. The cat teaches its kittens to catch mice in a few weeks. Modern man requires a long course of education to enable him comfortably "to eat his bread in the sweat of his face." Schools in the past have assumed that all boys and girls could learn to catch mice with about the same facility as kittens. Up-to-date schools recognize the vast difference in the capacity and temperament of children, and education is differentiated as widely as these dispositions and capacities. The boy who has no taste or ability to acquire a definite knowledge of Greek roots or conic sections may have a voice like a mocking-bird and love music as naturally as a cat loves fish. Or the pupil who has a hard time in imitating the beauties of literary style displayed in Washington Irving's "Alhambra" may have an eye for form and color indicating an embryo Turner, Greuze or Paul Potter. Many a boy who hates books revels in the use of a square and compass, a plane and hammer.

Well, space forbids the carrying of these reflections much further. The Greek rustic failed to sell his house by showing a brick as an indication of what it was worth. These little bricks presented here from modern laws and modern schools do indicate pretty clearly the higher status to which the woman has attained, dragging her son up at her apron strings.

Sayings of Burdette, the Genial Philosopher.

TO THE POINT.

BEAUTIFUL woman without gracious courtesy is like a beautiful flower without perfume.

Now deride Hope. Without her smile and promise you would never have courage to face tomorrow.

Great inventions may be wrought out in the brain. Great thoughts are always born in the heart.

Truth is not nearly so defiant as it thinks itself. An old man has the courage to dress out of fashion.

A good citizen is a man who sweeps his own sidewalk and keeps his chickens shut up, and poisons his neighbor's barking dog.

When a man says "he is willing to be judged by the law" it is just as well to look into his past.

There was never on earth a man so neat that his coat could not find a spot on the front of his coat when he was half-way to church Sunday morning.

At the end of time the mother will try to do one important thing for her boy. She will put his cap on for him when he starts to school, and sigh to see him take it off and put it on again twenty steps from the gate.

A boy gets more scoldings than anybody else in the house, but his sister gets the least appreciation. Everybody, including his sister, will make excuses for a boy's falls from grace. But daughter is expected by parents of her sex to be a little angel of perfection, and so thanks for it.

Very once in a while a great man dies, and the world passes from lip to lip: "Who can we find to take his place?" All living men are dwarfs when we compare them with the memory of the dead. In about the most momentous and unexpected visitor to the foreign eyes of empty cans use. Canned meat the households in the United States live on canned meat and peans and canned beans. These things are grown over than anywhere else in the world.

It's a bad idea to cook or eat meals, with the very few exceptions that meets a miserably capable of providing for his family. You will find her of her sisters and brothers leave off until half-a-pound-of-ham-at-the-delicatessen such an elaborate and unexpected visitor to the foreign eyes of empty cans use. Canned meat the households in the United States live on canned meat and peans and canned beans. These things are grown over than anywhere else in the world.

THE LANCER.

bosom, an Indian head-dress, Mexican ornaments, Japanese frippery, Turkish anklets, Russian jewelry and unlimited imagery. "I have been working for you," she said reproachfully. "I see you have," sighed Sweet Charity; "I will forget it, and take you home and put you to bed, sit beside you till you fall asleep, and tomorrow I will come round and nurse your headache." "I could bear up under the sufferings of the world," said the saint, an hour later, as the sinner yielded to the second dose of bromide, "but its benevolent pleasures drain all the patience I have." O Charity, Charity, what crimes are committed in thy name!

Don't smile so much all day that the tired corners of your mouth droop with weariness when you come home at night. "Always leave them laughing," is the business axiom of a commercial traveler, who has no home. Laughter is a good servant. Don't overwork him, or he will sulk, and maybe, strike for shorter hours. Laughter is cheery, good-natured, willing, but wears easily. He is a poor hand at day's work, and tires at a continuous job. But he "shines" at "piece work," with intervals of quiet meditation, sober reflection, tranquil introspection, earnest purpose, and a little minute of prayer. He is a thoroughbred and must be humored. You can't work him like a plow horse. Don't try to "smile" all the time, no matter what the cackling philosophers print on the cards of foolishness. A petrified smile has about as much life in it as the dead grin on the face of a skeleton.

When I was a boy there was a motto that made very ambitious music in my brain and heart: "What man has done man can do." But when I grew to manhood it did not take me long to learn that the demand of every new generation is not for repetition of old feats, but for a man who can do something no other man ever did. "What man has done man can do," of course. Anybody can stand an egg on end, since that was once done. It's the undone things the world wants to see attempted and accomplished. I met the World one day, in a little prairie town about the size of the Eighth Ward of Lordburg, out in Western Kansas. "And what is all this chaos of litter on your desk?" I asked. "Oh, that?" said the World, wearily, "that is 'Unfinished Business' that has been accumulating for 8000 years." "Oh, well," I said, to comfort him, "never mind. Commencement season will be along next June and the Sweet Girl Graduates and the Boys with their brand-new A.B.'s will make short work of all this stuff." The World smiled grimly, and reaching into a pigeon hole fifty-one years deep, drew forth a folded

paper tied with a faded blue ribbon. When I had opened it I read the title of a commencement oration: "The Press and the Ballot Box," and recognized the labored handwriting of a boy about 17 years old. Five manuscript pages of sweet omniscience. "I will never again know so much as I did then," I said. "No," said the World, "but you will talk a great deal more about what little you think you know. That's what keeps that stack of unfinished business piling up every year." I offered 30 cents for the manuscript, but the World said that would be like stealing candy from a baby. Poor old World! If I had only kept my word with him, and had done all that I said I was going to do in that oration, how happy and how rested he would be today! But there was some flaw in the contract; I couldn't get the crushed rock; the price of labor went up; the mine stood still for lack of machinery or something, and the water—and whisky—questions are yet "unfinished business" in Pasadena.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

The Kipling Alphabet.

The London Bookman prints an "alphabet" which won first prize in a competition dealing with the personality and works of any well-known author.

A is an Author, and Kipling his name,
B is the Books that have brought him to fame,
C for the Critics who said many things,
D for the Ditties he skillfully sings,
E for the East with its smiles and its frowns;
F for the Fairies who people the Downs,
G, Glorians who danced through her shoes,
H for the History which all schools should use,
I for India he has made known to the West,
J for the Jungle—the beasts know it best,
K for King-Emperor whom India has hailed,
L for the Light that so dimly failed,
M for the white Man whose burden is grave,
N for the Native who is not a slave,
O for the Oiler—the liner's going still,
P is for Puck who inhabits Pook's Hill,
Q is for Quetta and what Jack Barrett met;
R the Recessional—"Lest we forget"—
S is for Stalky and also for Slang,
T for the Tommies who laughed and who sang,
U is for Ung and the story he told,
V for Victoria, Empress of Gold,
W the Work that will meet us each day,
X for the hat passers, ready to pay,
Y the Yabu and equestrian pride,
Z the Zenanas and all that they hide.

Up the Big Santa Anita.

By Haven Charles Hurst.

THE HOUSE OF THE HERMIT.

IT WAS a glorious morning. The rains seemed to have turned their attentions elsewhere for the time being. All the mountains stood clear-cut against the blue, with tops whitened by snow; the foothills and the whole valley were wearing the new green mantle of spring.

We had taken the early car for Sierra Madre, a car always filled on "days off" with a merry collection of folk who love the wild and who yearn the week through for the higher places, the rocky canyons and the dashing streams, and for the racing blood, red cheeks and renewed energy that such retreats give to those who seek them.

Our objective point was the Big Santa Anita. Neither Henry nor I had ever been in this canyon. We had seen its little sister many a time as we climbed up the Mt. Wilson trail, but there is always an added zest in the unknown, in not knowing what is ahead around the next corner in a new town, around the next bend in the trail, or what the next week, or month or year holds for us in that larger journey called Life. We quitted our nearest fellow-passenger, a young fellow in complete corduroy suit and mountain boots who looked as though he had always climbed mountains. Yet, he had been clear through the Big Santa Anita, and there were some ticklish places in it, but we could make it all right. He himself was bound for the west bank of the San Gabriel by way of Mt. Wilson.

It seemed no time at all before we were stepping from the car in beautiful Sierra Madre, and before the milk crew would have time to turn their trolley pole the whole crowd was streaming up the road toward the foot of "the everlasting hills." Most of these bearers of lunches and kodaks kept on to where the burros and their corrals watched with big, brown eyes at the foot of the Mt. Wilson trail. We turned to our right and followed a roadway which led down hill; across a creek, and up a long grade through groves of orange and lemon, with now and then a bungalow showing above the green leaves. The trees were loaded with fruit, and a man who did not look in the least like a prospector was carrying a large armful of sign-boards and planting them at frequent intervals along the edge of his golden acres, said boards threatening dire things to the person who dared do more than look at the alluring temptations on his trees.

The day continued crystal clear, but away to the left over the snowy crest of Old Baldy a large mass of smoke clouds hung, like reserves drawn up waiting to enter the battle. We speculated on the chances of their skirmishing in our direction, and had known that they were the advance guard of one of the biggest rainstorms of the season we would doubtless have turned back. Instead we cut through an orange grove and came out on a high mesa overlooking the wash and heard the roaring of the stream as it dashed over the large boulders as though deadly eager to meet with the San Gabriel River out there in the valley and compare notes on their respective trips down through the mountains.

A large party of boys and girls were scrambling over the bank when we arrived, and as they stopped to take a picture of the group we passed them and went up the canyon. We realized at once that it was a time of high water and that travel up through the narrow passes would be a vastly different affair in midsummer when the streams are low. Instead we kept dry from the start only by making almost impossible leaps from boulder to boulder, or by using our way along the walls of the cliff by pre-arranged handholds.

"Now there won't many of those girls in that school back there go very far up this canyon today," declared Henry.

"Oh, the boys can help them along over the hard places," I said, panting, for I had just rounded an exceedingly difficult piece of the canyon wall. "But I did we haven't any girls with us today, for we don't know what we are up against. We are not there yet, and we don't even know how far it is to the Hermit."

Feeling some better going, we pressed on and came at last to a scene of wonderful beauty, but one which seemed to block all further progress up the canyon. Hills of solid rock towered high in the air on every side that from which we had approached. At one base a vast pool was spread like a lake, probably fifty feet across and of great depth, and into this pool from a cleft in the cliff the whole river, a beautiful waterfall some twenty-five feet in height. Two hikers had preceded us and we sat down and watched them cross the shallowest part of the pool and climb up the very crude ladder which leaned against the cliff and led to the top of the falls. It seemed to take them a long while to cross the stream at the top of the ladder, and when we followed them we did not wonder, as we found ourselves standing on a shelf of rock a foot in width, from which place a long leap must be made across the stream with only a sloping rock wall to land upon. Some way Henry made it without falling in, and with his help I got across, but slipped after safety was reached, and as a result I found it expedient to climb up the

mountainside, which here sloped conveniently, and lie in the warm sun and dry out.

I had just finished this operation when shouts were heard down in the canyon. Climbing to the brink and peering over, we saw that the party we had passed at the head of the canyon had arrived. Only two of the girls were ready to try the ladder, which they negotiated successfully, and were then lifted bodily across the dangerous place at the top by their escorts, who stood in the middle of the mad water to perform their valorous feat.

And that is how it came about that six people continued on up the canyon and six and twenty lunched below the falls that day and returned the way they had come.

Henry had been as careful as a cat about keeping his feet dry, and the sun had taken away the part of the stream which had attached itself to me, so we were in good shape as we started on our way, and made good time and were soon ahead of the valiant four. But soon the canyon narrowed and where the creek rushed between the vertical walls we must needs wade the stream. Off came the shoes and stockings and in we went. It was a cold job; I'm sure that ice water would be only milk-warm in comparison to that little river.

Thus we went on, wading when necessary and resuming our shoes and walking when we could. As we were putting on those shoes for the eighth time and resting, the two couples passed us and continued on up the narrow defile, their mountain boots scattering the water in spray as they waded through the creek.

Later we sat by a big pool, churned by a plunging waterfall, and watched several trout as they darted about in their liquid home. And when we went on again, Henry, with his usual luck, passed this pool dry-shod, and I slipped down the smooth side of a rock big as a house and plumped into the sitting-room of the trout, no doubt giving them a great shock and perchance breaking up a congenial gathering about their dinner table. From this time on I was not so particular about taking off my shoes and stockings before entering the stream.

And now the wind rose and large white clouds went floating across the little patch of sky that showed between the high canyon walls; soon the clouds were gray, and massed closely together, and we feared rain. So when the canyon opened out a little and there was at last a trail through vines and trees and ferns high above the creek we hurried along and covered some miles in short time, only to be confronted by a wall across the canyon, down which leaped a large fall in three cascades of tumbling silver.

We saw the game was up in that direction, but were glad to find a trail leading up the side of the hill and over a divide; and standing at the top, we knew we were about to reach our goal, for below us the stream ran circling through a valley and several stone houses or huts were on its banks and from one smoke arose, blue and thin and trembling, only to be seized and carried swiftly away by that giant, the Wind.

Soon we were in the house of the Hermit, where the girls had already preceded us, and were drying out before the wood fire on the hearth. Outside, the river roared along under the naked trees, and the wind tore by the cabin, shrieking that a storm was coming. But little we cared as we undid our lunch and accepted at the hands of the Hermit tin cups of black and steaming coffee. It mattered not that it was poured from an ancient sprinkling can, or that the room was not up to good housewife standards of neatness. Poor Hermit! For ten years this room had been his library, granary, kitchen, wood-house and storeroom. But his heart was kind as his black beard was long, and when he found a silver dollar in one of the returned coffee cups, the presence of which none of us could account for, his protestations were long and sincere.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon we left our shelter, and bidding the Hermit good-bye started up the steep trail to the top of the ridge. Soon we were above the noise of the stream, but the wind was louder than ever, and a rain started to fall, changing soon to sleet. However, it was only the edge of the storm that we were in; across the canyon and back on the farther ranges we could see the clouds dropping their burdens of moisture in great sheets, and saw soon, too, the slopes whiten under falling snow. As we came out on top of the divide snow was coming down upon us also, and through its filmy curtain we looked out and saw the San Gabriel Valley shining in the sun and the new green on the hills on the farther side appearing like great wrinkled folds in a cloth of velvet, a rare and never-to-be-forgotten view.

We now took up our journey down the Sturdevant trail, which leads from back of Mt. Wilson clear down to Sierra Madre on the plain. All the way down we had such views as are undreamed of by those who have been in these mountains, so near to Los Angeles. We could now see rain dropping from the clouds at several places out over the valley, while from beneath a big black cloud in the west the sun peered and turned the long strip of ocean to molten gold. And behind us the storm gathered and wreathed the peaks in fog and cloud, and a light rain was falling over our own trail. Indeed it was a race between

ourselves and the storm as to which should reach the foot of the trail first, and when a little before dark we crossed the stream which runs through Carter's Camp the rain had set in to make a night of it.

On the porch of the restaurant which takes the place of a waiting-room at the car line we waited for the cars which were to bear us back to Los Angeles, in company with a large and motley company just returned from Mt. Wilson. It was a tired but happy crowd that swarmed into the two big cars when they pulled in, and that reviewed their adventures of the day just passed as the train sped homeward through the stormy night.

When we decamped at our destination it was pouring a steady rain; all night it rained, and all next day, and when just at sunset the clouds lifted, the entire range of mountains shone resplendent in the heaviest snow of years. Bolder than we knew, we had penetrated into the mountain fastnesses on the very day that the Storm King had chosen to appear in force, and only his delayed arrival had allowed us a dry and successful termination of our venture.

George Meredith's Antecedents.

[London Daily Chronicle:] When George Meredith died, three years ago next month, the many obituaries of the great novelist told us practically nothing about his parentage and childhood except that he was born in Hampshire. The rest was mystery. He himself in the years of his celebrity preserved an impenetrable silence regarding his antecedents.

Now comes Mr. S. M. Ellis, his first cousin once removed, and gives in the current Fortnightly Review a detailed and documented account, parts of which will come as a surprise to most Meredithians. Meredith was the only son of respectable Portsmouth trades people, born February 12, 1828, in the High street, over his father's shop. The business was a tailor's and naval outfitters; it was founded by Meredith's grandfather, Melchizedek; it is mentioned in Marryat's "Peter Simple," and seems to have clothed Rodney, Nelson, Collingwood and many another naval hero in its time. Melchizedek Meredith is "The Great Mel," in "Evan Harrington" and his wife the "Mrs. Mel," of the same novel.

Melchizedek was succeeded in the business (after an interregnum, when it was managed by the widowed "Mrs. Mel," much as in "Evan Harrington") by his son Augustus. This was the novelist's father, whom he once succinctly described to Edward Clodd as "a muddler and a fool."

Augustus Meredith muddled the business and eventually ruined it, but he took about twenty years to do so. Meantime he married Jane Macnamara, the orphan daughter of parents long established in Portsmouth, and the novelist was born of the marriage. His mother died when he was 5 years old, but it was not till he was 10 that his father gave up the shop and went out to South Africa, and the boy was put in charge of his maternal relatives, the trustees of his mother's property, who sent him first to school and then to Germany.

For the first ten years of his life, then, he lived at the Portsmouth shop. The ships, the garrison, the naval officers (not to mention the "shears") must have been daily impressions; but not so the country house life most characteristic of the novels.

Superstition.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] They were lunching together and the talk turned to superstition. "When you made that boast just now," said one of the party, "you should have knocked on wood to drive away the evil spirits that are envious of human happiness."

"Is that what it's for?"

"Yes. It's an old German custom. You rap on wood three times. Say, that waiter of ours looks like a German man. Rap three times and see if he doesn't understand it."

The other man rapped.

The waiter understood it.

He brought three beers.

Scotch Thrift.

[London Chronicle:] It was in the smoking compartment, and he turned to the man on his right with the question. "Hae ye a match?" The reply was a regretful negative. A similar inquiry addressed to the only other occupant of the carriage met with a similar response.

"Ah, weel," exclaimed the son of Scotland ruefully. "I must e'en use yin of my ain!"

Sunset on the Mountains.

Behind the crimson disc a shadow lies,
And brooding night has spread her pinions far;
The zenith holds the promise of a star,
And paling light diffuses far-off skies.

A holy calm portends serenest rest,
The pines unswerved are sentinel to say
Farewell with all who mourn expiring day,
And loose the faint glow on the mountain crest.

An opaque gloom pervades the canyon's scar;
The peaks grow dim; their pinnacles far height
Is couched for its repose at last in night;
The curtain falls—'tis dark: above, the star.

CLIFFORD KANE STOUT.

Just Before Man Came on Earth.

By Rene Bache.

Our Predecessors.

QUEER CREATURES OF PRE-HISTORIC TIMES.

AMERICAN MUSEUM COMPLETING A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF MAMMALS THAT BECAME EXTINCT NOT LONG BEFORE MANKIND FIRST APPEARED—HORSES NO BIGGER THAN FOXES, AND CAMELS THE SIZE OF RABBITS.

NEW YORK, April 20.—The American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, which is the greatest scientific institution of its kind in the world, has brought near to completion a collection of

the bigness of a small rhinoceros, but unlike anything we know today, with short, clumsy legs and an abbreviated tail—named by science the coryphodon.

So great a length of time is not possible for the finite human mind to grasp. But a more vivid impression of it is conveyed by the statement that 3,000,000 years ago the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas had not as yet come into existence, but were level surfaces washed by the sea. In America, since the close of that epoch, the region of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado has been elevated 11,000 feet, and the river has cut its way through solid rock to a depth of nearly a mile and a quarter.

appeared, and were succeeded by new forms of life that is to say, by mammals of primitive types. But it should by no means be supposed that these were the first mammals. Already there had been mammals on the earth for a long time, and probably for at least a million years; but they were small and of minor importance in the scheme of creation. Many of them were rodents; others were insect eaters. They were nature's first experiments in the development of mammalian types.

With the opening of the age of mammals began a rapid evolution of creatures of this class. Contemporary with the little horses and tapirs in North Amer-



The Coryphodon.



Sculpturing the head of a Titanotherium.



The Palaeosyops.



The Brontotherium.



Primeval pits as big as small mountains.

the strange mammals, nearly all of them now extinct, that inhabited the earth during the period immediately preceding the first appearance of man. Some of them, however, were undoubtedly contemporary with the earliest human beings—which fact does by no means render them less interesting.

The age of mammals appears to have begun about 3,000,000 years ago. It was then that the earliest known horses, no larger than modern foxes, roamed over the plains of North America. Of these there were no fewer than eleven species—graceful, light-limbed creatures, with brains noticeably large in relation to their size, indicating a high degree of intelligence. There were also tapirs, not much bigger; many kinds of cats (one as large as a puma, and another approaching the jaguar,) and a queer-looking animal of

Photos © by American museum of natural history.

Horse of today compared in size with the three-toed horse of long ago.

Great Geologic Changes.

The disappearance of the great reptilian dynasties at the close of the epoch known to geologists as the Mesozoic was coincident with the uplifting of the mighty chain (previously represented by a string of more or less scattered islands,) which today we know as the Rocky Mountains. Other tremendous geologic changes occurred at that period, and resulting modifications of climate and terrestrial conditions may have had much to do with the wiping out of the amazing and widely differentiated order of the Dinosaurs. But doubtless their wholesale destruction was attributable largely, if not mainly, to volcanoes, which distributed their ashes over vast areas to a depth of thousands of feet.

Whatever the causes involved, the giant reptiles dis-

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great importance, both in

Some have long legs, and o-

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Giant pigs on stilted legs,

and in Africa become co-

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mous sharp-pointed, forward

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Some Later Arrivals.

Meanwhile the ancestors

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the extinction of the titanot-

mainly by this great multipli-

cate their food and starved the

We know that horses origi-

became extinct on this conti-

from Europe by the Spania-

ago. It was much the sam-

500,000 years ago were the ma-

gous animals of the Great Pi-

herds over vast areas desti-

ined by the buffalo. The ve-

were no bigger than cotton-

gaining in size, the largest o-

ced the modern camel in

these, the "giraffe-camel,"

high.

The history of the develop-

America may be plainly read

its representatives in all stag-

ing. They started with five

terminating in a small, sharp-

toes were merged in one soft

over shifting sands. Around

in Oregon are plentifully found

of camels, one of them abou-

deer. And although these origi-

still survive in South America,

the alpaca, and the vicuna.

Advent of the Camel Here.

It was from America that the

to the Old World, by way of

connected this continent with As-

tively recent times. Across the

opposite direction came the

Asiatic animal—to browse on

interior of this country. The

what now is Bering Strait

times, and there were many su-

malian types between the New

Meanwhile there has devel-

creature, related to modern

a land animal, has become w-

to be known to science as the

length of sixty-five feet, and is

and fierce. Were it to survi-

the chase of it would probably

perilous and exciting of sports.

been exceedingly numerous,

quantities of its bones found

and Gulf States.

After Walling to Europe.

At length, thanks to a mighty

is united with Europe, and the

developed in the Dark Conti-

northward. Later on they re-

the land bridge already men-

come our first rhinoceroses.

roses, though very short in the

and eventually extends its ran-

ida. Contemporaneously the

deer tribe appear in various

in Europe the first man-like

Graffes in great number and

Old World—one type resembling

surviving okapi of the Congo

of modern sheep begin to deve-

huge bearlike dogs. Again a lit-

tear appear. Probably also the gor-

evidence of the fact has not been

More important, however, is the

man—represented by flint imple-

mistake on this point, the human

its first start on earth much mo-

Recent Cartoons.



Columbus Dispatch.



New York Herald.



Philadelphia Record



New York Tribune



Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Chicago Record-Herald. [654]

Good

in Export Name Manufacture.

A dinner in New York was the advertising export, scored a fitting "fad" that has of late been.

A young couple, he began, "had the advent of a little son, and the evening, said:

"What shall we name our darling?" Jim wrinkled his brow and replied.

"Well, I submit Calida, Firstborn, Ourown, Ourownson—"

"But at this point his wife shut him up, have kept on indefinitely.

of those advertisement writers who

for breakfast foods, tinned soups and

Alderman.

GEORGE ADE, at a dinner in a

subtler use of words.

"Use words with delicate care,"

all their subtle distinctions. Never

instance, "when 'sight' is what you

"There's no difference between 'sight' and 'sight'."

interrupted an editor.

"No," said Mr. Ade. "And yet, I

I passed each other on Broadway yester

the girl I was with was a vision, who

was a sight."

Alderman.

"SLOW but sure," is a good prover

"Haste slowly," said Senator K.

of the reform movements he is steadily advancing.

"I believe in hitting the nail on the

pasty, rather than hitting with ten

on the finger once."

Alderman.

"The Queen of English Clubs.

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT,

A New York, was talking about Eng

There is something very tragic, very

old, about the really fashionable o

St. James's street and Piccadilly. The

number quietude of these clubs, gets

more.

"An American visitor to White's

of the place seemed to him to suggest

upstairs."

Alderman.

"The Coming Shock.

WILLIAM M. CHASE, at the rece

tures in New York, said to a rep

"Yes, these are all good things, the

great care. You can't comment on the

one commented on the pupil's drawing.

"I draw what I see," the pupil said.

"Well, the shock will come," the

when you see what you have drawn."

A Curious Proposition.

ADY WARWICK, at a dinner at

York, said, apropos of art:

"Art is the pursuit of beauty."

She smiled and added:

"And from what they tell me of the

Great White Way here, the pursuit of

art with some people."

A Pudding.

WILLARD S. STRAIGHT, of the

house, said in a recent letter from

"The things that puzzle and perplex

become, on closer knowledge, simple,

so we perplex and puzzle the Chinese

know us better.

"It is like a mandarin from the far

with me the other evening. In his house

very Chinese. One course consisted of

the whole, yet within them was a

mushrooms, lettuce, nuts and mustard.

"It puzzles me," I said to the man.

"These things are put inside a whole egg."

"My guest took up an uncut magazine."

"But it puzzles me still more," he

between the leaves, "how you manage to

know?"

In the Studio.

ENGLAND and Germany, spending

Larmarments remind one of Mr. and

The speaker was Mayor Esterbrook.

He continued, with a smile:

"England and Germany will arm the

point of bankruptcy, to the point of im

in a case of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt all over

"Mr. Spratt, you know, once told his

would attend a certain 'smoker,' and he

he's very firmly that he wouldn't. When

his acquaintance, the evening of the

he dropped in at the Spratts' to see what

The visitor found Spratt and his wife

Good Short Stories.

Compiled for The Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered from Many Sources.

Good News Manufacturers.

A dinner in New York William Ray Gardiner, the advertising expert, scored neatly off an advertising fad that has of late been rather overdone. A young couple, he began, "had been blessed with a present of a little son, and the wife, at dinner one night, said: 'What shall we name our darling, Jim?' He wrinkled his brow and replied: 'Well, I submit Childa, Firstbornio, Thebot, Allours, Ourown, Ourownson—' At this point his wife shut him up. He could, of course, have kept on indefinitely. You see, he was one of those advertisement writers who invent new names for fast foods, tinned soups and patent medicines."

**
WILLIAM ADE, at a dinner in New York, urged a better use of words.
"Use words with delicate care," he said. "Observe their subtle distinctions. Never write 'vision' for 'sight,' when 'sight' is what you mean."
"There's no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" argued an editor.
"No," said Mr. Ade. "And yet, Billy, when you and I met each other on Broadway yesterday afternoon, what I was with was a vision, while the one with you was a sight."

**
SLOW but sure, is a good proverb, and so is 'Make haste slowly,' said Senator Kern, apropos of one of the reform movements he is steadily and conservatively advancing.
"I believe in hitting the nail on the head a lot of times, rather than hitting with terrific force the nail in anger once."

**
LADY GWYNNE VANDERBILT, at a dinner in New York, was talking about English clubs.
"There is something very triste, very depressing," he said, "about the really fashionable clubs of Pall Mall, Jermyn street and Piccadilly. The stiff dignity, the quietude of these clubs, gets on an American's nerves."
An American visitor to White's once said that the place seemed to him to suggest that the King had spina.

**
WILLIAM M. CHASE, at the recent sale of his pictures in New York, said to a reporter:
"There are all good things, things collected with care. You can't comment on them as the teacher commented on the pupil's drawing."
"That's what I see," the pupil said complacently.
"Well, the shock will come," the teacher answered, "as you see what you have drawn."

**
MRS. WARWICK, at a dinner at Sherry's in New York, said, apropos of art:
"It is the pursuit of beauty."
She smiled and added:
"But from what they tell me of the goings-on in your White Way here, the pursuit of beauty is also an art among people."

**
EDWARD S. STRAIGHT, of the Morgan banking house, said in a recent letter from Peking:
"The things that puzzle and perplex us in the Chinese are, in closer knowledge, simple, and so, no doubt, will perplex and puzzle the Chinaman till he gets to know better.
"I like a mandarin from the far interior who dined with me the other evening. In his honor the dinner was served. One course consisted of eggs apparently in white, yet within them was a delicate salad of carrots, lettuce, nuts and mustard.
"I puzzle me," I said to the mandarin, "how all these things are put inside a whole egg."

He went up an uncut magazine from a table.
"It puzzles me still more," he said, peering between the leaves, "how you manage to put printing in such a small space."

**
ENGLAND and Germany, spending all their cash on armaments, remind one of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt." The speaker was Mayor Esterbrook of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, with a smile:
"England and Germany will arm themselves to the point of bankruptcy, to the point of impotence. It will be the end of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt all over again.
"Mr. Spratt, you know, once told his friends that he would stand a certain 'smoker,' and Mrs. Spratt told him very firmly that he wouldn't. Well, a non-partisan acquaintance, the evening of the smoker in question, dropped in at the Spratts' to see who had won out. The visitor found Spratt and his wife asleep in their

chairs at the dining-room table. Spratt, you see, had put sleeping-powder in Mrs. Spratt's coffee so that he might slip away, and she had put sleeping-powder in his to prevent him from doing so."

The Laconic Laconians.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Yale's brilliant professor of English literature, was discussing, at a dinner in New Haven, the significance of words.

"Some words," he said, "have a history, and a knowledge of their history gives them a richer meaning. Take, for example, the word 'laconic.'

"Philip of Macedon was threatening the Laconians.

"If I enter your city," he said, "I will level it to the dust!"

"Huh!" was the Laconians' reply.

"And the pointed brevity of that reply is imbedded in our word 'laconic' like a fly in amber."

For a Frost.

DAVID BELASCO, at a dinner in New York, sat beside the wife of a distinguished diplomat.

"In Japan," the lady said, "we make our houses out of paper."

Mr. Belasco smiled.

"Ah, so do we, sometimes," he answered.

Took the Cake.

SENATOR SIMMONS was talking about a boom.

"I congratulated him on his boom," said the Senator, laughing, "and he appeared astonished that I knew anything of it. But I told him I had a keen nose for booms, even for little ones. I explained that I was like the New Bern urchin.

"A New Bern urchin used to call on a certain old lady every Saturday afternoon, and she would give him a piece of cocoanut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea, she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered to the urchin.

"He said plaintively, as the time came for him to go: 'I believe I smell cocoanut layer cake.'

"The old lady laughed, went to the cupboard, and cut him a very tiny slice. When she gave it to him, he thanked her and said:

"But it seems strange that I could smell such a little piece, doesn't it?"

Modern Success.

C. CHARLES M. SCHWAB, apropos of a very rich motor whose latest company had just gone into the hands of a receiver, said with a laugh:

"Well, after all, nothing succeeds like failure."

A Different Cause.

LOUIS DISBROW, the noted automobile racer, said the other day in New York:

"Don't blame everything on the scorching automobile. A man, one morning, was carried down Broadway on a stretcher.

"Poor fellow!" said an old lady. "Run into by one of those taxicabs, I suppose?"

"No, madam," said I. "No, madam, not this time."

"What did run into him, then?" she asked.

"Well, madam," I replied, "as near as I can judge, it was about thirty-nine glasses of mixed ale."

The Future Woman.

WOMAN is today a parasite. But the woman of the future will work.

The speaker, Lady Warwick, was narrating her views of the suffrage question to a New York reporter. She continued:

"The parasitical woman will be extinct in a generation or two. Then a certain witticism of Lord Saye and Sele's will be unintelligible."

"Lord Saye and Sele attended recently a book dinner. At this dinner everybody had to represent some book title. Well, Lord Saye and Sele just carried on his arm a petticoat.

"He was representing, you see, Kipling's 'Life's Handicap.'"

Honest, If Uncomplimentary.

MAYOR THOMPSON of Chattanooga was condemning, at a banquet, a political faction of which he disapproved.

"They won't accomplish much," he said. "Too many interior dissensions are going on among them."

"They remind me, indeed, of the Scotch, of whom Dr. Johnson once said:

"The Scotch are very honest people, for they never say any good about one another."

It Makes Them Talk.

ANOTHER fact against intemperance," said Dr. H. Leyton Braye, the noted physiologist, in a recent lecture in Memphis—"another fact against intemperance is the way it makes men talk."

"I was walking down the street the other afternoon when a shabby man accosted me.

"'Guess you don't know me, Dr. Braye—hic?' he said.

"'No,' said I, coldly, 'I don't know you.'

"'Well,' he continued, laying his paw on my shoulder, 'I'm your washwoman's husband, that's who I am.'

"'Are you?' I said, and I shook off his too familiar paw.

"'Are you, indeed?'

"'Yes, I am,' said he, frowning. "You see, doc, you don't know everything.'

"'No?' said I. "What don't I know?"

"'Well,' he said, with a leer, "you don't know, for instance, that I've got on one of your new pink suits of spring underwear—hic."

The Probable Breadwinner.

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY of Texas was talking, at a dinner in Washington, about an impecunious nobleman.

"He is engaged to a Chicago girl," said Mr. Henry. "The girl's mother was boasting about the match at a tea.

"'May,' she said, "will occupy a very remarkable social position now. I am endeavoring to educate her up to it.'

"'Oh, I see,' said a friend. "You are teaching her, I suppose, to wash and iron, to do plain sewing, address envelopes, or something of that sort?'

A Killing Joke.

MAYOR GAYNOR, at a dinner in New York, praised the humor of W. D. Howells.

"Mr. Howells's humor is always kind," he said. "We Americans are perhaps too prone to cruel humor—if, indeed, cruelty can be dignified with such a name.

"But when I think of our typical American humor, with its cruel flavor, I always remember the fireman's practical joke.

"The funniest thing about that there fire," the fireman chuckled, "was our joke on Mike. Mike stood on the roof of the burning building, waving his arms and yelling down for help, and we yelled up to him, 'Jump, Mike, jump! We'll catch you in the net!' And Mike jumped, and—ha, ha, ha!—we didn't have no net!"

Rather Abused.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, a few days after his regrettable resignation, was talking to a Washington correspondent about an adulterated food.

"But the manufacturer says he can prove the adulteration does no harm," the correspondent ventured.

"Well," answered Dr. Wiley, with a smile, "if he tries to prove that, he'll involve himself as absurdly as the man who declared in triumph:

"'Nobody can have two birthdays but a twin.'"

The King and the Cold Bath.

ALFONSO of Spain has written himself down in modern history as an eminently athletic, so that one scarcely thinks of him as objecting to baths. Also he has proven himself so masterful that one hesitates to accept the thought that a woman's tears could move him. Yet an extract in the unpublished journals of an American physician, present at the Madrid court during the earliest weeks of the present monarch's life, shows both these things to have been then the fact.

It was the first time the attendants had tried to bathe His Majesty-to-be in cold water, and there was a scene over it. They tried to insist; he declined to put so much as his small, pink toe out of the covers of his gilded crib. At last it was thought best to appeal directly to the Queen-mother herself.

"Come, baby," said she, "if I tell you to do so, will you not take your bath?"

An obdurate silence. Not a move in relaxation of the determined little body.

"Very well, then," she continued, "I shall not compel you to do it. But I shall go to my room and cry because you will not do as I wish you to."

She turned as if to put her threat into execution, when the chubby legs came dangling over the crib's edge, while an urgent voice piped out in infantile Spanish an equivalent for: "I'll bave, I'll bave! Don't kwy, muvver."

W. J. P.

Tipping a Governor.

THE other day, as the express from Harrisburg, Pa., east-bound for Philadelphia, was making its brief stop at Coatesville, an elderly man hurried over to a porter standing by the steps of one of the Pullman coaches and offered him a letter which he wanted mailed in the Quaker City.

"Sorry I can't 'blige ye,' came his answer. "It's agin the company rules."

"I'll mail it," said a tallish man, standing on the platform above, and the missive was handed up, with a "Thank you very much, young man"—and a quarter.

As the pleased sender turned to seek the street again a bystander touched his elbow with a smiling: "Know who it was helped you out?"

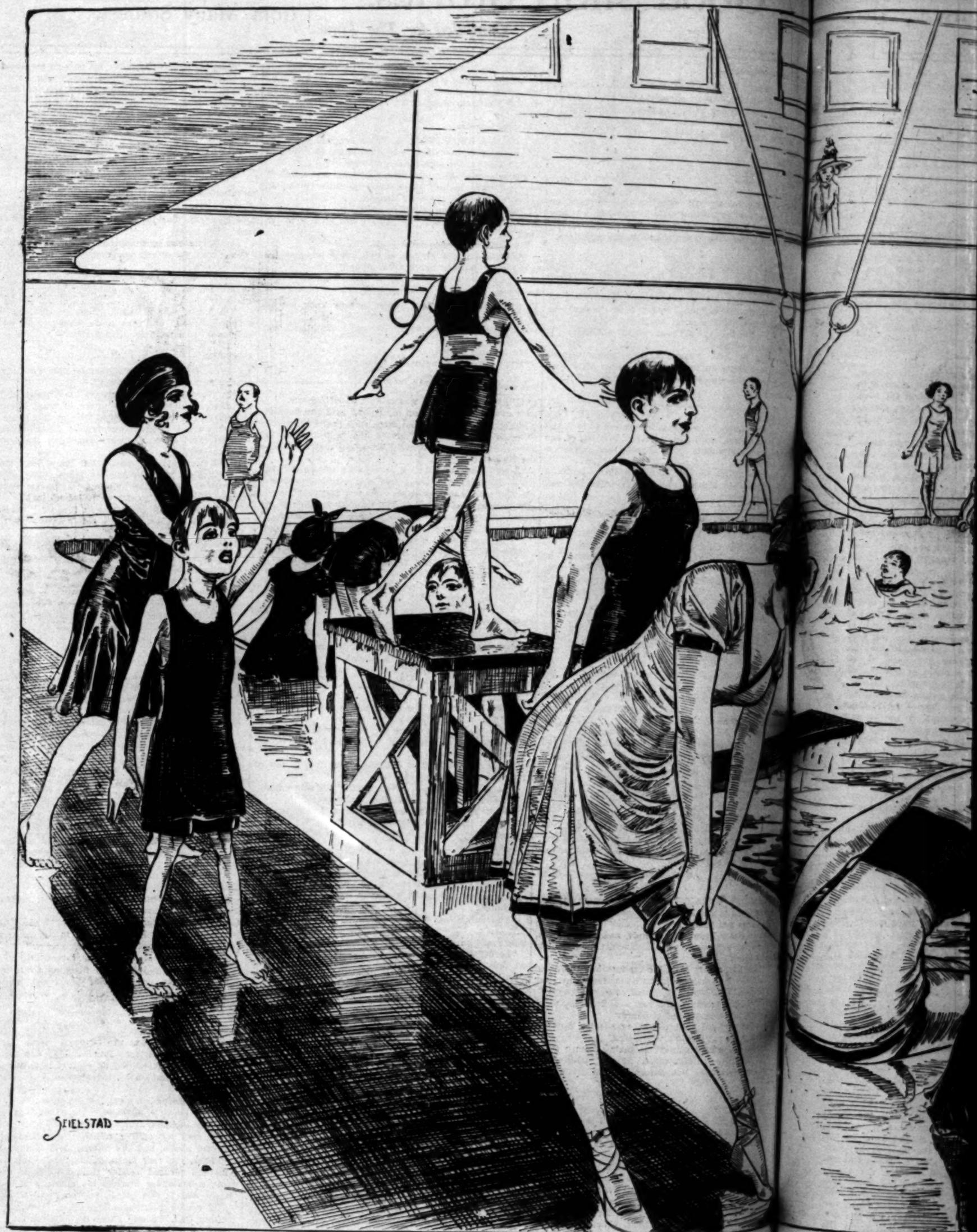
"Of course not," said the other.

"Only Gov. Tener," came the information.

And this elderly gentleman is still wondering what the Chief Executive of the Keystone commonwealth did with the 25 cents.

W. J. P.

VISIONS AT VARI VENUSIAN



Truly, water hath charms and all of them are wet.

[656]



h charms, all of them are wet—as yet!

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Heart of Gold: **

A Story of Early Days and of Recent Times. By Myra Nye.

IV—(Continued.)

NE monster rattler was sunning himself on a rock and four smaller snakes coiled themselves near. All were level with the saddle, on the inner side of the trail. The horse swerved. There was no room for a turn, and Joseph pulled with all his strength to the outside. Here the barrier was a precipice. The ominous sounds continued. He saw quick collings for action. He drew his gun. He fired. At the same instant the horse leaped forward. Rattle! Sting! He felt a sharp prick in his leg just above his high boot! Yet his shot had taken effect. He had hit the large snake. While he saw its torn head, he dimly perceived a smaller one slip down his boot, then glide over the edge of the precipice.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "I am stung."

The horse slipped, scrambled, slipped again. They were over the trail. The horse with his mountain training, the rider with a horseman's instinct, managed to keep upright. They fell in the loose shale, now sidewise, now forward, the full length of the slope; then they reached the floor of the canyon. A forward leap had saved them from instant death. Thus they had escaped the perpendicular cliff. Once on the level the horse broke into a swift run. Joseph, though bitten and half-fainting, continued to cling to the saddle. Suddenly all grew black. He felt himself slipping. The horse continued madly to gallop down the canyon.

Only a moment he swooned, and when he opened his eyes, to his almost delighted amazement, he found himself in a rude camp. The embers of the fire were still glowing. Weakly, yet persisting, he cut from his wound the clothing. At first he endeavored to suck it. He found himself again fainting. With one last effort he dragged himself to the fire. His eyes were starting with pain. His lips were as bloodless as the gray rocks around. But here was aid, cruel aid. He did not hesitate; he inflicted self-torture. With trembling hands, yet skillfully, he buried a hot brand in his flesh. The tiny marks of the snakes fangs became brown, blackened: a little wreath of smoke curled into the air. The odor of burnt flesh rose with it. Joseph fell backward groaning.

"Hie there, stranger! Friend or foe, hands up!"

Two trappers cracked their way through the brush of the canyon.

"Hunk-dory-do, but it is Doc Carew! I swan, he's asleep by our camp fire," said the first one as he strode forward.

"Asleep, you ninny, not much! He needs his own medicine, if I ain't badly mistaken." Jim Harris was down on his knees beside Joseph.

"You Buckles, you git busy! Hand me that there flask, quick meter."

This universal medicine soon restored Joseph.

"My, but I am lucky to strike your camp, boys. Thank you," as Buckles helped him to a sitting position.

"Well, I guess yes, or sure you'd be a goner. What bowed you, pard?"

Joseph proceeded at first weekly, then with growing strength, to tell of his encounter; putting no stress upon it. Indeed it was nothing in those days of endless danger and adventure.

"And to think you are just the man we was fetching a present for, something you said once you wanted most mightily. Hu-m, but it's a beautiful present."

"Thanks, boys, I am just about out of provision."

"Well, if you like the flavor of this you are welcome. Don't make a feast for us, though. We ain't fond of the carcass." Buckles chortled with glee.

"I tell you, boys, there is one thing I want more than meat just now. I want to get to my shack. I am not quite up to a night in the canyon, let alone a feast of your planning."

"All right, Doc, we can break camp now as well as tomorrow."

Carew felt little curiosity for the strange-shaped burden Jim and Buckles packed on the mule. His thoughts were taken somewhat with his pain, but more by his rescue, both from temptation and the serpent. He was sure the cauterization was effectual, and he was equally certain that the low plain of life would never appeal so strongly again.

When he had been refreshed by a supper of tortillas, jerky and coffee, his wound and bruises troubled him less. After many promptings from Jim and Buckles, he turned his attention to the gift.

"Put all your candles to burning, Doc, and git a good look at the bag." Jim grinned broadly and winked at Buckles.

"I tell you it was no easy job bagging this game. Mebby some wouldn't think it worth the bagging; but when I saw it, I just sez to myself, sez I: 'That's just what Doc Carew has hankered after, Buckles. I'll go you to git it; and we got it."

While they were talking, the two men dragged a bench to the middle of the room where the best rays of light fell; and then they began to unwrap the coarse sacks that enveloped the bundle. Joseph felt no curiosity till Buckles exclaimed:

"By gosh! but this sure is spooky."

There disclosed to view, wrapped in a dirty old blanket, was outlined a corpse!

Joseph started.

"Boys, what is it?"

"A cadavar, sure—a birthday present with our combs. It's just what you have been wanting."

Joseph came nearer. He pulled down the blanket. He exposed to their gaze the face of John Harbin.

"Boys, why that is—my patient, a sick miner over by the desert. I had just come from there when you found me."

"Cheer up, old man. You needn't wonder he's dead: the rest of your trade is great on the killing."

In spite of his joking Buckles also was wondering.

"I see now. We must have cut in ahead of you when we struck the trail at Red Gulch. We'd just come in from the desert. We found this here geezer; buried, O yes; but the wind had blown the sand till he would be ripe for the buzzards. So we plucked him first, and here we are. Go to it, Doc, and let's see how you carve them."

A hundred thoughts chased each other in quick succession through Joseph's mind.

"All right; you will be surprised how I carve them. All is mine that I find. Is that a go?" He answered with no perceptible hesitation.

"Sure. Didn't I say we was doing the honors?"

The instruments they brought from the saddlebags, which the horse in his wild galloping had still brought safely home, would seem crude today. To the men looking on they were full of strange mystery.

"Buckles, you stand ready to help. Jim, you take the hand on that side; I will stay here. Do as I do. Follow me closely."

Jim gingerly held it.

"It is the circulatory system that I am studying. Maybe you will learn something of veins and what they contain."

Both men kept quiet, half-fearing, half-curious. The body was still dressed as Joseph had prepared it for burial. Hurriedly but skillfully he removed the flannel blouse. While Jim held the right hand he began at the left.

Yes, there they were! His own incisions, commencing in front of the elbow joint, were clearly discernible. The three heads bent nearer. Jim felt along the course of the cephalic vein as Joseph directed. The incisions could be traced up the arms, across the shoulder, down to the heart where careful post-mortem work had been done three days before by Joseph himself. Then he had worked slowly, painstakingly. Now he began excitedly with no anatomical skill. He inhaled deeply. Within the collapsed vein his finger searched out a tiny lump. He dipped it in a basin of water. There it lay in his palm—A BIT OF GLISTENING GOLD! He did not heed his spectators. He worked in eager abandon. At intervals he found the nuggets which became larger and larger to suit the size of the veins. At last he came to the end of its course. He found in very truth A HEART OF GOLD. Nothing but the walls remained. Four magnificent nuggets occupied the space of the auricles and ventricles. Within the pericardium, overflowing the pleural cavity, was the remainder of the miser's hoard. Joseph secured it in the same breathless fashion. The three men gazed at one another with varying emotions.

The flickering Javelins of light cast by the candles danced weirdly. All was silence, save in the distance the yapping of coyotes made more marked the men's deep breathing.

Joseph Carew did not know all his own feelings: but of one thing he was sure, he had no illusion. The gold was his own: at least till he should find his mother. He smiled oddly as he thought how the miser had exacted the promise, how now his cupidity was foiled.

He heard again, "Bury it with me, Joe; hide it, put it inside me—anywhere, so these idiots won't find it." Then at the end, when Joseph had tried to wrest from him some decent message, his only thought of love had been for gold—this gold. With him, the miser, it had been venous, impure. The heart now had made it arterial and Joseph was determined it should be for enrichment and joy. He enjoyed his own curious metaphor: but he had little realization of its strange paralleled fulfillment. He made certain at once a reward for his helpers. He made it worth their while to plan that very night a trip to the pueblo de Los Angeles.

V.

A NEW TRAIL.

Between that valley, which now is Imperial, and Los Angeles, there was an Indian trail never blazed by Americans until Joseph Carew, Jim Harris and Buckles, some ninety years ago, started with their Indian ponies and horses one of those clear, clean mornings of early March. The nearest approach to rain in the coast region had been the ocean fog. They did not touch the hem of the desert's dun garment of sand.

"It is just the weather for a start, boys; let's make it," Joseph said. "The rivers will be low for fording."

"Huh! Lots of rivers you'll for in this country."

A Pen-pictured Pageant of a Californian Century.

spring. The next night were growing where they named it at once. The growing, and still does the

The third day found the desert's aspect became these men drew closer to the enemy. Once in the fierce banner of dust hung against them, but they kept silent rocks they passed at a few rocks. An Apache can so become, like the lizard and the landscape. He may, as distance as one of them.

That night, however, they reached two springs instead of one ahead and had the when Juan called to him in poison.

"Which one?" and Joseph A shake of Juan's head was "You don't know?" Joseph's question and led his horse from the trail said: "I'll try this one, enough to be indifferent.

"Let's drink together." It already at the water of the

"Now the rest of you will of us keels," and Joseph's horses were wild for water strained. So by midnight all quenched their thirst. They all of healthy weariness; and even in the winter months."

Toward the close of the day were no longer the predators. They had left the dignified peaks towered all of Jacinto, all ages old, but christening. Then there were gentle beauties to come. The cream cups and, inverted, the bright wine of the cardin brodiaea lifted its wire stem while here and there the men

The pack animals had ceased fore. Jim showed weariness the guides' Indian file was Buckles's loquaciousness was

"Well, boys, there is no such as I." "I'm agreed. We might git time to reach water." Buckles

"What trouble? The trail." "Yet we ain't made the miles." "Why?"

"Well, there's something you—well—"

"Makes you—go on." Joseph pack from his horse and his slipped the rawhide strip from his tone was insistent.

"Oh, I don't know; something was Buckles's only explanation."

Joseph continued his task. confirmed. Even Buckles had change in the two Indians who through the passes instead change of automatic leadership curiously enough, lessened the could be felt as a presence in Joseph had seen Pablo pick curious object which was not nor indigent to any soil. He tion that he would make them talk, if that was possible.

"Jim, do you think the animals comfortable with their packs like if you say so."

"I think it is best. Loosen make your riding animals com get something to eat and we will who says we ain't all right?"

"No one; but I want to have Juan and Pablo. Help me, won't understand. But first let's get stomachs."

So, contrary to the custom they merely munched some uncooked venison. Game now who had no thought for its capture from their last camp had not been so Buckles began to gather sticks. Jim began to work the rubbing fully continued the correct motion to ignite a dry twig, a Indians made him pause.

"What is it, Pablo?" asked Joe which he had mastered in the in their village.

"No fire," was the answer. "No fire?" Joseph repeated and tell me, what is it you found on we started this noon?"

Slowly, impressively, solemnly, his belt a scalp lock. He held it in the day's waning light, painted red underneath. Jim, with many different ones, the large of the Sioux which included the knew at once this was the smallest. It was peculiar to the Apache, who dead body, but takes his trophy fr

ing. The next night it was better. Two palms were growing where they camped; and "Dos Palmas" they named it at once. Today the palms are still growing, and still does the spring bear that name.

The third day found them trail-hardened, habituated. The desert's aspect became malevolently vindictive; so these men drew closer together as against a common enemy. Once in the fierce heat of mid-afternoon, a column of dust hung against the horizon. The men saw it, but they kept silent, and an hour later the rocks they passed at a few yards distant were human rocks. An Apache can so conceal his swarthy body as to become, like the lizard and horned toad, a very part of the landscape. He may, among the yucca, appear at a distance as one of them.

That night, however, they made their camp in safety, reaching two springs instead of one as hitherto. Joseph was ahead and had thrown himself down to drink when Juan called to him that one of the springs was poison.

"Which one?" and Joseph's thirsty lips waited.

A shake of Juan's head was his only answer.

"You don't know?" Joseph rose from his prone position and led his horse from the spring. Returning, he said: "I'll try this one, anyway." He was thirsty enough to be indifferent.

"Let's drink together." It was Jim, whose lips were already at the water of the other spring.

"Now the rest of you will have to wait till the one of us keels," and Joseph laughed heartily. But the horses were wild for water and could not long be restrained. So by midnight all, man and beast, had assuaged their thirst. They all slept the dreamless sleep of healthy weariness; and ever after, in the Los Angeles district, Joseph and Jim were able to disprove the Indian legend of the poison spring.

Toward the close of the sixth day cactus and boulders were no longer the predominating features of the landscape. They had left the mountain passes where signified peaks towered all about them, Tanquitz and Leining, all ages old, but many still waiting their blossoming. Then there was a prelude pianissimo of pinto beauties to come. The high yuccas lifted their own cups and, inverted, they poured to the ground the bright wine of the cardinal flower. An occasional Indian lifted its wire stem from the base of a rock, while here and there the memulous grew golden.

The pack animals had ceased to go as readily as before. Jim showed weariness for the first time, and the guides' Indian file was broken and lagging. Buckles's loquaciousness was intermittent.

"Well, boys, there is no water in sight," said Joseph. "But I think we will camp right here."

"I agreed. We might get into trouble if we took time to reach water." Buckles looked speculative.

"What trouble? The trail was easier today."

"'Tet we ain't made the miles we made yesterday."

"Why?"

"Well, there's something in the air that makes me well—"

"Makes you—go on." Joseph was loosening the pack from his horse and his head was down as he slipped the rawhide strip from its leatheren buckle; his tone was insistent.

"Oh, I don't know; somethin's different, that's all," was Buckles's only explanation.

Joseph continued his task. His forebodings were confirmed. Even Buckles had felt the intangible sense in the two Indians who had walked that day through the passes instead of riding. It was the sense of automatic leadership to abject fear, which, intensely enough, lessened their stupidity. Their fear could be felt as a presence is felt in the darkness. Buckles had seen Pablo pick from the sagebrush a curious object which was not the fruit of any vine so indigenous to any soil. He made the swift resolution that he would make them tell their fears, make them talk, if that was possible.

"Jim, do you think the animals could be any way comfortable with their packs left on this one night?"

"If you say so."

"I think it is best. Loosen their girths a little, make your riding animals comfortable; then we will get something to eat and we will feel all right."

"Who says we ain't all right?" Buckles bridled.

"We one; but I want to have a talk presently with him and Pablo. Help me, won't you? to make them understand. But first let's get something into our stomachs."

So, contrary to the custom even of their noonings, they merely munched some tortillas and ate jerked venison uncooked. Game now was abundant, but they had no thought for its capture. The coals brought from their last camp had not been sufficiently covered; so Buckles began to gather sticks for a new fire, and he began to work the rubbing sticks. As he skillfully continued the correct motion and a spark was sent to ignite a dry twig, a grunt from one of the Indians made him pause.

"What is it, Pablo?" asked Joseph in the patois which he had mastered in the months he had been in their village.

"No fire," was the answer.

"No fire?" Joseph repeated questioningly. "Pablo, tell me, what is it you found on the trail just after we started this noon?"

Slowly, impressively, solemnly, the Indian drew from his belt a scalp lock. He held it up so that all could see it in the day's waning light. It was small and pointed red underneath. Jim, who could recognize many different ones, the large head trophies, those of the Sioux which included the ears of the victim, knew at once this was the smallest he had ever seen. It was peculiar to the Apache, who will not touch a dead body, but takes his trophy from his victim alive.

"Well, what of it?" asked Joseph.

"Apache?"

"Apache!" Buckles repeated. Even taciturn Jim made a startled movement. They knew what "Apache" meant.

VI.

THE APACHES.

There are Indians and Indians; but the Apache is the acme of terror. Even the name means "every man's enemy." From the day of this story and long before, down to Geronimo; the Apache's malignant ferocity, physical endurance, relentless vindictiveness and unparalleled cunning is graven deep in the annals of southwestern history. Other tribes have climbed high the ladder of treachery, but the topmost round is reached only by the Apache.

"Buckles, how many go out on the warpath?"

"Two hundred, mebby more. Most likely these are just raiders after our ponies and furs, but they don't never strike out with much less than fifty."

"Fifty to five; that's not so bad. My gun is good for fifteen, and I have a pistol, too. What's yours good for, Buckles?"

"Fifteen," was the prompt reply. Thus they boasted of guns that today would only grace a museum.

"That's thirty. Now, Jim, what will that horse pistol of yours do?"

"Well," drawled Jim, "I don't reckon you can count on more than seven and a half for me."

Joseph could have shouted that this reply showed that Jim was no more afraid than he, and for himself, he felt his blood coursing with excitement and exhilaration even before his bravery was challenged.

"I sorter think we can count on the two Indians for their share even if they ain't got no gun," said Buckles. "Apaches be hanged! They'd better look out for THEIR scalps."

Surely the tortillas were already making red coruscations of courage.

"This is what we will do: we'll wait till it is altogether dark, then change our camp, deploy, get settled, make our plans and in the morning start—forward or backward? What do you say, boys?"

"Forward of course." Buckles was spokesman, but the other three characteristically showed hearty approval.

An hour later they were over a mile distant, their going covered by the darkness now fallen. Against an overhanging cliff they piled their most necessary equipment, spreading their bear robes in the dry bed of the arroyo, with Joseph's mare, Princess, within the semi-circle with the man, and the other mounts near. The pintos, divested now of their packs, formed the unstable walls of the fort.

"Not that we will git a night attack, most likely," said Buckles, "but it's best to be ready. Their scouts seen us make our first camp. They'll signal their hand, but we'll fool them a trip, says I."

"I hope so," said Joseph.

The myriad noises of the night were beginning. The whip-poor-will's plaintive importuning was followed by the quail's whistle. Once in the distance they heard rocks rolling, set in motion by a bear's lumbering tread. The stars burned white, and, as always in this Southland, glowed so near, it seemed one had but to reach up to pluck them from their dark meadows.

All in the camp was quiet at last. The first excitement was lessening, and Joseph was just falling to sleep when Buckles pulled his arm.

"Look! What did I tell you?" He pointed eastward. There high against the sky, pointing lance-like upward, was the peculiar signal fire of the Apache. The two Indians half-rose, and crept close within the circle.

"Ugh!" they grunted.

Joseph turned to Jim, who had not even moved.

"What do you think?"

"When they git together, they'll come on us." The answer was laconic but explicit.

"Do you think they can track us here in the dark?"

"They ain't nothin' they can't do in the trackin' and the killin' line."

"That settles it. How much time do you think before they git together?"

"Mebby two hours, mebby more."

"In one hour we will be out of here. Boys, you'll have to give up your goods."

"You mean the ponies and their loads?" Buckles asked.

"I see no other way. We've got to travel like lightning; we must leave every hindrance."

"Took me a year to git all those." Buckles's disappointment was keen.

"Well, our only hope of safety is in fast going and in keeping together."

"Let 'em go," said Buckles.

Speedily they set to work. Already a horse's whinny had emphasized the hopelessness of hiding. Joseph explained to the Indians, who hastily dug and dug deeply. In the cache they placed all the hides, the furs, and the Indian baskets. They even left most of their food. When all was covered they trampled the earth, drove the horses across, hoping thus to obliterate all traces of their work.

"Buckles, do you think you could find this place in the daytime?"

"Sure."

"A year from now?"

"Sure."

"Could you, Jim?"

"Yes."

"Good; you see that big tree over there against the sky. I'm going to bury my gold there, right at its

base. If that is what they are after, they won't get it."

"Tain't what they're after: it's the horses and us. But bury it."

"All right, we've got enough to be heavy. It can never be found except by us three. We will come back when these Apaches are back to their camps. And if—well, if it isn't mine, boy, it is yours to divide. Just you print that spot on your brains."

So while the Indians finished their task, unknown to them another cache was made. The also tree wrote in the purple of the sky with the ink of its branches the secret.

A much-depleted trail-train it was that went on, unincumbered by weight save of muskets, horizontal before them, pistols in holsters, bullet pouches, powder horns and a knife in each belt. Thus going, even in the night, they made through the starlight more miles than in the two previous days. They sped from the terror by night toward the arrow that fletched noonday, never stopping till the very first rays of dawn revealed ahead of them a long stretch which seemed to be without water. As with one accord they filled their vase-like bottles of raffia, remounted, and set out at greater speed, unhindered by darkness. By full daylight they were as racers in an open valley. They were filed always by mountains to the northward. Now trailing they ran; now neck to neck, five horses bunched close. The calico ponies of the Indians showed good mettle, keeping up with the horses lately broken by Buckles and Jim. This was native country to them, and they showed that they loved it. Joseph's magnificent mare outdid them all in the ease of her running.

On they pressed, stopping neither to reconnoiter nor to eat. They reached rolling hill land that was like an ocean of gold, billowing with fairy-like blossoms, the wild mustard. It rose to their stirrups. In more rainy winters the Indians could have told of its tide rising head-high and even higher. Now no one of them had eyes for its beauty, and its hindrance fretted them, for they were as in a net.

It was mid-morning, and the valley had narrowed. Suddenly as if from the sky came a shower of arrows. In the cleft hill above the rocks seemed moving. Each one concealed an enemy.

"It's an ambush!" shouted Buckles.

"Break for the open," Joseph responded.

Not waiting to fire they tore through the mustard, and always about them fell arrows. Once free of the mustard, the horses like mad dashed onward, only Joseph holding back his mare; he would not outrun or desert them. Suddenly he saw Buckles sway on his horse.

"Hold steady, old man," he yelled above the wild tramping; and then came the fierce demoniacal cries of the Apaches. Joseph came abreast and repeated, with fierce insistence. "Hold steady!"

Buckles turned his head toward Joseph. His face was ashen gray in the sunlight and straight between his shoulders as though to cleave them, was buried an arrow. Joseph slowed his gallop and leaning far out of the saddle, taking the bridle from Buckles's limp fingers suited his pace to his stricken companion's. He glanced back. The Apaches were still "stringing" their bows, but the men were out of the range of the storm, and only an occasional arrow whizzed past them.

Buckles was right, it was an ambuscade. What there was ahead in numbers, they could only conjecture. There was no turning back.

"Take it out!" he gasped chokingly.

But Joseph refused his assistance, giving all his attention to managing the two horses. And meantime Jim and the two Indians were lengthening the distance between the two groups. Buckles saw it and groaned.

Just then Jim looked back. Deliberately turning face to the enemy, he rode back as fast as he had fled. There was need of him; for Buckles was fainting. Only a gesture from Joseph and Jim understood. He was instantly on the other side: together they supported Buckles and kept him to his saddle. Meantime the enemy at the rear had changed position. Again came the whir of the arrows.

"Can you hold him alone a moment?" asked Joseph. Jim nodded and Joseph turned in his saddle. His gun was ready. He took steady aim and fired. Above the mustard, straight to the high rocks sped the bullet, ricochetted—what strange chance brought it home to a hidden victim? Joseph waited only to see an Apache tumble forward to mingle a crimson stain with the green and the gold. His swarthy body gleamed for a moment in the sunlight, then lay buried beneath the yellow blossoms; then Joseph turned forward.

"Just to let them know," he said. He hung the temporarily useless musket on the pommel and took his pistol from the holster. Directly he gave his attention to Buckles, who showed some signs of reviving.

Ahead of them, growing less, in the distance, they saw the two Cahuiillas gallop on. As with one mind Jim and Joseph directed their course away from the easy open. With relentless spurs they forced their horses up the slopes of the hills which lay to the south of the valley. Soon they reached the recess of a small canyon where bubbled a tiny spring purring through a low fern growth. Buckles's groans again became audible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[*Elsberry Democrat:*] A gander pulling was held at Rhinebeck in Montgomery county last week. The game originated in Germany.

The gander's head and neck are slicked with soap, and he is suspended between two poles, with his head down. The participants ride under at full speed, and the man who pulls down the gander gets him.

[659]

Convicts at Large Without Guards.

By Haldane George.

GOV. WEST'S WAY.

THE only honor lacking in the average criminal is that which is wrenched from him by incivility, distrust and inhumanity. Extend to a convict the courtesy, confidence and trust due him as a man and he will respond with more honor than the average person who has never seen the bars, the dungeon or the dismal gray walls of a penitentiary.

Basing his action on this bit of philosophy, Gov. Oswald West of Oregon recently threw open the barred doors of the Oregon State penitentiary and turned more than 200 convicts out into the inviting forests and fields to serve the remainder of their terms without guards, stripes, chains or stockades.

With one sweep the dungeon, the dark cell, the striped suits, the ball and chain and the gallows were wiped out as unnecessary parts of the institution and in their stead was established a unique and revolutionary honor system. Since the first wholesale liberation convicts have been added to the list as they have proven eligible until the total number today is about 500. Honor is the only guard over fifteen convict camps which are maintained permanently in various parts of the State, in some cases many miles from the dingy walls of the prison and in all cases in the forests where the only effort required to make an escape is to leisurely disappear.

On every side are hiding places where detection by the officers would be difficult if they learned of the escape before the convict had time to reach any of the cities of the Northwest where chances for permanent escape would be good.

Out of the fifteen convict camps in which are now

records. Out of 500 convicts who have been trusted with their liberty in this way in the last fourteen months, only fifteen have broken their pledges. Of this number three have been recaptured, three are still at large and nine have returned to the prison con-

"No, you won't," answered the Governor. "Put him on the car and send him up alone. Tell him to get at the Capitol and come to my office." "But, Governor, he's one of the worst men we've got. He's a lifter. I wouldn't dare trust him out," said the warden. "I'll take the responsibility," answered the Governor.

A Bad Man's First Outing.

A short time later a tall prisoner walked out of the shoe shop where he had worked every day for eight years and proceeded doggedly to the warden's office. He was given car fare and told to go to the Governor's office. "But I'm not going alone, am I?" asked the astounded convict. "That's the Governor's orders," said the warden. Trembling with surprise, Convict No. 162 walked from the prison into the front yard, where for the first time in eight years he saw the surrounding world. He took the car and went to the Governor's office. The Governor eyed him up and down a minute, then said: "You've had a pretty hard time of it in the last eight years, haven't you?" The convict answered in the affirmative. "You have tried several times to escape, haven't you?" Again the convict nodded his head curiously. "Why didn't you escape yesterday between the prison and here?"

The convict hesitated a minute, then said: "I'll tell you, sir. I've tried it before, but it was under different conditions. I've heard that your heart is in the right place regarding convicts, and I couldn't throw you down."

The Governor talked to him a while, then told him to go downtown and take in the sights for an hour or two and return to the prison. Two or three hours later the convict was back at the prison. Several days later he was again called to the Governor's office and



Gov. West of Oregon.



Unguarded convicts operating rock crusher.

about 300 men one-half are so far from the State prison that the convicts are not required to report in at night. In some cases the entire camp could desert and the officials would not know about it for two or three days. But Gov. West has too much confidence in yeggmen, burglars, holdup men, murderers and sneak thieves to believe that they would break the pledges which they make before being liberated.

The men are engaged in building roads, operating rock quarries and clearing land. For their services they are paid 25 cents a day by the State. This money can be used as the convicts see fit. At each camp one convict is hired as cook and another is appointed superintendent with the duty of requiring the other men to work and live up to their pledges. It is the duty of the superintendent to report to the prison officials any escapes. He is not, however, provided with a gun or with any authority to attempt to use force to prevent any of the convicts from escaping. There are no bars, no lockups, no stripes and no rifles at any of the camps. The men live in bunk houses and cabins the same as men in construction or mining camps.

But can such a system be successful and practical? Ask Gov. West this and he will point with pride at the

science-stricken. Gov. West says the three absent convicts will return in time. Upon these remarkable figures Gov. West bases his assertion that his "honor system," although not in conformity with modern prison ideas, is absolutely successful.

Oregon's Chief Executive introduced his system a short time after taking oath of office. At 6 o'clock one morning he appeared at the prison and requested to have breakfast with the prisoners. He said nothing, but did a great deal of observing. The convicts did not know but that he was one of them, although he wore no stripes. He went to the prison on other occasions, always taking the officials by surprise. Finally the convicts learned that the stranger was their friend the Governor.

One day the telephone bell in the warden's office rang and the warden answered. "West speaking," said the voice at the other end. "Send Convict No. 162 up to the Capitol right away, will you?" "Haven't got a guard right now, Governor," answered the warden, "but will send him up as soon as one of the boys drops in."

told that he had been chosen to go down to Portland and select machinery to enlarge the shoe shop at the prison. "The State will pay your expenses," said the Governor.

That was the beginning of the making of a man, according to Gov. West. Convict 162 selected machinery and installed an excellent factory at the prison. Later he was paroled from the prison, and is now preaching on the streets the doctrine of the Oregon Rule.

Takes Them With His Confidence.

This is only one of many peculiar things which have been done at the Oregon penitentiary. Gov. West takes the convicts into his confidence. He talks to them as man to man and deals with such care that when they are liberated on their honor it means a great deal to them. They are not confronted with threats of punishment if they break their promises. The only security of the promise is that made under the strain of a heart-to-heart talk with the Governor of the State.

Members of a brickyard gang working under guard within the walls of the prison were recently said to

Illustrated Week.

the Governor if they thought without guards. The convicts decided that they could not be formed and the guards remained that the sole reason for the use of the guards over the paying off a mortgage on his house. The Governor arranged another position, and the convicts decided they could be trusted, remained true to the promise.

A man with a long prison record than the rankliest yeggmen find it as easy to their honor as the common crooks in the country. The Governor is making good.

Approved by Oregonians.

That the West prison system is favored by residents of Oregon, courteous treatment of the convicts, most interesting example of the age at Sublimity, Or., where building a road. In celebration of the wives and daughters of the neighborhood, invited together at the same table with the men and the women served. It was shown that they were fellow-guests by posing for a picture.

Occasionally the Governor drives to the camps and spends a few hours talking to them if they are well cared for. Doing this, confidence and trust are shown by a request of a convict to the Governor. It is talked over and shown that he is wrong. No one by the Governor.

Some of the convicts are assigned by the State to act as attendants at the insane asylum, the minded and the old folks' home is largely made up of convicts right to select or refuse this work. The Governor allows them to quarry gangs if that work is more.

Courtesy to Probationers.

Within the prison walls the probation terms are extended every year. Within the walls a motion-picture is installed and performances are given. The convicts raise money to rent the motion picture.

Gov. West declares his prison is general use in the United States. He says it has practically passed in Oregon.

"It has been demonstrated that work wonders in a prison," he said. "Never a man who has not a sense of his makeup. All it requires is treatment to bring it to the sun. The ordinary prison is bound and spurned, confined from the world of sunshine, browbeaten and striped. When he is thrust out upon society he has a hard battle to have a chance ordinarily to make an exceptional man. It is easy to commit crime. Such a system hurts rather than helps."

"In the Oregon State penitentiary, men, and not merely inflicting punishment. This can be done only by abolition of punishment. The average criminal outside world by the police and where there is the piercing eye of society at him at every turn. It overthrows the man part of the prison can have no worse display of distrust which he is world.

"Every prisoner has to serve a term in the walls of the prison under me to serve a probation term of from one to four years, all depending upon the length and his behavior. At the end of the term he comes to my office and I talk to the 'honor' him as a man to a man, not as a master. He makes his solemn pledge that he will make his liberty if he is trusted."

"At the expiration of the conviction, I will be provided with a job somewhere. I have a system of giving a convict \$5 and turning him out into a world where he can work for years. That is an infamous place in the whole of the old system is provided with work when he is able to work. He will make good. I have estimated 90 per cent. will make good citizens if I can get him out."

Hazardous Work.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] "Poor rural poet, is down with pneumonia and can't recover."

"That's too bad. How did he get exposure? The doctors have decided he suffered while he was getting inspiration and local color."

the Governor if they thought they could be trusted without guards. The convicts held a meeting and decided that they could not. The Governor was so informed and the guards remained. It was later learned that the sole reason for the action was the fact that one of the guards over the gang, an aged man, was owing off a mortgage on his home and would have been thrown out of a position if the convicts had abolished guards. The Governor arranged to give this man another position, and the convicts at another meeting decided that they could be trusted. Every member has remained true to the promise.

A man with a long prison record looks no worse to Gov. West than the rankest amateur. The most renowned yeggmen find it as easy to get a chance to show their honor as the commonest of sneak thieves. On the "honor gangs" are some of the most widely-known crooks in the country. The Governor declares they are nothing but crooks.

That the West prison system is looked upon with honor by residents of Oregon is apparent from the courteous treatment of the convicts at the camps. A most interesting example of this occurred a short time ago at Sublimity, Or., where a gang of convicts was building a road. In celebration of the event the farm wives and daughters prepared a banquet under the trees and, besides inviting all the male inhabitants of the neighborhood, invited the convicts. All sat together at the same table with Gov. West at the head and the women served. It was a joyous affair. The convicts showed that they were not ashamed of their new guests by posing for a picture.

Occasionally the Governor drops in on the convict camps and spends a few hours talking to the men, asking them if they are well cared for and are happy. In doing this, confidence and trust are renewed. No reasonable request of a convict is denied. If it is questionable it is talked over carefully and the convict shows that he is wrong. No demand is flatly refused by the Governor.

None of the convicts are assigned to other institutions of the State to act as attendants. Help of this kind at the insane asylum, the home for the feeble-minded and the old folks' home and other institutions is largely made up of convicts. The men have the right to select or refuse this sort of work as they desire, the Governor allowing them to join one of the road or farm gangs if that work is more desirable.

Books to Prisoners.

Within the prison walls the men who are serving prison terms are extended every courtesy possible. Within the walls a motion-picture theater has been installed and performances are given occasionally. The convicts raise money to rent picture films.

Gov. West declares his prison system will be in more general use in the United States within a few years. He says it has practically passed the experimental stage in Oregon.

"It has been demonstrated that honor and trust will not wonders in a prison," he declares. "There is now a man who has not a sense of honor somewhere in his makeup. All it requires is the proper sort of treatment to bring it to the surface. The convict in ordinary prison is bounded, abused, distrusted, worried, confined from the world and the fresh air and beaten, browbeaten and stripped of his manhood. He is thrust out upon society after such punishment he has a hard battle to fight. He does not have a chance ordinarily to make good unless he is an emotional man. It is easy for him to return to crime. Such a system hurts rather than benefits society."

In the Oregon State penitentiary we are making men, and not merely inflicting punishment for crime. This can be done only by abolishing the old systems of punishment. The average criminal is bounded in the outside world by the police and detectives. Every time there is the piercing eye of the law glaring suddenly at him at every turn. It makes him desperate; it overthrows the man part of him. The dungeon of the prison can have no worse horror to him than the depth of distrust which he meets in the outside world.

Every prisoner has to serve a certain term behind the walls of the prison under my system. He must serve a probation term of from six months to two years, all depending upon the length of his sentence and his behavior. At the end of that term he is called to my office and I talk the honor proposition over to him as a man to a man, not as an officer to a felon. He makes his solemn pledge that he will not take advantage of his liberty if he is trusted.

At the expiration of the convict's term he is provided with a job somewhere. I have abolished the old system of giving a convict \$5 and a suit of clothes and letting him out into a world which he has not seen before. That is an infamous practice, and does more to defeat the purpose of prisons than anything else in the whole of the old system. When a convict is provided with work when he is liberated he generally will make good. I have estimated that at least 85 per cent will make good citizens if this system is carried out."

Hazardous Work.

(Chicago Record-Herald:) "Poor Bardsley, the passing poet, is down with pneumonia and it is feared he will not recover." "That's too bad. How did he get it, I wonder?" "I believe the doctors have decided that it is due to the fact that he suffered while he was out in a pasture and inspiration and local color."

"THE TIMID DON'T ATTAIN THE TOP." By Herbert Kaufman.

[Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.]

Most plans fail because they are not fought out as hard as they are thought out. Weak knees discount strong brains. The timid do not attain the top. The day will never dawn when efficiency and doubt will produce the same results as industry and daring. No form of government can guarantee to the individual more than he pledges to himself. Equality, except among those who equally persist, is a ridiculous and futile concept. A system cannot be devised to reduce humanity to a common denominator. Even with all roads open to all goals and every man privileged to rise without hindrance and without handicap, the ambitious, the eager, the dogged and the dauntless today, as in every yesterday, continue to outdistance the careless, the bigoted, the hesitating and the lazy. Demagogues may outshout the thunder—sophists stage the most adept illusions—fools bray themselves hoarse, but this truth is invulnerable, this fact remains unalterable; superiority ever asserts itself.

Progress without a definite and traceable cause is incomprehensible.

Investigation inevitably develops a competent and logical reason for growth.

A rare prank of circumstance occasionally violates without invalidating some fixed rule of life, but 999 times in 1000 instances the man constantly at the foot of the ladder lacks the sand or the sense to mount it.

The prospect of the betterment without striving is a mirage—a dream that can't come true.

Your welfare is a personal obligation. You and you alone must be the guide, guardian and champion of your interests.

The instant you relax, the moment you

Telepathist Puzzles Berlin.

[New York Sun:] A Spanish telepathist, who recalls Stuart Cumberland, a wonder worker of twenty-five years ago, is causing a sensation in Berlin. His name is Jose de Labero, he is 28, and only recently did he develop the talent which is making him famous.

He first came to notice by winning a wager with a Berlin lawyer, Herr Paul Roske, who laid long odds that Labero could not find a ring concealed somewhere in Berlin, and do this solely by the help of telepathic sensitiveness. The trial was made at 11 in the forenoon in the presence of two doctors attached to Berlin hospitals and Count Bubna, a representative of the Psychological Institute in Paris.

A committee met in Cafe Bourse and each member wrote a suggestion for the concealment of the ring and put it in a sealed envelope. One of the envelopes was then chosen by lot, and it was found that it suggested that the ring should be hidden in the Cafe Continental buffet, left-hand drawer, under a coffee cup.

Shortly after two members of the committee had left to conceal the ring Labero set out in an auto on the hunt, taking his seat beside the chauffeur, while two other members of the committee occupied the inside seats. A thin gold chain attached to Labero's wrist was held at the other end by one of the two committee-men.

The journey was quick, though interrupted at intervals by Labero's apparently losing touch with the thoughts of the committee-man who had instructions to concentrate his mind as earnestly as he could on the route to be taken and the place where the ring was concealed. After two or three false directions had been taken, presumably owing to Labero's losing contact with the thoughts of the committee-man, the Cafe Continental was reached and passed. Only for a few yards, however, for Labero called out "Wrong!" had the auto turned round and stopped it before the cafe.

Here he seemed to have no difficulty at all. He hurried into the cafe, which at this time of day was empty, made straight for the buffet, pulled out the drawer and found the ring under the coffee cup.

A second experiment was made on the return journey to the Cafe Bourse, where Labero's task was to hang the ring on the hook of the telephone receiver. This mental suggestion he carried out with such speed that the two journeys together did not take more than thirty-five minutes.

tire, the second you compromise with your ideals, somebody more determined to have what you have, or have in view, will wreck you or check you.

Yes, there are thieves and they do prey—but theft is impossible in the face of vigilance.

Of course there are swindlers—but tricksters can't deceive those who investigate before they invest.

Wrong cannot possibly flourish where it is not given a chance.

With caution, courage, self-respect, industry and will as allies who or what can withstand you?

"But," you cry, "I am physically inferior." Then seek inspiration from the examples set by blind Milton and puny Alexander Stephens, and deaf, dumb, sightless Helen Keller.

"But," you plead, "I am not educated."

Neither were Lincoln and Johnson, who tutored themselves into the White House. Nor was Franklin, the chandler's son, nor was Edison, the train butcher.

But you whine, "I lack capital." The good workman demands but tools, and you are equipped. Your mind and your hands are unimpaired. Laboring and thinking created all the capital on earth.

Figure it any way you like—you can't dodge this—you are responsible for your failures.

Search for the weak spots in your make-up and you will see fewer flaws in the scheme of creation.

Criticism, like charity, should begin at home. Depend on it, if you have deluded yourself with the idea that the world is wrong, it is only because the world found you wrong first.

Swat the Flies.

Whether you are black or white,
Swat the flies;

Whether you are stout or slight,
Swat the flies.

Whether you are young or old,
Whether you are hot or cold,

Even if you're shy or bold,
Swat the flies.

Swat the flies where'er you go,
Swat 'em high and swat 'em low,

Give each one a stinging blow
Twixt the eyes.

Don't let one escape your aim,
Get right in the swatting game,

Swat, oh, swat, in heaven's name,
Swat the flies.

Whether you are short or tall,
Swat the flies;

Whether you are big or small,
Swat the flies.

Whether you're abroad, at home,
On the feath'ry created foam,

Anywhere you chance to roam,
Swat the flies.

Swat the fly with all your might,
Swat him left and swat him right,

Swat him day and swat him night
Till he dies.

Kill him when he's on the run,
Shoot him with your deadly gun,

When you've killed him, ev'ry one,
There'll be flies.

—[Joe Cone, in New York Sun.]

Royal Horse Decorations.

[Pall Mall Gazette:] The King, who last season inaugurated the custom of riding in Hyde Park of a morning, which no sovereign has done since early Victorian days, is, unlike most sailors, a very good horseman.

The horses of the royal family are usually distinguished by scarlet forehead bands, and it is on record that his late Majesty was greatly amazed on noticing one morning that a certain financier and his daughters had adorned their horses' heads with the royal scarlet. The very next day it was seen that the Prince and his daughters had replaced the scarlet forehead bands by plain black leather.

Running Down the Moonshiners.

By Carolyn Cross.

UNCLE SAM "ON THE JOB."

THE making of spurious currency is not the only form of counterfeiting for which that astute old gentleman, Uncle Sam, has his "eye peeled" day and night. Through his Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington he is ever on the alert to detect fraud in the manufacture and selling of butter and oleomargarine, playing cards, tobacco and whisky, and to stamp out completely the illicit use of opium. Over 4000 agents of this bureau, scattered all over the country, find it no small portion of their daily duties to run down this twentieth century "moonshining" of the above mentioned articles.

With headquarters in the Treasury Department at Washington Royal E. Cabell, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, directs his forces in their regular task of collecting the revenue tax from breweries and distilleries.

"mash," while through vents and tubes to the outer air there are carried the sharp, penetrating odors of rye, bourbon and fruit brandies. The "still" itself is large enough to be rated as of "commercial size" and is capable of turning out more high grade whisky or brandy than are many of the "moonshine" stills of the South. It is complete, with mash tubs, drainers and "worms" and is in use practically all the time.

Following the frequently expressed desire of the bureau to put the inspection and regulation of distilleries all over the country on a strictly scientific basis, the "still" was installed. Co-operating with the large and reputable distilleries, the government distillers work out formulas used by the former, for the purpose of ascertaining exactly what sort of whisky or spirits should be produced under similar circumstances anywhere.

If, for example, it is suspected that a certain distillery is not making its product according to the law

liquors made in this country are obtained are kept on hand and very nearly any sort of liquor can be made on short notice.

Studies Their Tricks.

Occasionally Uncle Sam perpetrates, for his own enlightenment, some of the "tricks" that others attempt to deceive him with. One of them—common but interesting—is that of artificially "aging" liquors in a few minutes. Legitimately "aged," a whisky must stand in wood for a number of years; thus does it obtain its rich color and "tang." In the experiment, the proportions of raw alcohol and water are mixed to form a strong whisky. To this is added a tiny bit of caramel coloring, practically the same as the burnt-sugar caramel used to color and flavor cakes, soups and gravies. The transformation is wonderful.

Instead of the perfectly colorless alcohol and water there is now a perfectly colored whisky, the depth of the coloring, or the "age," depending upon the amount of "color" used. This is the method generally in vogue for making the far-famed "squirrel" whisky, two drinks of which are guaranteed to make a man climb trees.

"Sometimes, unusual letters of complaint reach the bureau," said Commissioner Cabell. "Only the other day a cowboy in the Southwest wrote an indignant letter stating that, although he had always heretofore found a certain well-known brand of whisky fully capable of producing the desired results, he had just returned from a little jamboree during which the aforesaid fuel had failed to start the usual conflagration, despite numerous and faithful platings of the bottle. The whisky did not have its customary 'tang,' he stated, so he examined the bottle to see if the contents had been tampered with. Sure enough, there was a ring in the bottom where someone had cut out the glass, refilled the bottle with cheap stuff and then cemented the bottom together again!"

"He asked that a stop be put to such practices and offered to forward the bottle to Washington so that we might see for ourselves. But he is not the only one to imaging that the circle in the glass of the bottom of the average whisky bottle used for 'bottled in bond' spirits is put there by unscrupulous dealers who hope thereby to cheat the government out of revenue and the purchaser out of the brand he thinks he's buying. Many bottlers have been forwarded to us as evidence that the 'bonded' contents have been removed and cheaper liquor substituted without breaking the revenue stamp. That such a practice would not be advantageous—even though the cutting and re-fitting of the glass could be done perfectly—is quite evident after a moment's reflection."

The majority of the "moonshiners" are not more than a coffee-pot or a bottle. Four hours to turn out a bottle of their product is called. They are located along watercourses, where they all burn wood. It is material in running the stills, the "moonshiners" though a decade ago made in the mountains of Kentucky.

Occasionally, very late in the day, so very long ago one was seized in the North Carolina-Virginia line. Its own licensed distillery that had a tremendous task of hauling the mountain roads—in such a way as to be exciting in the extreme.

Once a "still" is raided, it is completely destroyed. The "pot" is pierced with a thousand holes. The "worm"—the tube as to condense the steam—is hacked and broken beyond repair. The "still" itself is sold and turned into the treasury partly distilled stock is used by the "moonshiners" themselves. In the year 24,1911, "moonshine" at only \$23 registered distilleries. The prevalence of the practice is at least. The majority of the total output of liquor is upon "coffee-pot stills" or large.

Better Frauds.

The so-called adulteration of Uncle Sam's conserves trouble. According to the method of "process" butter, must not run more than 12% of its weight. The "process" butter must be as heavy as possible, or material; so, in many cases, weight by treating it in a large quantity of milk. Adulterated butter are taxed by the Treasury, and not a few are found to be guilty of these violations.

Lately, the "moonshiners" have come decidedly common. One-fourth of 1 per cent. per pound is colored, or uncolored, also. Upon being colored with a harmless vegetable oil, it makes it resemble the rich butter of 10 cents per pound is in evidence in the revenue tax—a simple vegetable oil to "moonshine." The revenue agent takes a large quantity of the plain butter, of course. Then he takes a room, or cellar, was carefully to know what his left hand does not mix up the "butter." The and the absence of expensive addition to the material prevent much of it to be done.

The revenue agents found it difficult to root out these "oleo moonshiners" who frequently violated than any. Contrary to the habits of the "oleo moonshiner" flourishes, made in several of the splinter their way through the country, and this, too, in respectable moonshiners" cunningly chose to conceal his work.

The method of selling the "oleo moonshine" is as simple as it is difficult to understand. The dealer buys a few tubs or barrels of oleo and takes out a few tubs of oleo margarine. He sells from time to time, fills it discreetly, from time to time, has colored himself—and then, after the original revenue agent has been held that so long a time, it is not "empty," the dealer in the act of re-filling to the revenue agent in the field have found obtain evidence sufficient for conviction.

Revenue inspectors in various states are continually sending samples of oleo margarine to the laboratories in order to determine whether they were obtained shall be "oleo moonshine." Mr. Cabell, however, recommended that the revenue agent make for all grades of temptation to "moonshine" the "oleo moonshiners."

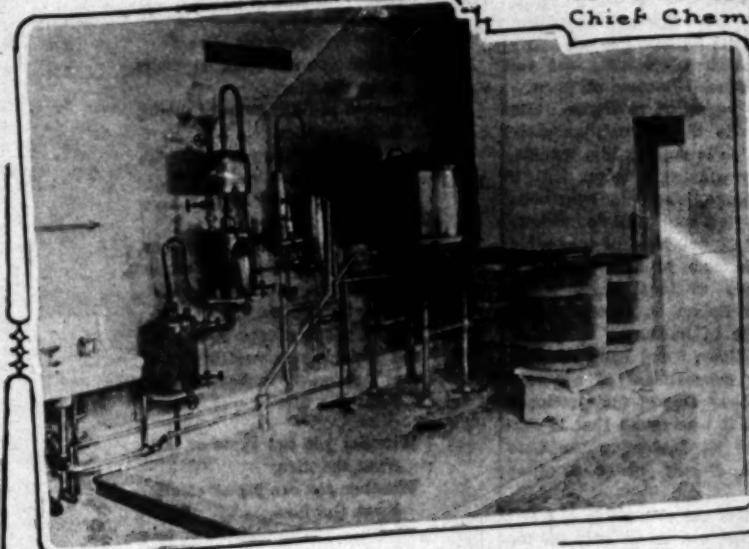
Recently, while on a trip to the South, Dr. A. B. Adams, the chief chemist of the laboratory, who has, perhaps, as wide a knowledge of fermentation as any man in the country. He has been identified with every move in the advancement of the work of the laboratory which is now regarded as one of the most valuable of any run by the government. In addition to this larger "still" there are two smaller ones which are used for experimental purposes. Quantities of every kind of grain and fruit from which distilled



Royall E. Cabell, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Washington D.C.



A. B. Adams, for thirteen years Chief Chemist.



Experimental distilling in Treasury Dept.



A "moonshine" still and revenue officers who seized it.

tilleries and, through them, also reaches out to crush those who attempt to evade the payment of that tax. Some idea of the scope and value of the work of the bureau may be gained from the fact that the regular collections for the past fiscal year amounted to over \$322,500,000. And every now and then items in the daily papers tell of the arrest and conviction of people who thought they could successfully make and dispose of "process" butter, playing cards and "moonshine" whisky or sell opium to unfortunates who seek solace in its stupefying fumes.

The better to deal with the largest phase of the work Uncle Sam has installed in the Treasury building a "still" and has gone in for "moonshining" himself. There, too, are chemical laboratories in which efficient government employees work diligently on the various problems of fermentation and distilling. They are studying the problems of the liquor manufacturer from his own standpoint and also to be prepared for the presumptuous distiller who may labor under the delusion that he can "fool the government." Experts in the scientific making of all kinds of liquors, they work out their chemical tests surrounded by a wilderness of tubes, pipettes and bottles.

Here there simmers in large tubs every form of

which governs it, regarding its "proof" etc., the report of the inspector at the distillery is taken and the exact kind of liquor which should be made from the "mash" used there is duplicated at the laboratory in Washington. The result of the distillation in the suspected distillery is then watched. If it does not conform to that made in Uncle Sam's "still," the product is seized, for either the distillation is improperly done or the distiller is "crooked." Perhaps he is employing some means to raise his "proof" without giving the government the proportionate revenue. In this way watch is kept upon every distillery in the country and the work of any distiller is liable to be checked up at any time.

The man directly in charge of this important work is Arthur B. Adams, chief chemist of the laboratory, who has, perhaps, as wide a knowledge of fermentation as any man in the country. He has been identified with every move in the advancement of the work of the laboratory which is now regarded as one of the most valuable of any run by the government. In addition to this larger "still" there are two smaller ones which are used for experimental purposes. Quantities of every kind of grain and fruit from which distilled

liquor has been removed from the bottle in that fashion, the recreant can gain nothing for, granting that he can refill the bottle with cheap whisky and put the bottom back in—he still has the original quart of whisky! And to tell this he must again pay the regular revenue tax upon it! In other words, for every quart of cheap whisky he sells in that way, he finds himself with a corresponding quantity of good liquor on his hands—and it isn't easy to find men willing to take a chance on buying unlabeled whisky. So, it seems, about all left for him to do is to drink it himself!"

Dangerous Work.

The most picturesque and dangerous part of the work of the revenue officers is the breaking up of illicit or "moonshine" stills in the mountains of such States as Alabama, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. But it is scarcely the most important, financially, for even the combined output of all these mountain "stills" is far, far less than that of even a few of the large distilleries should they "run crooked" for a short time—this, of course, in terms of revenue lost.

The majority of these illicit "stills" are no larger than a coffee-pot or a kettle and require a full twenty-four hours to turn out a gallon of raw "white mule," as their product is called. Practically all of them must be located along watercourses in order to operate; and they all burn wood. Both these facts aid the officers materially in running them down. Nowadays, once detected, the "moonshiner" offers little if any resistance, though a decade ago many desperate encounters were had in the mountainous regions of Tennessee and Kentucky.

Occasionally, very large "stills" are captured. Not so very long ago one with a capacity of 590 gallons was seized in the North Carolina mountains near the West Virginia line. Its owner had purchased it from a licensed distillery that went out of business. The tremendous task of hauling the huge affair up the mountain roads—in such a way as to avoid suspicion—was exciting in the extreme.

Once a "still" is raided, the revenue officers demolish it completely. The "kettle" is chopped with axes and pierced with a thousand holes so that repair is impossible. The "worm"—the coiled tube so set in cold water as to condense the vapor that passes through it—is hacked and broken beyond all recognition, for it is the most difficult of all parts of the "still" to obtain. The "still" itself is sold as old copper and the proceeds turned into the treasury. Of course the "mash" and partly distilled stock is emptied out on the ground and the "moonshiners" themselves arrested. During the past year 241 "moonshine stills" were raided. There are only 923 registered distilleries in the country, so the prevalence of the practice is obvious in point of numbers at least. The majority of these raids, however, were upon "coffee-pot stills" of very indifferent capacity, so the total output of liquor from them could not have been large.

Other Frauds.

The so-called adulterations of butter have also given Uncle Sam's conservators in the bureau considerable trouble. According to the statutes governing the making of "process" butter, the percentage of moisture must not run more than 13 per cent. of its weight. The shifty "process" butter maker desires that his product be as heavy as possible, without the addition of more material; so, in many cases, he tries to increase its weight by treating it in such a manner that it absorbs a huge quantity of milk or water. Many samples of adulterated butter are tested in the laboratories in the Treasury, and not a few arrests and fines have followed these violations.

Lately, the "moonshining" of oleomargarine has become decidedly common. According to law, a tax of one-fourth of 1 per cent. per pound is levied upon white, or uncolored, oleo. Upon that which has been slightly colored with a harmless vegetable coloring matter to make it resemble the rich yellow of real butter, a tax of 10 cents per pound is levied. This enormous difference in the revenue tax—all because of the addition of a simple vegetable oil to the oleo—promptly led to "moonshining." The revenue dodger simply purchased a large quantity of the plain oleo, paying the smaller tax of course. Then he took it to the privacy of his own room, or cellar, was careful to let not his right hand know what his left hand doeth, poured in the color and mixed up the "butter." The simplicity of this process, and the absence of expensive and tell-tale apparatus, in addition to the material profits to be had by such work caused much of it to be done.

The revenue agents found, and still find, it extremely difficult to root out these offenders and many of them frankly admit that the "oleomargarine laws" are more frequently violated than any which the bureau enforces. Contrary to the habits of the whisky "moonshiner," the "oleo moonshiner" flourishes in the large cities. It is made in several of them the officers have had to split their way through barred doors and windows, and this, too, in respectable localities, for the "oleo moonshiner" cunningly chose such surroundings the better to conceal his work.

The method of selling this "moonshine oleo" is as simple as it is difficult to detect. The so-disposed dealer buys a few tubs or firkins of the artificially colored oleo and takes out a license to deal in colored oleomargarine. He sells from one of the tubs but refills it discreetly, from time to time, with oleo that he has colored himself—and this, mind you, without disturbing the original revenue stamp on the tub! Since it has been held that so long as there is any oleo in the tub it is not "empty," the dealer must be actually caught in the act of re-filling to be apprehended. And the agents in the field have found it extremely difficult to obtain evidence sufficiently conclusive to obtain a conviction.

Revenue inspectors in various parts of the country are continually sending samples of suspected oleomargarine to the laboratories in Washington for testing, in order to determine whether the dealer from whom they were obtained shall be watched as a possible "moonshiner." Mr. Cabell, the commissioner, has repeatedly recommended that the present tax be revised so that a more nominal levy of 2 cents per pound, flat rate, be made for all grades of oleo, thus minimizing the temptation to "moonshine" the coloring matter into it.

Cold in a Trick.

"Recently, while on a trip through the South," said Dr. A. B. Adams, the chief chemist, "I was standing in a large market near a butter and oleomargarine stand. A typical boarding-house landlady approached the dealer and inquired the price of butter. It was high—on account of the thickness. The oleo makers are not even fair to their poor customers, for they nearly always use the cleanings from the opium pipes, moistened and mixed in with the new opium and offered for sale again. The saving here is evident when it is recalled

bottle of some sort of oil. Lowering his voice, he told her she could buy the plain oleo and color it herself.

"Though he spoke very low I was able to follow the progress he described to her. Presently she bought several pounds of white oleo, and I saw him put a small bottle of the coloring matter in the package he handed her. And as he rang up the sale I noticed that he had charged her a few cents additional for the coloring. If the woman used the color and then placed the oleo upon her table she is no doubt guilty of a technical violation of the law. Needless to state, that dealer is being carefully watched and, in all probability, he will eventually be caught in the act of coloring oleomargarine.

"Concerning the adulteration of butter," continued Dr. Adams, "I recall a dealer in New York who paid a lawyer a handsome fee for an opinion as to whether he could be held for putting more than the 15.99 per cent. of water in creamery butter. The barrister gave the matter due thought and told him he could not. So the dealer then bought up about 5000 pounds of butter that already contained 5 per cent. more water than was legal. He added certain chemicals—which every druggist knows will cause a fat to absorb a vast amount of water—and "re-worked" the butter at a certain temperature in water and milk.

"By careful manipulation, he induced the butter to take on 40 per cent. of its weight in water and then put it on the market. The fraud was not discovered until the shifty dealer had disposed of most of his renovated wares. Then several of our inspectors secured a sample, sent it to the laboratory here for analysis, received our report and arrested the dealer. His little trick cost him \$1000 in penalties.

"If more than 15.99 per cent. of water is found in butter it is legally known as 'adulterated butter' and, to escape punishment, the maker or dealer must label the butter as such and pay a tax of 10 cents per pound upon it. If people wish to purchase it then, of course, there is no way to prevent them from doing so. In one case a while ago the percentage of water in the butter seized for examination ran as high as 65 per cent. of its gross weight. It seemed then a serious question as to whether the mass should be labeled 'adulterated butter' or 'adulterated water.'"

Tobacco Product.

The laws regarding the making of tobacco products are so well enforced that but few violations have been reported in a long time. The inspectors, however, are always on the alert and, from time to time, minor offenders are caught. The same may be said of the illicit mansions on Fifth avenue. Frequently, it is smeared on since practically all of them are made in a few large establishments where the operations are under control. But few attempts are made to put cards on the market without paying the revenue tax of 2 cents per pack. There are, however, some unusual form of cards submitted to the law division of the bureau for opinions as to their taxability.

The insidious importation of opium is one of the most difficult violations of law with which the Internal Revenue Bureau has to deal. The lengths to which the victims of the opium habit will go to satisfy their craving is exemplified by the many attempts to import clandestinely and so avoid the prohibition upon it. In a small safe in the Treasury Department, guarded almost as though it were pure gold, is a collection of thousands of dollars worth of the drug that has been seized in the peculiar boxes in which it is smuggled into the country to be smoked.

Prepared opium is of the consistency of thick molasses, or heavy tar, and is dark brown in color, like the former. It comes in tin boxes weighing about a pound, and is so expensive in this country that enough for "a pipe," smeared on the back of a playing card, costs 50 cents. Even this small quantity of the poison is sufficient to put the victim to building castles in Spain and mansions on Fifth avenue. Frequently, it is smeared on the back of a card, and offered for sale in the attempt to distribute it to those who crave it.

The "Pipe" Sort.

The greater bulk of the opium imported into the country gets by the customs authorities as a compound of the juice of the poppy to be used "for medicinal or scientific purposes." Many of these compounds so closely resemble that used for opium smoking that they require only a very simple chemical treatment to change them into the "pipe" sort. The real weakness in the opium laws is to be found, many in authority claim, in the fact that there are no means at present provided by which opium, once past the custom houses, may be traced and its final disposition ascertained. The bureau has, however, made a number of seizures of complete plants where operations upon legally imported opium derivatives to change them to the smoking kind have been in full blast.

The customary form in which the drug is lawfully imported is the raw opium gum, which is the dried poppy juice, just as it is collected from the plant, leaves and dirt often being found in it. Sometimes large pellets of clay are pressed into it to increase its weight. To make smoking opium from this, the gum is soaked in water until it is dissolved, leaving the residue of dirt. Then the water is allowed to evaporate until the sticky, evil-smelling, smoking opium is left. The process is very simple and practically no outfit is required. Only the other week the revenue agents ran down an opium plant in a large eastern city where, it was found, the Chinamen were using an ordinary tea kettle on a kitchen range in a back room to dry the opium down to the proper thickness. The opium makers are not even fair to their poor customers, for they nearly always use the cleanings from the opium pipes, moistened and mixed in with the new opium and offered for sale again. The saving here is evident when it is recalled

that the price of the raw gum is \$8 per pound, duty paid.

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Forest Waste in China.

[Chicago Tribune:] "China's life-sapping famine, in which millions are suffering, is largely traceable to the wasting of the forests. One of the most horrible tragedies of the world might have been prevented by the careful use of these resources," said President John T. Proctor of the Baptist College at Shanghai in explaining the causes for the great famine in China.

"China's hills and mountains are deforested. This is particularly true in the hilly country drained by the Yangtze River, whose valley comprises the stricken district. The river brings the soil down with it. That is the reason why we have the Yellow Sea. For 300 miles out from land the ocean is discolored by the silt brought down by the Yangtze. The hills are washed bare of soil. There is some hunting in these hills, but the animals live among the brush. For want of better fuel the natives burn this brush.

"Last August the Yangtze overflowed and flooded about 40,000 acres of densely populated territory. This flood placed a population of 3,000,000 in want. In fifty years there has not been such another flood. Some of the victims have been drowned out for two consecutive years, some three years, some four years. They not only have lost food, they have lost hope.

"Much of the land that was inundated is at sea level. It is drained by the most intricate system of canals in the world. I know of one city of 30,000 which is surrounded by canals. There are no roads to it, because a road could not go half a mile without touching a canal. There are not even footpaths. The people make their way to and from the city in boats. This is their only means of communication.

"Lack of transportation facilities is another cause of the famine. It costs too much to carry food on men's shoulders. I know a province where rice costs twice as much in the West of it as in the East. But the cost of transportation between the two points made up the difference.

"Chicago can ship food to the famine district quicker and cheaper than the food can be transported from Western China. Chicago is actually nearer the district than a great many places in the empire."

A Sculptor's Mistake.

[London Globe:] A sculptor's adventure during the taxi strike is told by a Paris contemporary. The artist is renowned for his resourcefulness and his humor. Overtaken by a downpour of rain near dinner time, he took refuge in a doorway.

There was no taxi to be obtained, the flics that passed were full, and there was no prospect of the rain abating. At the moment a gentleman passed, well dressed and carrying a large umbrella. The sculptor saw his opportunity, shook hands with the stranger and installed himself under the umbrella. It was a coincidence that they should have met; he had been looking out for his acquaintance for the past fortnight. He talked incessantly about a hypothetical family and other matters until they reached the studio.

Then the sculptor discovered his mistake and apologized. The apology was accepted coldly so the man with the umbrella was invited to inspect the studio. He declined and bade "au revoir." The sculptor entertained his family with the ruse. The member remarked that his tie was disordered. He put up his hand. His pin was missing. So were his watch and his purse.

The Band.

On the corner, close at hand,
Hark! the little German band.

What it is they seek to play
I am not prepared to say.

Is it some quite modern tune,
Or an ancient, far-off run?

What the melody may be
Makes no difference to me.

Tout ensemble seemed so raw,
Thought I to invoke the law—

That which makes it to combine
Trustfully, an act malign.

But when tuba and trombone
Went their several ways alone,

When the cornet and the bass
Spared sedately through the race,

I with much reluctance saw
They were quite outside the law!

Uncombined, combined they stood,
Trustless, though a brotherhood!

Toot on, my Teutonic friends,
While the weikin frays and bends.

Sip th' inevitable stein;
Next oblige with "Wacht am Rhein."

Then, your duty fully done,
Follow the retreating sun.

Recking not you leave me—ah!
Peace—and shattered tympana!

—[Maurice Morris, in New York Sun.]

When a Man Elopes.

By G. A. Denmen.

The Very Unusual Love Story of Nicholas Herrick.

NICHOLAS HERRICK was one of the few men who know how to take a vacation. One reason was that vacations did not come to him very often. After college days were over he had thrown himself into the breach to save his father's business, for the old man's gradually weakening mind was getting things into a sad tangle. The clouded mind finally went out in darkness, and behold Nick, at the buoyant age of twenty-seven, harnessed and bidden to the making of high grade wrapping papers. He did not like it, not a bit, except for a wholesome joy in work. Deep down in his heart he cherished a secret longing for big spaces, open skies and the buffettings of wind and weather. In the distance—surely every day's work was bringing it nearer—there was a moment when his name on a check below a row of four figures would mean a thousand acres, a herd of lean, long-horned cattle.

This dream added zest to each day's output of high-grade papers. Nick worked, when he worked, with a whole-hearted, happy zeal which brought a ready response from the men under him. And how he could play when he played. Of late it had been long between play times, and he hailed Mr. Jack Werner's invitation for the week end, after he had made sure he could accept it, with more than his customary enthusiasm. As he threw a few things into a suit case he had only two regrets in life; one was his name, a perpetual grievance; the other was that his sandy hair would curl about his forehead, in spite of determined daily sessions with soap, water and military brushes.

The train was panting impatiently on its appointed track as Nick, suit case in hand, hurried down the platform to the ticket office. A dozen petty interruptions had conspired to detain him, but he forgot them all as he caught up the ticket and sprinted across the track. The colored porter helped him up the steps of the last car and grinned sympathetically.

"Pretty close thing, sah," he said with the professional good-nature that marks the beginning of a run. "You-all come mighty nigh to takin' the next train."

Nick laughed the laugh of a happy boy. With his foot at last on the moving train, he had plunged fathoms deep into his holiday mood. "It's a mighty good thing I didn't miss this train, porter," he said joyously.

The porter, seeing the light in his face, felt an unaccountable lift of his own spirits. He, too, was glad that this jolly young gentleman had caught his train. His pockets felt suddenly warm and full, as if bulging with generous tips. It was just these holiday moods that helped to fill them.

"Yes," said Nick again, impressively, "it's mighty good for me that I DIDN'T MISS THIS TRAIN!"

He emphasized the words with his knuckles in the region of the porter's buttons. The porter immediately doubled up in a most undignified fashion and gurgled: "Yes, sah."

Nick looked at him earnestly, and because this was the first fellow-being he had talked with since his holiday began, he could not resist the impulse to make him a safety valve for the overflowing joy that possessed his soul. To go into the car and sit down quietly in a seat was at that moment impossible to him.

"Porter," he said with a solemnity that would have warned any one who knew him, "this is a very important—I may say, the all-important hour of my life."

"Yes, sah," answered the porter, the natural cavity which was his mouth opening to receive this information.

"Yes," went on Nick, fairly started, "this is the all-important hour of my life because—because—" Again he emphasized the words with his knuckles.

"Yes, sah," gasped the porter.

"Because"—Nick was well under way now—"there is somebody going to catch this train at One Hundred and Fifty-third street whom I wouldn't miss for my life—not for my life, porter."

"Oh, sah." The natural cavity expanded into an interested grin. "A lady, sah."

"A lady, certainly." The suggestion impressed Nick as a good one. He began to be interested himself. "She has light hair and brown eyes—ah, porter, just the right kind of eyes, all dreamy and soft, you know."

"Yes, sah," said the porter reminiscently. "I know."

"Porter, suppose—just suppose I had missed this train?"

"Oh, sah!" murmured the porter, aghast at such a thought.

"You see," Nick went on in huge enjoyment, "it's like this; her folks don't know she's coming."

The porters eyes rolled until only the whites showed. He put a finger against his lips. "Sh-sh-sh!" he said.

"Is you-all gwine ter elope?" he breathed.

Nick nodded in a delight that robbed him of speech. He put a finger against his lips. "Sh-sh-sh!" he said solemnly.

The porter glanced carefully around and imitated Nick's gesture. "You can trust this nigger, sah. No body ain't goin' to know about nothin' from me."

Nick turned to the door. He was feeling better, much better. The first violent joy of liberty, a joy so keen that it was pain, had been worked off on the unsuspecting darky. He felt that he could now go in and

sit down. He turned for a backward glance. The porter was gazing after him in admiration; his teeth showed in a smile of alarming proportions. It was plain that he regarded Nick in the light of a hero. Nick could not resist a finishing touch.

"Any little attention you could show the lady, porter," he said, thrusting his hand into his pocket. "She'll be alone, you know, and perhaps a bit frightened. I'm not to join her until the end of the trip."

"Yes, sah, suddenly, sah." The porter's hand advanced with a gentle motion.

"Remember, then—light hair and those dreamy brown eyes—"

The quick transfer of coin from one hand to the other completed the sentence. Nick put his finger to his lips once more, and favored the porter with a knowing wink. The black man's fingers closed over the coins, his left eyelid drooped in imitation of Nick's. Then Nick stepped into the car and closed the door.

The train stopped only a moment at One Hundred and Fifty-third street, and the three or four passengers who were waiting for it scrambled on with haste.

Edith Lambert clutched at the rail as the quick forward pull of the engine was communicated from car to car. Then she felt a supporting hand slipped under her arm and an unctuous voice, full of the South, spoke into her ear.

"This way, Miss. I knows where there's just the right seat for you—kinder quiet-like, where folks won't notice much."

She glanced up. The porter stood beside her, cap in hand. His teeth gleamed in a smile of utmost friendliness, there was something soothing and protecting in his manner which was grateful to her tired nerves. She wondered a little as she followed him down the aisle to the secluded seat of his promise. She watched him place her suit case beside her, adjust her window, and produce a soft cushion from somewhere. What an unusual specimen of his kind, she thought, and how did he know she wanted a secluded nook to hide her weary self and meditate on the unpromising future? Then she ceased to question as she sank back against the cushion and closed her eyes.

When she opened them again the train was leaving the city streets behind and running out into the open country. The porter stood beside her again. It was his coming that had aroused her. In his hand he held a long box, unmistakably a florist's box, and he beamed down at her like a dusky guardian spirit.

"These was brought on at the last station, Miss," he said, "and I knowed of course that they was meant for you."

The girl took the box wonderingly, and exclaimed with delight as she lifted the cover and inhaled the perfume of the American Beauty roses that lay inside.

"For me?" she asked in astonishment. Then she took up the wrapper. "Why, this says Miss Katharine Gorman. There's some mistake. My name is—"

A warning sound issued from the porter's lips. "They ain't no use of names, Miss. He knows it's wiser not to say nothin' bout names. Miss Katharine Gorman? He, he, he's a clever one, he is. The roses is for you all right, Miss." Then leaning over in a pretense of removing the string and paper he said close to her ear: "He's here, Miss, car nine, just ahead."

The girl drew away from him in some alarm. "What do you mean?" she demanded. But he gathered up the paper and string and started down the aisle. A deep inward chuckle shook his shoulders.

"You'd best leave it to him, Miss. He's a powerful clever gent he is." Still chuckling he reached the door.

She looked after him in bewilderment and some alarm. Was the man crazy? Her fingers touched the cool petals of the roses, and she looked down at them. Their fragrance and beauty enthralled her senses with a subtle suggestion of romance and poetry. Her life had been singularly barren of both; she was going now to face hard, new realities. Perhaps that was why the touch of the velvet petals seemed to lie cool and soft against her heart, with an appeal that she could not resist. A sudden feeling swept over her of warmth and protection. She ceased to wonder how they came there, her eyes dreamed, her lips smiled.

"For you, Miss."

The porter's unctuous voice spoke again at her elbow.

She looked up with a start to find him standing once more beside her with another box of different size. She realized that the train was pulling out of a second station. This box was smaller in shape, and the silver cord that tied it gave promise of some kind of choice confectionery.

She took it from his hand with growing bewilderment and a vague excitement. Her lifted glance encountered that of a motherly looking woman in the opposite seat. The woman smiled at her; it was an interested and knowing smile. Her daughter, a girl of 15, leaned forward to stare curiously.

Miss Lambert, fingering at the cord, stopped suddenly as she caught sight of a card tucked under it. "Miss Katharine Gorman, car ten," she read. She turned to the porter. "Porter, there is some mistake," she said decidedly. "This box is for some one else. I cannot take it."

She held it out to him, but he backed away, a

rumble of laughter showing the intensity of his enjoyment.

"Law, Miss, don't you be afraid to take it. He untenably is a joker, Miss—a born joker. That there box is yours, all right."

Her ineffectual protest died away as he disappeared down the aisle. Bewilderment overpowered her. Was it a dream that in her lap lay beautiful velvet roses, and a box of choice confections, lavished upon her by some unknown giver of gifts, about whom everybody but herself seemed well informed? She looked up to find herself the focus of a dozen curious glances. She shrank back, feeling as if the pitiful little dream in which she had indulged herself for a moment must have been mirrored in her face for all the world to see. She turned quickly away toward the window, staring out into the gray afternoon. Something slipped from the bunch of roses and fell at her feet. She stooped and picked it up. It was a note. Hardly conscious of her act, and quite forgetting that the name on the florist's box had not been her own, she opened it and read:

"Dearest:—If the flowers tell you that I am thinking of you, they speak nothing but truth. You are in my thoughts day and night. Only an hour or two now, and I shall tell you in person all that the roses have tried to express. Yours always."

The girl slipped the note back into its envelope. Then she turned and stared out of the window with eyes that saw nothing.

In a seat at the further end of the car another girl, whose initials on her elaborate traveling bag were K. G., watched the door of the car impatiently. Her face flushed and her foot tapped the floor as station after station glided by and that for which she watched did not arrive.

Nick sat at ease in the smoking-room. He had eaten lunch, he was enjoying a good cigar. His overflowing enthusiasm had settled down into a comfortable sense of extreme well-being. All at once he was aware that the porter stood beside him.

"Well, well, here's my old friend again," Nick said, removing his eyes from the sunset.

The fellow's grin took on an intensity of meaning. "I thought, sah," he murmured with head bent close, "as how you might like to know she's gettin' on all right, sah. I'm takin' the finest kind o' keer o' her."

"What?" questioned Nick.

"The lady, sah, with them dreamy eyes, sah."

"What?" said Nick, sitting up.

The darky's face wrinkled into a spasm of mirth. "Lord, sah, you's a great joker, you untenably is. You ain't fergot about that young lady what was to get on at One Hundred and Fifty-third street, sah?"

Nick sprang to his feet. "Why, you black idiot, you don't mean to say—"

The porters' frame shook with a renewed spasm. "Lord, sah, you-all don't need ter be afraid of me. That's what I told the young lady, sah. I put her in seat seven, car ten, I brung her the roses and the candy all straight. I suddenly had took good keer o' her, sah."

His eye grew wistful, his glance wandered toward Nick's pocket.

Nick grasped at the back of his seat; he seemed bereft of speech.

Somebody called the porter from outside. He leaned close for a farewell word. "Excuse me, sah, but you untenably does know how to pick 'em. That brown eyes is sure dreamy. She's a powerful good looker, sah."

He hurried away to answer the call.

Nick sank back in his seat, his mind a chaos of her riving impressions. A young lady had apparently boarded the train at One Hundred and Fifty-third street. The officious darky had apparently taken Nick's wild statements for truth, and approached her—Nick groaned aloud. Confound his senseless tongue that must babble idiotic rot just because he felt happy! Some innocent girl was at that moment in car ten, and seven, the object of mystifying and unwelcome attentions, the center of curious gossip, for the porter's master was calculated to spread the fiction broadcast.

Nick felt his forehead grow wet, he had a sick, all-gone sensation at his stomach. One thing was certain, he must go to car ten, seat seven, and offer some sort of explanation.

He struggled to his unwilling feet, then stopped. A new thought had come to him. "Roses—candy—" he murmured. Were there other complications more than those of which he knew? He put his hand to his bewildered head for a moment, then summoned all his resolution and walked quickly out of the吸烟室.

He was crossing the swaying platform of car nine when the porter's last vaguely remembered words suddenly took on meaning. "She untenably is a good looker, sah." Nick would not have been a man if his heart had not given a quick extra beat.

Miss Lambert was still looking out of the window. Her cheeks were still flushed with a delicate excitement; she would not have acknowledged even to her own heart. She had such a few chance moments for dreams among the insistent commonplaces of her life—and this dream had begun with roses, velvety red roses.

"I beg your pardon," said a halting voice beside her.

Miss Lambert turned with a start. She saw a tall

Illustrated W

fellow standing by her and fell on his face and blindfold in a sort of halo, which is bewildering way to see a man.

"You don't know me, of—but—may I sit down beside you?"

There was a frank quality instinctively trusted. She moved to interpose his back and the frankly curious glances. She still waiting for upward, trusting glance he

"Hang my stupidity!" he hate to tell you what a fool

Without stopping to take growing panic at his heart—the whole story. When it watched her changing face her equally swift resentment, thing that hurt him cruelly from her face, leaving it very small, tired sigh, like a groan him to a helpless pause and

"I don't suppose you can said, moving restlessly because of

A laugh interrupted him, as a bird call on a sunny morn in astonishment.

"After all, how—how delicious Nick's lips twitched in a double dare to indulge in mirth, before his restraint flew to the winds, with and overflowed her.

"How you must have felt when she said.

"I did!" he exclaimed. His a paean for the gracious fulness "You see, by force of circumstances the shut-in, get-rich-quicks, a little holiday it goes to my

The brown eyes were looking expression that took his breath homesick longing that made up don't like that—the shut-in par

Two

TESTED BY

"I WON'T admit," the colonel there is a test ready who claims he can do a what he is not. Sometimes I don't know; but, anyway, I can two men were put to that was a man could face.

"Back in the years when I was on his ranch in the Dakotas friends come from the East to see him. And in order to get right that two men, Shepard and a kinsman Wedstrom, and, of course, were in the party. She was one friendly sort of girls that every some day for a wife, and might have, too.

"Lamson told me to look out could, and you can bet that I was in a jiffy just how the land lay. Wedstrom were dead in love with point where in the old days they out to the finish. She seemed to and I got mighty interested to see in the end.

"They came and went. Some with her, sometimes another. And began to be troubled. It is no small in such a case. The rest of course, knew what was up, and out of bothering her. But I could didn't like it; and one day she thought it wasn't right to have fun.

"Once in a while she used to al know I enjoyed those rids as much as though, of course, I was not in the But she seemed to find it sort of along with me, and I gathered to land you may be surprised.

"Once she said to me: 'Merton, hard time deciding something that fluency your whole life, and you there didn't seem to be any way do—what would you do?'

"I can see her now, looking out son with the rims cut off so that her hair up. Her eyes were big and

below standing by her seat. The yellow sunset light fell on his face and blinded her, so that she saw him in a sort of halo, which is a very unusual and rather bewildering way to see a man.

"You don't know me, of course," went on the voice, "but—may I sit down beside you for a moment?"

There was a frank quality in the voice that she instinctively trusted. She moved over a little, looking up at him, and he sat down.

"Those are the yes, sure enough," thought Nick. He almost caught himself saying it aloud. The face he had described to the porter was the face he had seen in his fancy, riding beside him over the broad spaces, beneath the open sky. Looking down at this girl he found it in his heart to excuse the porter's mistake. He moved to interpose his broad shoulders between her and the frankly curious glances of his fellow-passengers. She still waiting for him to speak. Before that upward, trusting glance he found no words.

"Hang my stupidity!" he broke out at last. "I do have to tell you what a fool I've been."

Without stopping to take breath or to let the growing panic at his heart master him, he poured out the whole story. When it was all told and he had watched her changing face mirror her swift surprise, her equally swift resentment, there had followed something that hurt him cruelly. The color had faded from her face, leaving it very white, and she gave a small, tired sigh, like a grieved child. This brought him to a helpless pause and a very agony of contrition.

"I don't suppose you can possibly forgive me," he said, moving restlessly because of the keenness of his remorse.

A laugh interrupted him, a laugh as clear and merry as a bird call on a sunny morning. He looked at her in astonishment.

"After all, how—how deliciously funny!" she gasped. Nick's lips twitched in a doubtful smile, as if he hardly dared to indulge in mirth, being still unforgiven. Then his restraint flew to the winds, and his laughter mingled with and overflowed hers.

"How you must have felt when you discovered me!" she said.

"I did!" he exclaimed. His heart was singing her a paean for the gracious fullness of her understanding. "You see, by force of circumstances I have to be one of the shut-in, get-rich-quicks. When I'm let loose for a little holiday it goes to my head."

The brown eyes were looking at him now with an expression that took his breath. They spoke all the honest longing that made up his daily battle. "You don't like that—the shut-in part. I can understand."

A swift momentary vision came to Nick. She was galloping beside him over the windy plain—their horses were running neck and neck. Just ahead were the lights of home. He knew that his visions of wide horizons would hereafter embrace two.

The train was coming to a stop. The conductor hurried through the car, a whistle blew, a bell rang. Nick woke up.

"Ordway Junction! Why, this is where I make myself scarce." Then he turned to her in comical dismay. "Why—this doesn't mean that I lose you, does it? I must see you again!"

"Considering that our acquaintance is only an hour old—"

"What does time matter? I have known you always—"

Her face had lost its brightness; it wore now an expression he felt sure was no stranger to it, a worn, patient look. He felt a swift pang to see it there, a wish to drive it away forever.

"I get off here, too," she said quietly.

His spirits gave a swift bound. "You do!" he exclaimed joyously. "There can't be any such stupendous luck as that you are one of Mrs. Werner's house party."

"No," she said. "I'm not one of the house party."

"At any rate, I'll see you," he persisted.

She shook her head. "Hardly, I think. I have come here to be governess in one of the Junction families."

"So that's it," thought Nick. "I'll see you all the same, unless you forbid it," he said decidedly—"and I'm sure you won't be so cruel as that."

"Ordway Junction," called the conductor, thrusting his head in at the door.

Nick jumped to his feet. "Are these your things?" he asked, gathering up the roses. "They'll send a carriage for you, of course. I'll see you to it."

She looked at the box of roses hesitatingly. "Oh, those—" she began. Then she shut her lips firmly over some swift emotion, and followed him from the car.

A young fellow with a dark eager face brushed by them and hurried up the aisle to the further end. He held out his hands to the tall girl who had risen to her feet.

"Katharine!" he exclaimed. Then in a lower tone: "I hope you forgave the flowers and candy. It was kiddish, I know, but I wanted to make you think of me."

The young lady's rather aloof expression changed. "Flowers—candy?" she repeated. They were advancing down the aisle now. As she spoke her glance fell

upon a box in seat seven—a box tied with silver cord. Underneath the cord was a card, and it said in unmistakable characters: "Miss Katherine Gorman." She caught a glimpse through the window of Nick piloting Miss Lambert through an interested crowd of fellow-passengers, the center of the group being the grinning porter.

Nick took his place in the motor car in the highest spirits. He found Miss Gorman and the dark young man in the seat beside him, and expressed his pleasure at learning that she was to be one of the house party. He had always admired her in the distant, respectful way her beauty seemed to demand. He quite failed to notice the added frigidity of her manner to him as the car conveyed them to the Werner home. He was not too absorbed in joyous thoughts, however, to notice a runabout drawn up in the shadow of the steps. Out of it was descending a slight figure at sight of which his heart fell to beating a lively tattoo. He leaped from the car as it slowed up, and ran across to her. "It's the Werner kids she is to teach," he said to himself. "Poor little girl."

Mrs. Werner was standing at the door as they descended the steps. Beside her stood Miss Gorman, and in the midst of Nick's murmured words to the shrinking girl, they heard her voice distinctly.

"The young woman with Mr. Herrick—your new governess! Oh, my dear, are you quite sure what you are doing? Everybody thought them eloping—I believe he said as much—my roses and candy in her seat."

Mrs. Werner stepped forward quickly.

"Nick, what have you done?" she exclaimed to him in consternation. Then she turned to the girl. "I am sorry, Miss Lambert, but on reflection I find that must have my children under the charge of an older woman. William will take you to the hotel for the night. Of course I will pay your fare back to the city and all other expenses."

Nick stepped forward. His head was up, his hand found and firmly clasped that of the shrinking girl beside him.

"There is some mistake here," he said brusquely. "Miss Lambert is the young lady I am going to marry. I will take her to the hotel."

"Coming events cast their shadows before," said Nick an hour later in the hotel parlor. "We were in the hand of Fate. What use to try to escape what is written in the stars?"

Though her lips gave him no promise, he laughed joyously, for in the dreamy brown eyes was the light he had waited to see.

Two Men and an Uncertain Maid.

By Arthur W. Peach.

TESTED BY FIRE.

"I WON'T admit," the colonel was saying, "that there is a test ready somewhere for every man who claims he can do a thing or pretends to be what he is not. Sometimes I think there is, sometimes I don't know; but, anyway, I can tell you of a test that two men were put to that was the last and final thing a man could face:

"Back in the years when I was working for old Lamson on his ranch in the Dakotas he had a party of men come from the East to spend a few months with him. And in order to get right into the story, I'll say that two men, Shepard and a kind of foreign chap by name Wedstrom, and, of course, a girl—Gladys Greggure in the party. She was one of those bright-haired, kindly sort of girls that every man dreams of having one day for a wife, and mighty few get—lucky, perhaps."

"Lamson told me to look out for her as far as I could, and you can bet that I was willing. Well, I saw it a jiffy just how the land lay. Both Shepard and Wedstrom were dead in love with her—almost to the point where in the old days they would have fought it to the finish. She seemed to have no preference, and I got mighty interested to see who was to win out in the end."

"They came and went. Sometimes one would be with her, sometimes another. And I could see that she began to be troubled. It is no small trick to even things up in such a case. The rest of the eastern folks, of course, knew what was up, and they got a lot of fun out of bothering her. But I could see, too, that she didn't like it; and one day she said to me that she thought it wasn't right to have fun over such things."

"Once in a while she used to slide away with me. I know I enjoyed those rides as much as a man could, though, of course, I was not in the game with them. So she seemed to find it sort of comforting to talk things with me, and I gathered the whole lay of the land you may be sure."

"Once she said to me: 'Merton, if you were having a hard time deciding something that you knew would influence your whole life, and you were not sure, and you didn't seem to be any way to tell just what to do—what would you do?'

"I can see her now, looking out from under the stems with the rims cut off so that the wind wouldn't blow her hair up. Her eyes were big and serious with ques-

tion. And you can see it was a mighty hard question to answer.

"Well," said I, "I should wait and be sure—wait until something turned up to make me sure."

"It wasn't an answer that was very hefty with wisdom, but she saw what I was driving at, I guess, for she rode along thoughtful for some distance, then said: 'Well, I will wait and see if something doesn't turn up.'

"Then things went on. I knew she was holding them both off in order to be sure. One day there was a mix-up in the matter of dates. They had been in the habit of going out with her certain afternoons, and this afternoon there was some sort of a change that made them both claim that day. They were down to the corral, getting their ponies, and I certainly thought there would be a duel there, but she appeared on the scene and settled immediate hostilities by asking them both to go with her. They rode off in the direction of the big flats.

"The rest of the story I gathered later on, but I won't tell you from whom yet."

"Their idea was to ride down to the old creek, which had been dry for a good many years, then switch around and cut wide for home again."

"They made the creek, then turned out on the big flats for home. They hadn't gone many miles, and were taking the long slope down to the ranch in the bottom, when their horses began to act funny. They had never been on the plains enough to know what was up until they caught the smoke and the roar. Then they knew a prairie fire was on their track.

"Shepard galloped back to the ridge in order to look back; and when he returned his face was all they needed. The first word was 'Ride!' And ride they did as best they knew how. But a plain fire backed by a breeze doing the many-mile-a-minute racket is a good chaser. Shepard rode beside her, and Wedstrom a little way off on the other side. As things were going, they had a fair chance to make the old creek bottom.

"But here was where fate took a hand in the game. They were sweeping down the slope as fast as they could ride; the fire mounted the ridge and swept down after them. There is no way of describing it, and a man who hasn't been within earshot of a big one doesn't know what it is."

"The flats at the lower end of the slope were full of dog holes, and they went into them. Her horse went over in that kind of caving-in way that a horseman knows, and the girl went into the dirt. Luckily it was soft, and she got up. But there was the question: three people and two horses.

"Shepard saw that there was no chance the way the fire was coming for two to ride one of the horses, for

they were pretty well pumped. So he said that she was to ride one of theirs, and one of them would have to stay—and—

"The girl was dazed, but she must have known what was going on—I know she did. Wedstrom never peeped, but edged off and glanced back at the fire, and started.

"It was up to Shepard. She wouldn't mount the horse, but Shepard lifted her bodily to the saddle. It was a mighty funny place, but she leaned over and kissed him. He hit the horse, and away she went."

The colonel fingered the cold bowl of his pipe. "It was a hell of a place for a man to dip. Imagine yourself there—if you can. It—"

One of his listeners spoke up. "Come, colonel, wasn't there any way—how'd it end?"

The colonel smiled. "Well, old Lamson had sent me out to find them; he got word that a big fire was traveling this way. I met them on their way to the bottom. She begged me as only a woman in agony can beg that I save him. I had White Star, a big gray, with me. I had picked him up where we had tethered him in a good stretch of grass near the creek bottom. So I decided to take one—big—chance."

"When I reached Shepard in that little time the fire was almost on him. I found him sitting beside the horse, which he had shot—smoking a cigarette.

"Time! Say! that big gray and my Rex were the fastest in the corral, and they were given wings by fire, but that flame burned every hair off Rex's tail and scorched my back so that I didn't wear a shirt for weeks. But we got out."

"How did it end? Easy guessing. She signs her name: Sneed, not Wedstrom. There isn't a bigger test in the world than the one Shepard took. I can see him yet, quietly smoking. Yes, I reckon he won in the final test—which was sure a fiery one."

A Polyglot Playwright.

[*Le Cri de Paris:*] M. Dario Niccodemi is a citizen of the world. He was born in Italy. He was reared in the Argentine Republic, where he was initiated in Spanish culture. He wrote his first play in the language of Cervantes. It was produced at Buenos Ayres and was called "La Duda" (*The Doubt*).

Soon after that an Italian actress in South America offered a prize for an acceptable play in her mother tongue. M. Niccodemi took the prize with his play "Per la Vita." He soon afterward wrote "L'Hirondelle" (*The Swallow*) in French and it is played at Brussels. At Paris he began his work by translating and adapting the English play "Raffles."

The City and the House Beautiful. Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

By Ernest Braunton.

Growing Tulips.

METHODS THAT HAVE PROVED SUCCESSFUL IN LOS ANGELES.

HORTICULTURISTS visiting Holland bring back tales of how "Dutch bulbs" are grown for the world in the land reclaimed from the Zuyder Zee. The soil is sandy, superb in drainage and naturally poor, but proper handling has made it a rich one. After reading of the Holland methods, the writer has this year produced tulips that are second to none, some being more than two feet in height and very robust with large flowers. The method of care is herein given in the hope that some who have given up hope may be able to grow these beautiful flowers to a satisfying degree of excellence. Many other lots have been visited that are very fine, where the care and culture has been very similar to that followed by the writer.

The two strong points in growing good tulips are deep planting and plenty of water. To provide good drainage (a supposed essential) the writer dug out a bed to the depth of eighteen inches, mixing the soil with some sand and one-fourth horse manure that contained a large per cent. of planing-mill shavings, used for bedding. This was replaced and trodden down until within six inches of the surface. Then a mixture was made of one-half good garden loam, one-fourth sand, and one-fourth pulverized sheep manure. The soil was smoothed on the bottom of the bed, one inch of this special soil placed evenly over the surface, the tulip bulbs placed upon it and the balance of the special soil placed on top.

Southern California for some years past and he is therefore in a position to speak authoritatively. When the population of the place is considered it must have been evident to all visitors that this late flower show has not been surpassed in excellence by any held in this section of the State. The one held in Pasadena just a week previously was the best ever held there, also; but Pasadena had far more and far richer gardens to draw material from. May each year bring greater success to both events.

Desert Laws and Streets.

ON DESERT lands within the State of California there is no better lawn cover obtainable than Lippia repens. It makes a close, thick cover that will stand more abuse than any other lawn tried in California. When in bloom it is not more handsome than the foliage stage, for the flowers are of a poor shade of pink. Though this plant roots at every node or joint, it is a surface rooting plant and makes no underground runners. It is not, therefore, hard to eradicate, consequently it does not become a serious pest as is the case with Bermuda grass.

Up to the present time the favorite shade tree for desert regions is the cottonwood. These are grown from cuttings from male or staminate trees, as the female or pistillate trees bear the "cotton" which makes such a litter at times. Many streets and roadsides are planted by setting or driving live posts of cottonwood. After being cut to proper lengths the posts are placed in a reservoir of water and allowed to float about until roots start, when they are planted, well-watered and in



UNDER THE GIANT OAK AT GRIFFITH PARK.

After being wetted down it was about six inches from the surface to bottom of tulip bulbs. A little ridge of earth was placed around the bed so that when given a liberal watering the water could stand two inches deep before soaking down, which latter it did very rapidly. Then three inches of fresh stable manure was placed on top for a mulch and the bed was heavily watered, when no rain fell, twice each week. The tulips so produced were second to none in local gardens. They were all singles, of the Gesneriana type. Those in one bed inspected that were especially fine were placed the same depth as herein noted; in almost pure adobe, covered with four inches of manure and kept well watered. Lack of drainage did not seem to affect them adversely. To sum up, the two chief points are deep planting and heavy watering.

Eastern Ideas in Western Gardens.

EVERY year hundreds of dollars are lost to residents of Los Angeles through sending East for plants and seeds unsuited to our climate. The loss from eastern gardening in western gardens is still greater. Aside from the fact that ours is the most pleasant climate in all the world and many things grow prodigiously here, Southern California is really a hard climate to garden in up to a high standard. While our winter climate is damp, our summers are very dry and garden requirements must be lived up to very strictly if we are to get as good flowers of many sorts as are produced in Eastern States with a minimum of care. South African and Australian plants should be chosen in preference to those native to our Eastern States or to Europe.

A Splendid Exhibit.

THE second annual flower and plant exhibit held by the Sierra Madre Woman's Club a couple of weeks ago, assisted by all the citizens of that charming little city, discounted the fondest dreams of the most expectant. It has been the writer's pleasure and privilege to act as a judge at nearly all the flower shows held in

a short time become a living fence, providing shady roads in lanes in sections where shade in summer has an unusually heavy value. Planted by itself, in a deep, loose, damp soil the cottonwood finally grows to a large and handsome tree. Where a deciduous tree of rapid growth is needed it has no superior.

"A Yosemite Flora."

THE above title belongs to a little book that really fills that much-mooted "long-felt want," one that every visitor to the Yosemite Valley should carry if he be a nature-lover; also if he is not, for he will rapidly develop into one after entering this great natural wonderland.

The title page of this useful little volume tells the whole story of its use and field: "A descriptive account of the ferns and flowering plants, including the trees,



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plying the same with furniture and necessary apparatus and for improving the grounds.

The cold bands necessary to be turned

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of the Yosemite National Park their identification; designed the Sierra Madre Mountains, assistant professor of botany in California, and Carlotta Case Hall, plates and 170 figures in the publishers, San Francisco. 19

The richness of the Yosemite species described and to this the grasses, rushes and sedges the book. The name of the author is of the value and interest to enjoy a personal acquaintance, him a true nature-lover, not merely a collector and botanist. He has covered and cultivated plants, being the garden plants of any botanist therefore takes up the task of this book heretofore published in California and scientific will meet with widespread approval than this which will be carried into the world.

Liquid Fertilizer.

WHERE one has room in distance from the house, he old-fashioned liquid fertilizer, nothing better. Fill a barrel with water, put in a sack full of manure, or even well-rotted horse manure, and after three days it will be ready for use. If used, again fill with water and no dilution. Still a third and the sack of manure given a

short stick. The contents of the splendid mulch, or a "soil-opener" or close soil. Be careful to use for weak and often. Such fine colors are now in use that not much by the application, but for some purposes flowers—it is still unsurpassed.

Propagating Carnations.

THE propagation of carnations for the amateur, the wait for results is discouraging phase. A box of cuttings, the foundation needed, and if this be little trouble will be found. The plants are best. Those on older stems being poor in comparison. Those that are taken from plants in the process. It would be a next lot of young plants if those from the cutting be not allowed to bloom at least three inches long, with stem. The cuttings should be made with a sharp knife, and the blade should occasionally be wiped with a dry cloth; you will quickly perceive the quality of this latter precaution.

Orchard Windbreaks.

A. N. W. WISHES the writer's opinion material for a tall windbreak about his orchard and garden; one that will not be blown out of the orchard.

Among orange growers the eucalyptus is the most effective, but wholly by reason of their rapid growth without soil robbery no better than the Monterey cypress; no requires so little of the orchard plant. Some size it is most effective of all.

of the Yosemite National Park; with simple keys for identification; designed to be useful throughout the Sierra Madre Mountains, by Harvey Monroe Hall, assistant professor of botany in the University of California, and Cariotta Case Hall. Illustrated with eleven maps and 170 figures in the text. Paul Elder & Co., Publishers, San Francisco. 1912.

The richness of the Yosemite flora is indicated by 96 species described and to this number must be added the grasses, rushes and sedges which are omitted from the book. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of the value and interest of this flora. The writer is a personal acquaintance with him and has found him a true nature-lover, not merely a scientific plant collector and botanist. He has covered every part of California and knows our native plants as few know them. The author of several limited works on both native and cultivated plants, being the best-posed on our native plants of any botanist the writer has met. He therefore takes up the task of writing with a sympathetic appreciation of the plant student's needs. No book heretofore published in California at once practical and scientific will meet with a more popular and widespread approval than this pocket field botany, which will be carried into the Yosemite by the thousands.

• • •

Soil Fertilizer.

WHERE one has room in the garden some distance from the house, he may still use the good, fashioned liquid fertilizer, than which there is nothing better. Fill a barrel nearly up to the top with water, put in a sack filled with cow or sheep manure, or even well-rotted horse manure. In a few days it will be ready for use—well diluted. When all is used, again fill with water and this time it may need no dilution. Still a third time it may be filled and the sack of manure given a good churning with a

the force of the wind and may easily be pruned to take up little space above.

Budding Avocados.

A FANCIER of tropical fruits wishes to know when to bud avocados; if it may be done now. F. E. Higgins, Hawaiian horticulturist, says one may bud any time the bark will slip. So says F. W. Popenoe, a local authority, but he recommends November as the best month. The writer knows of one successful grower who has many November buds growing but was putting in some only last week. The budding stocks should be a half-inch in diameter but by reason of the active demand for budded trees many bud them when but a quarter-inch at the base.

The Native Tan-bark Oak.

FROM Santa Barbara northward to Oregon grows a handsome and distinct oak that should find a place, occasionally, in our larger gardens. So unlike all other oaks is it that many botanists place it in the genus *Quercus* instead of in *Quercus*, the true oaks. It occupies a place about midway between the oaks in general and the chestnuts, the foliage being very chestnut-like, and the acorns being somewhat burr-like. The flowers are also more like those of the chestnut than those of other species of oak.

The Kingdom of Flowers.

WE HAVE generally given Japan or at least the Japanese credit for being the greatest flower country, inhabiting a country of flowers. Not until of late have white men been allowed to traverse the interior of China and so we have known little of its people or plants. Now we are beginning to learn that China is really the Flower Kingdom, and a wonderful one too. Uncle Sam is constantly sending plant collectors to

or carried back to China for execution, the cause would have suffered. Now the organization I have spent so many years in bringing about is complete.

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wood stick. The contents of the sack will still make a good mulch, or a "soil-opener" to dig into heavy clay soils. Be careful to use liquid manure little at a time and often. Such fine commercial fertilizers are now in use that not much by the old liquid method is applied, but for some purposes—forcing outdoor flowers—it is still unsurpassed.

• • •

Plant Cuttings.

THE propagation of carnations is not a hard job for the amateur, the wait for results being the most discouraging phase. A box of clean sharp sand is the foundation needed, and if this box is easily drained no trouble will be found. The shoots at the base of the plants are best. Those on or near the flower stem being poor in comparison. Those are also inferior that are taken from plants exhausted by the breeding process. It would be far better for the amateur to start a lot of young plants if those from which cuttings are to be not allowed to bloom at all. Take cuttings of least three inches long, with one inch of clean stem. The cuttings should be made with a very sharp knife and the blade should occasionally be wiped clean with a dry cloth; you will quickly perceive the necessity of this latter precaution.

Plant Walkways.

• • •

K. W. WISHES the writer's opinion as to the best material for a tall windbreak about a little home and garden; one that will rob the soil for the distance into the orchard.

Young orange growers the eucalyptus are most used, probably by reason of their rapidity of growth. For distances without soil robbery no better tree may be than the Monterey cypress; no tree of like size gives so little of the orchard plant food. When of this it is most effective of all trees in arresting

China and they are as constantly sending us new plants of good commercial value.

Perils Passed by Sun Yat Sen.

I could tell many stories connected with the rewards placed upon my head, says Sun Yat Sen in his "Reminiscences" in the April Strand. Once I was kept in one house six weeks without stirring from my room. At another time I was living with a fisherman in a small cabin on the outskirts of Canton, when I was told that two soldiers had been ordered to take their place in a little grove near by and shoot me on sight. I was made aware of the danger and kept in the house for two days. Then I was told that the two soldiers themselves had been shot.

But in a way my most extraordinary experience was in Canton, when two young officials came themselves to capture me. I was in my room at night and in my shirt sleeves, reading and looking over my papers. The two men opened the door. They had a dozen soldiers outside. When I saw them I calmly took up one of the sacred books and began to read aloud. They listened for a time, and after a while one of them spoke, and asked a question. I answered it, and they asked me others. Then ensued a long argument, and I stated my case and the case of the thousands who thought as I did at full length, as well as I could. At the end of two hours the two men went away, and I heard them saying in the street: "That is not the man we want. He is a good man, and spends his life healing the sick."

I estimate that the rewards upon my head once amounted altogether to not less than 700,000 taels (\$500,000). In these circumstances, I have been asked why I have gone about in London so freely and taken so few precautions. My answer is that my life now is of little consequence, for there are plenty to take my place. Ten years ago, if I had been assassinated

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there are no formal bodies in this district, and no Americans have been molested.

Reports say the Thaw

have not traveled America.

The foreigners at Edirne de Oro are

reported under date of April 21 as

safe and well. Seattle is reported

only line now operating through China which has a terminus in El Paso.

The Mexican Central is under rebel

control and its northern terminus is

in for the use of smugglers and other

bad characters.

The

Orchard, Farm and Range.

By Our Regular Contributors.

Fruit, Grain and Stock-Raising in California.

The Cup Runneth Not Over.

THE farmers own about one-third of the property values of the United States—about \$40,991,449,000 in farms and farm property, but not including farm animals and crops. The total expenditures of the Federal government for 1911 were \$964,085,554. Of these disbursements the Department of Agriculture expended but \$17,666,228, about one million less than the expenditures of the Department of Commerce and Labor. From this \$17,000,000 we may deduct \$9,502,054 disbursed by the forest service, for meat inspection and for the Weather Bureau's service. This leaves only \$7,664,174 properly chargeable to and directly used in the promotion of our agricultural industries which total one-third of the national wealth and perhaps two-thirds of the nation's financial and industrial solidity.

In the above figures are not included the reclamation fund of over \$7,000,000, which is devoted to increasing the opportunities for farming. But the reclamation fund is not contributed from funds raised from customs, internal revenue or any other source involving taxation of the public-at-large. The fund, all but about \$1,000,000, came from the sale of public lands, and at that it is but loaned to the farmer-investors in reclaimed lands. Neither is the postal service fund of special service to the farmer, though it must be admitted that rural free delivery is, and that arm of the service is the most expensive and least profitable to the postal revenues. Rural free delivery, however, is of such stupendous value to the commercial and other-than-farming industrial interests of the country that even rural delivery is not a gratuity to country people. Again, the postal revenues in 1911 exceeded the cost of all postal services by \$219,000, if we exclude the cost of the Postoffice Department administration. Thus, no taxes upon the public were laid to sustain rural mail delivery, unless without it we might have had cheaper postage, and the farmers then would buy their share of lesser stamps.

It is in no spirit of grouch or discontent that the farmers claim disproportion between the \$10,000,000 (at the outside figures) spent to promote agriculture and the nearly \$1,000,000,000 totally disbursed by the government in 1911. Two leading factors are evident in this determination. First, the farmers pay in taxes and tariffs more than their share in sustaining the necessary cost of government; second, their avocation contributes immensely more than any other business toward the stability and prosperity of our financial, industrial and social institutions. These lend both moral obligation and business expediency to the claims of agriculture for greater recognition in governmental appropriations; these remove the farmers' claims for assistance from the category of paternalism. In other forms it is true that agriculture provides opportunity for the financial betterment of every inhabitant of the Republic and at the same time does not afford opportunity for the special enrichment of its votaries.

With these facts and arguments to sustain their claims for greater agricultural appropriations, with the knowledge that such assistance is not an expense but an investment for the entire American people, even those not engaged in cultivating the soil should be foremost in asking that scientific research, broad demonstration tariff protection and all other helpful influences to a greater and better production of agricultural crops be vouchsafed to the farmers of our country. It is easier to determine the fact that our agricultural appropriations are grossly out of proportion than it is to determine what a just proportion would be. A blind man can see that the total expenditures of our government should not be 964 times as much as the expenditures devoted to an industry that is piling up every year an additional value of \$2,000,000,000 to Uncle Sam's financial resources—and that without fair proportional profit accruing to the use of this vast investment.

The Walnut Market.

MORE than ten years ago I discussed the walnut selling business, advising the growers that their co-operative organization did not carry far enough and trying to induce them to establish their own selling agencies in the East as the citrus fruit growers had done. Then, long thereafter, and up to the present time I believe, the walnut association sold its crops through one or two large brokerage firms paying a good round commission for these services. Under date of May 3, 1901, I wrote "Walnut growers will be brought face to face with what they will as surely have to meet as the sun shines—a selling delivered market, which means in plain English the making of their own market."

The time in which this prediction came true has been somewhat delayed, but it came the last season. We know that the walnut association has served a great purpose during all these years, but experience has shown that the organization was not built for a great emergency, such as has overtaken the walnut industry lately. With 10,000 tons of nuts produced, and only 8000 tons sold at the agreed price, there remained 2000 tons of association fruit unsold. This, with the holdings outside the association has brought trouble to the walnut industry. To meet this and provide for the future a new organization has been formed, which will be given increased powers. A strong board of directors has been named for the new incorporation and it will

doubtless profit by the weakness of the old plan which I have so often pointed out in discussing the co-operative marketing of orchard products. The lesson of the past experience is, in effect, that the marketing of a great and growing fruit product cannot be handled by a few brokers, whose interest lies mostly in the commissions received, and who never risk their own money in the business. The walnut men should either sell outright here, or prepare their own agencies in the East to handle the output.

Use of Orange Culls.

AMERICANS are a wasteful people. It has often been said that a French family could live on what an American family wastes. This waste is nowhere more in evidence than in the discarding of horticultural by-products. Take, for instance, our citrus fruits. Thousands of tons of culls are allowed to go to waste every year. Yet from these might easily be manufactured a number of valuable products, such as citric acid, orange wine, marmalade, etc. Following is an article that appeared some time ago in a San Francisco publication:

"Many methods have been suggested for the disposal of cull fruits and while every dealer in the country knows it would pay the grower much better to throw them away than to ship them to market such a course is not necessary with the present facilities for their conversion into valuable articles of food.

"The writer has a relative who operates a bottling plant at a point where oranges are grown, and besides the usual articles, such as soda water, ginger ale, etc., usually manufactured at such places, he worked up a large and profitable business in bottled orange cider, which besides becoming a popular article for local consumption, was disposed of in large quantities to vessels anchored in the harbor.

"Such a thing may be done in California to an almost unlimited extent, and will afford a much better outlet for your culls than to place them upon the market to depreciate the value of the good stock."

About Orange Culture.

HERE are some publications that may be read with advantage by newcomers who desire to investigate the subject of citrus fruit culture in California:

"The Citrus in California," by B. M. LeLong, revised by the State Board of Horticulture, 1902; Fourth Edition of "California Fruits and How to Grow Them," by Edward J. Wickson, A.M., published by Kruckeberg Press, Los Angeles, 1909; "The Decay of Oranges While in Transit from California," by G. Harold Powell, pomologist in charge of fruit transportation and storage investigations, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture as Bulletin 123 of the Bureau of Plant Industry; the "Year Books" of the Department of Agriculture; University of California Bulletin 138; Bulletins 122 and 152 and Circular 11, all to be had free upon application to the Agricultural Experiment Station at Berkeley, Cal.; Tariff Hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, Sixtieth Congress, Wednesday, November 18, 1908; Brief of Facts Concerning Citrus Tariff Presented to the Ways and Means Committee by a committee representing the Citrus Protective League of California.

Dry Farming in Utah.

THE recently introduced system of dry farming promises to make available for agriculture millions of acres in the Southwest that heretofore have only been relied upon for an occasional crop of barley hay, when the rainfall was above the average. Here is an extract from an article in the Arrowhead Magazine showing something of what has been accomplished in this direction in the State of Utah:

"The turkey red wheat has been more widely grown on the dry lands than ever before. The Experiment Station and the Extension Division of the Agricultural College have conducted a campaign in favor of this wheat. The tests conducted at the various experimental farms and the analyses made by the Experiment Station chemist, together with practical milling tests by millers throughout the State, all emphasized the value of this variety. Its high yielding properties, its nutritious qualities and its desirability from a milling standpoint, makes the wheat superior to any other variety grown, and these facts have all been emphasized and reiterated through the public press, by placards, farmers institutes and in every possible way. The State Millers' Association join hands in its propaganda, and have passed a resolution agreeing to pay a premium for this wheat next year. Many farms where the best varieties have hitherto had full sway, have during the past year been seeded entirely to turkey red wheat.

That dry farming is a profitable practice in practically any part of the State seems now assured. A few years ago the writer, together with Dr. Widtsoe, warned the people of St. George and advised that the precipitation was entirely too low to justify very much experimental work along dry farming lines. The Santa Clara Bench, however, has yielded good crops of wheat by dry farming methods. While the precipitation is extremely low, yet the peculiar conditions

that prevail there render the dry farming system feasible. Wheat planted in the fall has the advantage of the fall and winter rains, and since the weather never becomes cold enough to prevent growth, the root continues to extend during the winter, the plant grows and is ready for harvesting sometime in May, or

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KEYNOTE: Nature cures, not the physician.

Nature and the Medicine Chest

Since the days of cupping and leeching in the treatment of disease man has been busy through the years in the discoveries of science. He has accomplished great progress and evolution in the cures of cholera and pneumonia, through what is their necessarily fatal aspect; the apparent reduction of fatalities by such serum. Disease bacilli, unknown to man, have yielded him the necessary knowledge to combat their ravages. But while taking place, yellow journalism panic and consequent sickness when before, putting people in a fright, carrying possibilities of the house-took water, unsterilized milk, and about in unexpected places to attack result we have become over-medicalized, over-antibacillized, and over-education of feeling we have rushed into, adjuvants, drugs, and finding or Christian Science, or seeking a "cure" in the "Billy" Smiths!

And now the patient patient is with nature and nature-cure. With the medical profession, he is growing of the black medicine bottle, even in vision. After years of blind suggestions, he is beginning to wake up, study his own symptoms. And the more foolish he feels. His next cause of these symptoms. The conclusion that there is not as among human beings as they themselves suppose—at least not such as can be or prevented by common-sense methods if reckoned with at the right time. His own case, he begins to trace his indiscretions of diet, over-taxation, some other habit inimical to good health. He cannot remember his doctor having it as a possible cause of his illness. Or perhaps it is merely nerves, or lack of a thesis, that all-encompassing term which covers of digestion, circulation, muscles, chills, flushes, and anomalous in character. He discovers, perhaps this kind are frequently induced by idleness, self-study, and lack of exercise.

A woman, compelled to spend many months in her country home, developed a bilious condition in her physical system. It was a dangerous symptom in her physical condition. She finally went to bed. The examining physician found her in a radical ailment. After a few days, the patient got up, but finding her limbs weak, became immediately discouraged, notwithstanding that the temporary weakness was not of disease. She is now in the healthy state of melancholia.

The very first salutary measure is to the working of the mind. An unhappy, apathetic mental condition throughout the body. Unhappiness, thoughts are positive in their ill effect. A noted German scientist—Jaeger—sought to capture and imprison some of the body of an individual in found their character to be virulent. These germs have the vitality to attack, they must certainly find more room within the system of their creation. To prove this to be the case in the nervous, sudden inactivity of the body, weakness, sudden inactivity of the body, a salutary measure is to the attack of disease germs.

In apathy, the system is in a negative state, the mental as well as the physical force is in control at the centers. The house is a dust with slow, indifferent motion, her mind blank and listless, dropped apart, is much more liable to indiscretions, and sometimes the man whose germs she may stir up in her own body who goes about her work energetically, happy mind and closed lips. Thoughts create agencies inimical to good health, living thoughts must create those which build up character.

The little ailments and discomforts should not be taken too seriously. The result of a restless, unoccupied mind is of wandering about in a state of listlessness, read a book, interest yourself short time every day. When the mind is given some fodder upon take a long walk, breathing deeply, and of it, making yourself as comfortable as possible. Do not be afraid to fatigue yourself a bit. By the time you are likely that all of your "symptoms

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ifornia.

The Human Body

Timely Health Editorials.

NOTE: *Nature cures, not the Physician.* —[Hippocrates.]

Nature and the Medicine Man.

Since the days of cupping and leeches, the great mutations in the treatment of diseases have kept the medicine man busy through the years, holding pace with the discoveries of science. He has witnessed the achievement of surgical wonders; he has witnessed the progress and evolution in the fight against tuberculosis and pneumonia, through which they are robbed of their necessarily fatal aspect; he has witnessed the recent reduction of fatalities by the use of the anti-tetanus serum. Disease bacilli, under the microscope, have yielded him the necessary knowledge with which to combat their ravages. But while all of this has been taking place, yellow journalism has been spreading the consequent sickness where peace had reigned before, putting people in a fright over the contagious possibilities of the house-fly, the mosquito, unclean water, unsterilized milk, and the germ lurking in unexpected places to attack the unwary. As a result we have become over-medicated, over-anti-toxined, over-anti-bacillized, and over-sterilized; in a result of feeling we have rushed to the opposite extreme, abusing drugs, and finding the virtue of mental Christian Science, or seeking a panacea for all ills under the name of "Hilly" Smith!

Now the patient patient is swinging into line with nature and nature-cure. With all due respect to the medical profession, he is growing out of conceit of the black medicine bottle, even in its most advanced form. After years of blind submission of his all to wiser heads than his own, with various results, he is beginning to wake up. He is beginning to realize his own symptoms. And the more he studies them, the more foolish he feels. His next step is to find out the cause of these symptoms. Then he comes to the conclusion that there is not as much real disease among human beings as they themselves have been led to believe—at least not such as could not be corrected by common-sense measures and hygienic treatment if reckoned with at the right time. Diagnosing his own case, he begins to trace his indispositions to symptoms of diet, over-taxation of his strength, or some other habit inimical to good health, but which he fails to remember his doctor having mentioned to him as the cause of his illness. Or perhaps he discovers that it is merely nerves, or lack of self-control—neurasthenia, that all-encompassing term which may cover disease of digestion, circulation, muscular weakness, chills, flushes, and anomalous sensations varying in character. He discovers, perhaps, that symptoms of ill-health are frequently induced by morbid self-consciousness, self-study, and lack of control of the nervous system.

A woman compelled to spend many hours alone in a country home, developed a belief in a number of nervous symptoms in her physical condition, and went to bed. The examining physician found no ailment. After a few days, the patient tried to get up, but finding her limbs weak and trembling, became immediately discouraged, notwithstanding explanation that the temporary weakness was simply the result of disease. She is now in the hospital, in an apparently hopeless state of melancholia.

Every first salutary measure is to gain control over the working of the mind. An unhappy, depressed, or hysterical mental condition can work havoc about the body. Unhappiness, anger, destructive thoughts are positive in their ill effects upon the body. The German scientist—Jaeger—was enterprise enough to capture and imprison some germs thrown off the body of an individual in a rage; and he found their character to be virulently poisonous. If these germs have the vitality to attack outside of the body, they must certainly find more unhindered progress within the system of their creator; and conditions appear to be the case in the nausea, headache, drowsiness, sudden inactivity of the bowels, or the faintness which often follows an outburst of passion.

Quickly, the system is in a negative condition, and subject to the attack of disease germs. In waking hours, physical as well as the physical forces should be held in balance at the centers. The housekeeper who stirrs her feet with slow, indifferent movements of the body, her mind blank and listless, her lips perhaps slightly apart, is much more liable to little nagging indispositions, and sometimes the more serious ones. The woman who goes about her work energetically, with a happy mind and closed lips, if destructive thoughts create agencies inimical to good health, happy, healthy thoughts must create those which are of a healing character.

Little ailments and discomforts within oneself will not be taken too seriously. They are sometimes the result of a restless, unoccupied condition of mind. Instead of wandering about in a state of innocuousness, read a book, interest yourself in it. Study a book every day. When the mind is well under control, and is given some fodder upon which to grind, a long walk, breathing deeply, and enjoying every minute of it, making yourself as care-free as an irreverent child. Do not be afraid to climb hills, and to exert yourself a bit. By the time you return it is likely that all of your "symptoms" will have disappeared.

appeared, and you will forget them. Is this not better than drugs? "If you do not arouse yourself to a wish to live, and to get well," said a physician to his patient, who was rapidly sinking under a crushing sorrow, "you will die." The efficacy of his drugs had reached their limit, and he knew it. His words saved his patient.

Is not the principal use of drugs, after all, to stimulate the weakened vital resources, to enable the patient to fight off disease? The blood, when the system is attacked, commences immediately to manufacture "health-bacilli," as it were, to destroy those of disease, as fast as it can, and as long as its strength lasts.

The original breeding ground of disease bacteria is in uncleanliness, and dead, foul air; and it attacks most readily where there are unsanitary conditions, neglected organs, and unhygienic habits. The results of these miserable conditions are seen in delicate, hysterical progeny, in the barrenness of women, which is becoming increasingly common, and in a number of social evils attendant upon hectic physical conditions and hectic habits of living.

The reaction is already with us. Perhaps the frightful proportions of the family doctor bill have caused pater or mater familias to pause and reason. While a good many mothers will keep the physician on daily tap, and also daily assure the delicate child that she is an invalid, and must so continue to look upon herself, others are smelling out the causes of their children's indispositions, and consequently instructing themselves in the laws of hygiene, mental and physical. These laws they are beginning to put into operation in their children's lives, and instead of ruining the young people's stomachs with corrective drugs, they are removing the cause of the trouble by building up their children's constitutions by a healthful dietary, plenty of milk, plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air, plenty of sunshine, and understanding and happiness in the home.

Look to the matter of baths—a tubbing once a day for the strong child, a sponge for the weaker one. The old traditional "once-a-weeker" is not sufficient. But the frequent baths must not be hot and debilitating. See that there is no accumulation of dust under the furniture and in the corners—particularly under the beds. Keep the walls clean. It is better to have them whitewashed than hung with time-infested paper. Air the house; air the bedding; boil the cooking utensils with disinfectant periodically; hang all of the clothing from the closets in the sunlight frequently. Accustom yourself to the real taste of simple, well-cooked foods, inclining toward vegetarianism. Let not the thought dust of disease, hate, fear or any other villainy accumulate in your mind, any more than you would allow filth to accumulate in your house. It is equally corroding, and responsible for physical illness.

Hygiene and Self-Knowledge.

It is unsafe to lay down one law for all individuals in the matter of the preservation of health, and the proper conservation of those forces, between the accumulation and expenditure of which a proper balance must be maintained, is always a little in favor of accumulation. The body automatically stores up reserves for emergencies, as one will readily find out when he places some extra ordinary tax upon his energies.

Some portion of the nutrition from the food taken into the system is absorbed by each intestinal section through which it passes, until all available substance has been extracted and taken into the circulation, when the waste material is discarded. The liver stores up secretions with which to correct excesses in diet or exercise, sending to the overtaxed or depleted parts as much as it can spare toward the repairing of the damage.

In early life an excess of nutrition may be well borne. The circulation is more rapid, the heart action more vigorous, and the activities of the entire system more intense. These conditions—which are supposed to belong peculiarly to youth—could be continued indefinitely were it not for the fact that we change our habits of physical and mental activity from year to year, until we arrive at a state when we must alter our habits of eating, sleeping and recreation in order to approach those conditions upon which health depended in the earlier years. If this is not done, if the habit of hearty eating is continued as in the days of great physical activity, after sedentary habits have been formed, there is a steady departure from the proper balance between waste and repair.

A mistaken impression exists among many that the greater the amount of food taken into the system, the greater the store of energy laid up toward that one universal desideratum among human beings—longevity. Sometimes the digestion is strong enough to take care of an excess of food for a good many years, storing away the superfluous material in the system, its accumulation causing an excess of fat. But an excess of flesh is seldom accumulated without a corresponding accumulation of impurities.

A few days ago mention was made by a subject who had followed a dietary prescribed by the writer, of a consequent cure of an aggravated and chronic condition of biliousness. A man who showed every indication of fatty degeneration and distended and gorged veins, hearing the words, responded cynically: "I have eaten everything I pleased all my life, and I am perfectly healthy." "Amen," might have been said, had not all external physical signs belied the man's words. It was afterward learned that he was a habitual drinker. He, no doubt, believed his own words. Where the constitu-

And the Care and Health of It. II

tion is naturally strong, it sometimes is a long time discovering the truth within itself. Nature is very patient. No matter how great the gastronomic or other physical excesses which we may inflict upon our own bodies, she is the "first aid" on the field of carnage to repair the damage. When she cannot entirely restore an abused or over-used organ to a normal state, she creates some palliative condition as a substitute, which may answer temporarily, and deceive the subject into believing that he is immune. But while this condition obtains, deteriorating changes are taking place through the entire system, which is depleted in order to help restore the local deficit. It is not uncommon for a heavy drinker to be utterly unconscious of the harm which he is doing to himself until the damage is beyond repair.

Degeneration of the organs, however, is inevitable, no matter what the nature of the excesses indulged. Very often gourmandizing or heavy drinking will result in a gradual hardening of the liver, and of the arteries. Normally, the arteries are very elastic, accommodating themselves to the incoming amount of blood when they are already full, this producing a steady stream of blood through the capillaries. The blood, being subjected to a certain amount of pressure, the walls of the arteries are being constantly stretched. With the hardening of the walls, their elasticity naturally lessens, which increases the blood pressure. Then, when volume is added, or the flow of blood accelerated, the pressure becomes still greater. The gourmand has usually a high blood pressure, often causing a congestion of blood in the brain or about the heart. When hardening of the arteries is present the trouble is accentuated because the pressure is often greater than the capacity of the channels to accommodate it. Unfortunately hardening of the arteries is not easy to detect, and not easily remedied. For twenty-five years hardening has been in process in the arteries of a certain subject, which affected the cavities of the heart itself. The result was congestion, and the action of this organ was at times seriously interfered with. The patient's face would blanche, and the lips become blue, and she had extreme difficulty in breathing until the heart was able to take care of the amount of blood sent to it, and once more distribute it through the system. The doctors who examined her declared that there was no organic difficulty present, but that her affection was "purely nervous." Apparently otherwise in the bloom of health, she dropped dead suddenly, when an autopsy revealed the truth. The subject carried an excess of fat. Her indiscretions were those of a too-munificent home table, and lack of systematic exercise.

It becomes necessary, therefore, for us to study our own constitutions—to learn their individual necessities. Milk, a source of health to many, is veritable poison to others. With some it is immediately digested and assimilated, where no other food could be taken up by the system; with others it coagulates as soon as it enters the stomach, and is difficult of digestion, causing constipation. Rhubarb and boiled onions are the best kind of food for the subject of bilious temperament, having a healthful, laxative effect. With the sanguine temperament, when the bowels are quick and easy in their action, these vegetables may cause diarrhea. For the subject of high blood pressure, foods nitrogenous in character should be avoided, and a diet of boiled rice substituted until the abnormal conditions are mastered: For some meat is poisonous to the system; for others, a certain amount seems to be necessary.

Study the wants of your own system. And in this you cannot be guided alone by appetite: for often abnormal conditions will create abnormal desires, often for food totally unsuited to the conditions. If your digestion is weak do not impose heavy foods upon your stomach. Drink warm milk, lamb broths, eat vegetables that are not fibrous. If you are run down and your blood is thin, eat raw eggs, malt and whole-wheat foods. Home-cooked, wholesome soups, asparagus, spinach, avoiding meat and all other foods that tax the digestion more than they afford nutriment.

Regulate the number of your sleeping hours according to your actual requirements. Do not be misled in this matter by an indolent spirit to take more than the required amount; nor by nervousness to curtail your necessary hours of relaxation. The mental worker needs more sleep than the one who toils physically; the wear and tear of the brain tissues produce a greater, and not as healthful exhaustion as that produced through the labor of the body. The man of nervous temperament burns up his forces more rapidly than the phlegmatic; he therefore requires longer hours of relaxation. See to it that you have a sufficient amount of exercise each day to keep the blood in proper circulation, the muscles firm and responsive. Drink at least your three pints of water during the twenty-four hours. If you are nervous, and inclined to be thin and dry-skinned, drink more. Cold water is a splendid sedative, and the body should be kept well provided with moisture. If you are fleshy, avoid starchy foods, milk and pastries. Drink buttermilk. It is one of the best known scavengers, and has a tendency to reduce flesh. A good emulsion is a great builder when one has become emaciated. Where there is soreness of the intestines, all food of acid nature must be avoided, and olive or coconut oil affected. Learn to gauge the capacity of your system for food each day, and regulate its quantity accordingly; and let it be of a quality from which you are conscious you extract the greatest benefit. Be assured that if you arise in the morning feeling a reluctance to take hold of your daily duties, something is wrong in your habits, and it is "up to you" to correct them.

When to Eat—Hunger and Appetite Considered.

By E. B. Warman, A.M.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Notices:

From God's marvelous atmosphere I inhale those qualities which cause pure blood to flow through my veins, giving me perfect health.—Stellar Ray.
"As a man eateth so is he."

When to Eat.

HAVING considered the importance of "How to Eat," the question of "When to Eat" naturally follows before discussing the subject in regard to which opinions are so greatly at variance—What to Eat.

The present subject involves appetite, hunger, and frequency of meals. Appetite and hunger, as I have previously stated, are not the same. Because you have an appetite does not signify that you are hungry, but if you are hungry you will surely have an appetite. This distinction should be made before one can have a clear understanding of the difference. Appetite may be, and generally is, the result of habit, and a very bad habit at that. Why? Because, as a rule, it is ungovernable. It leads one to eat many times when he should not. One may habituate himself to eat whenever the opportunity presents itself until the habit becomes fixed and he becomes its slave. Habit leads a man to the table three times a day to eat three hearty meals. Is it any wonder that we find the majority—yes, the majority of men—and women, too—suffering with food poison? They may not realize it now, but we must ever bear in mind that illness is never an attack, but a summing up. It is easy to run an account with your grocer—if your credit is good—it is so very easy to get things without plunking down the money; it almost seems as if you were getting them for nothing; it is so easy to order much more than you need; but wait, the grocer's bill is coming—sure, but no surer than Nature's bill is coming for all that you have so thoughtlessly and so recklessly ordered. See the point? You may get out of paying the grocer—some people have that faculty—but you will not be so fortunate with Nature; that bill must be paid sooner or later, as Nature is unrelenting in her demands.

Apropos to this, the former editor of the now defunct magazine "Vim," hit the nail squarely on the head when he said Nature seldom presents her bills on the same day that you violate her laws; but if you overdraw your account at her bank and give her a mortgage on your body, you may be sure she will foreclose. She will loan you all you want but, like Shylock, she will demand the last ounce of flesh. She rarely brings in her dyspepsia bill until you are 25; her cancer bill about 40. She seldom annoys a man with her drink bill until he comes to middle age, and then presents it in the form of Bright's disease, or fatty degeneration of the heart, or drunkard's liver. What a man pays his wine dealer is only a part of the bill."

And so it is on the question of "When to Eat." If you create an unnatural appetite, a pampered appetite, you must settle for the same in due time. There is just as much intemperance in eating as there is in drinking—possibly more, because more are addicted to it; let him that is without sin cast the first stone." A man never drinks intoxicating liquors to quench his thirst, because if he were truly thirsty he would have sense enough to drink water. He is simply led by appetite. This appetite for a false stimulant holds the same ratio to thirst that your appetite for food (when not needed) holds to hunger. Therefore, I would say that a mere craving for food, through habit, is as unnatural and uncalled for as a mere craving, through habit, for intoxicants. Both indicate an abnormal condition.

Then I would say in answer to the question "When to Eat"—eat when hungry provided the hunger is a natural one. There is, however, one exception; viz., if soon after eating a hearty meal you become hungry, it is owing to an abnormal condition of the stomach; the food eaten is not being digested, fermentation is taking place, you are not getting any benefit of the food you ate and you are in a worse condition than if you had eaten nothing. You may, indeed, be hungry, but your stomach should receive no food until it rids itself of that fermented mass and is put in condition to receive food. (A few days fast, colon flushing and drinking an abundance of water will usually allow nature to adjust herself.)

Two or Three Meals a Day?

THE laboring man or any one engaged in vigorous outdoor work may possibly take care of three meals a day—but not three hearty meals. The clerk, or any one engaged in sedentary work, especially of an inactive nature, will do better work and do it with less mental or physical effort on only two meals a day and only one of those a hearty one.

But the average person to whom you put this proposition will claim that if he misses a meal he becomes faint. So does the toper when he misses his drink to which he has been accustomed. Why? For the same reason. You miss the stimulation that comes from the food and its accompaniments and he misses the stimulation that comes from the drink. Here, again, both are creatures of habit and habit has become your master. If a habitual drinker of intoxicants is in the habit of taking his toddy at 10 a.m., he does not

need to consult his watch to ascertain the time, he will hit it to the minute. In the same way you know when the noon hour comes—no need to listen for the striking of the clock or the blowing of the whistle. Why? Because both the feeder and the drinker are creatures of habit, and habit asserts itself with wonderful regularity.

The No-Breakfast Plan.

WHEN to eat" involves the question of which one of the three meals to avoid. We are all familiar with the Dr. Dewey idea of the omission of the breakfast. He has many followers and much good has been done—not so much because of omitting the breakfast, but because the majority of people eat too much and, by this method, one meal a day was cut out of the usual dietary and thus the overburdened stomach was relieved of much of the labor that should never have been imposed upon it.

Dr. Dewey claimed that there is no physiological need of eating a breakfast. That depends. If a man does half a day's work after his 6 o'clock dinner, as many of us are obliged to do, there is as much need for breakfast (break the fast) as there is for any other meal after a fast of as many hours. If, on the other hand, no work is done and one retires in good season, there may be no special need for the morning meal, yet, one is liable to overeat at noontime—if he is obliged to wait until then instead of 10:30 or 11 a.m., as many persons do who have adopted the no-breakfast plan. As for myself I prefer the omission of the noon meal. For many years my wife and I have followed this plan after having given the other a fair trial of many months. The division of time is much better from 6 p.m. to 6 or 7 or 8 a.m. (as the case may be) and from that to 6 p.m., than from 6 p.m. till 12 m. or 12:30, and again at 6 p.m.; waiting from the 6 o'clock dinner until noon of the next day, it is a question if one will not overeat; if so, he will become logy and heavy and inactive for the work of the afternoon and not being able to take care of the hearty meal he will overeat again in the evening or eat so lightly as to become ravenously hungry by the next noon, either way bringing about stomach or liver trouble in due course of time. Then, too, the omitting of the noon meal gives you that hour for rest or recreation and leaves the brain clear and active for the afternoon. In the heat of the summer you are simply adding fuel unto the flame by putting solid food into the stomach at the noon hour. Eat an apple or an orange or drink (slowly) a glass of buttermilk and, my word for it, you could not be induced to go back to the old habit. If accustomed to eating at noon, you will, at first, notice the difference and fancy that you are weak or somewhat faint in consequence, but you will soon realize that it is all in your mind, that what you feel is merely the dying pangs of an old habit. Let it die, and then bury it so deeply it cannot be resurrected; that is, as a continuous habit. If occasionally your work is such or conditions are such that you are actually hungry and feel the need of a bite or two at the noon hour, take it. That is the rule I make for myself. Also, if a friend invites you to a luncheon don't say you have an iron-clad rule that cannot be broken, but go and adapt yourself to conditions, but don't go out of your way to have such an invitation—extended too often or else the old habit will get you again.

Eat a Light Breakfast.

THE more work you have to do the lighter breakfast you should eat, whether that work be mental or physical. Before the food can be utilized it must undergo the process of digestion—from one to five hours—then that of absorption and assimilation, requiring many more hours; therefore digestion would be impaired in proportion to the kind and quantity of work done, as the blood must go to the brain for mental work or to the muscles for physical work; or, if the stomach retains it, the quality of the work done either mentally or physically will suffer. What would you think of an orator eating a hearty meal just before going on the rostrum? What about the wonderful speeches at a banquet? Everything goes at a banquet.

The late Wallace D. Wattles writing on Scientific Physiology claimed that the strength—the work power—of the human organism is not drawn from the food consumed, but is renewed in sleep. The storage battery of muscle energy and thought energy is not charged and recharged at the dining table, but in sleep. Food is to the human body what the soil is to a plant—merely raw material; tissue elements, to be built into the organism, but not in any sense a source of life. Mind is not produced by the body, but mind produces the body; the brain does not produce thought, but thought produces the brain; there is no chemistry by which a piece of bread can become mind or thought. The brain is a storage battery of vital energy, which is charged in some unknown manner, and from some unknown source, during sleep. The stomach is a machine which is run by brain power, and the digestion of food is a tax on strength, and not a source of strength. The digestion of food is certainly work, and it certainly takes power; those who remember the feeling of lethargy after a too-hearty meal will not be disposed to deny that a very considerable amount of energy is re-

quired to operate the stomach. Power is stored in the brain during sleep and is probably transmitted to the muscles and organs over the nerves in a manner similar to the transmission of electrical energy over a telephone wire.

If strength comes from the assimilation of food it only be after the food is completely digested; a partially-digested mass in the stomach certainly cannot yield any work power. Now as previously stated it takes some hours, at least, to complete the process of assimilation; but the accession of strength is almost felt immediately after swallowing the food. You are tired and weak; you swallow a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, and you rise and go to work refreshed; it has "strengthened" you, you say. But it has not; if you pause to think you will see that your fresh strength cannot have come from the food, which has not had time to be changed at all; it is coffee and toast in your stomach, and will be, for some time; how can it strengthen you before it is digested? The accession of strength you felt after taking the coffee and toast did not come from the food; it was from the rousing made, summoning her power to the task of digesting the food. She drew on the brain for its supply of its stored-up energy to perform the task of digestion, and as this power was turned on you it throughout the body, but the power came from the brain, not from the stomach. This is the situation of which I spoke.

School Gymnastics.

EVER compulsory education in any case is to be recommended. It is in that of a thoroughly trained body to offset the thoroughly trained mind. The strain occasioned by too close mental application may be removed by the teaching of correct methods of exercise and practical application of the same the lines of physical education; that is, the training of the muscles of the body to hold the structural framework in a perfect position with all restriction removed, the whole body properly poised and every organ free from unnecessary pressure. In this way physical education may be the means of not only overcoming the strain incident to public-school life, it will be found to be the shortest and the easiest way to strengthen the will, not only for concentration, but for the unusual mastery whereby it can be accomplished as to let go when the needed rest is demanded by the pupil. The greatest nerve destroyer, however, shall have been removed and mental strain be a thing of the past when those dreaded bugbears—concentrations—shall cease to haunt the pupil by day and torporize him by night.

Eat a Heavy 6 o'Clock Dinner.

THE heartiest meal of the day should follow the day's work and worries of the day. Digestion, if you are out of your mastication, will take place even when the absorption and assimilation while you sleep. The human machinery is now undergoing repair; the tissues that have been torn down during the day are now being replaced with new material, the energy derived from nourishing food will flow to muscle and nerve and re-create you. If no special work has been done during the dinner hour you should arise in the morning with enough stored-up energy to run the human engine to the next coaling station if needs be; yet there will be no harm to "put in" at the breakfast part and take a small cargo. The energizing force of today, or rule, is not derived from the foods of today, but from those of yesterday. This is especially exemplified in Sandow's case. As he is an exception as a strong man, so he is an exception in the matter of diet. He eats a very light breakfast, usually in bed, and again and again at 6 p.m., but he reserves his heavy meal until about midnight, eating very slowly and methodically and then sitting with friends a long while after eating. In this manner he follows out the plan I have previously suggested; that is, the heartiest meal after the work of the day or, in this case, of the night, has been completed.

In concluding the article on "When to Eat" it may be well to say a word or two on when not to eat.

Do Not Eat When Tired.

SOME people would never eat; for some people are born tired and never get over it. If you are physically you should relax awhile before eating so that the blood can go from the tired muscle and be used in the process of digestion. If you are mentally you should relax the mind and rest. A brisk walk or light exercise to relieve the blood pressure in the brain; then leave all business and anxieties where they cannot find you while you eat. And once again, keep away from the table if you are grouchy. Do as Sampson did when he expected to meet the Philistines and wanted to be in good humor, knowing that he had been trimmed. He said, "I must go out and shake myself." My advice to the grouchy man is, go thou and do likewise; it will shake you that you may partake of your food in a thorough relish.

Vigorously yours,

EDWARD B. WARMAN.

Illustrated Weekly

Constipation and Ten

Constitutional Tendencies to

Account in Care of

the

Physical Sluggishness.

Constipation will most often be

in darker-skinned subjects; although

it may be found among the sufferers,

cases, of a complex and highly orga-

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temperament is usually inclin-

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parent with differences in tempera-

temper among their children, recogniz-

ing requirements in diet, clothing, physi-

cal condition, thereby the more quickly a

of health and harmony in the

genuine temperament will proba-

by clothing as the darker one, of

color, in order to produce the pro-

perity, so that the blood is not drawn

the organs to the surfaces. The

temperament will be studious by fit

irregularly brilliant achievements,

bravery and effervescence of his

life to seek recreation in physical ac-

tivity which is every child's na-

ture to the darker child lies in his

too earnest application to whatever

he does. He is not so likely to procure su-

ccessful results for himself. To

keep the alimentary and intesti-

nal health is drawn so constantly to

the liver enfeebled. This often resu-

lable constipation. Through lack

of these conditions at the right

time sometimes arrive at adulthood w-

ithout the power of the lower bowel, when a na-

ture becomes imperative, resulting in

the responsibility of the organs; for na-

ture, and withdraws her efforts at

constantly relieved of functioning.

The direct action of the mind upon

power of the intestinal system may be

that the man or woman passing the

strains is invariably a sufferer from gas-

and inactivity of the bowels. And consti-

constantly react upon the brain, br-

ain of ideas, inaptitude for work, in-

terests of temper, or unaccountable spells

in persistent cases, autoxidation

metastasis and deterioration of liver,

general nervous system. The abnormal

use of waste material on the veins be-

fore inflammation and the serious dis-

order.

In many cases when a little child has

been emaciated to such a degree that

the blood can go from the tired muscle and

be used in the process of digestion. If you are

mentally you should relax the mind and rest. If

you are physically you should take a brisk walk or light exercise to relieve the blood pressure

in the brain; then leave all business and

anxieties where they cannot find you while you eat.

And once again, keep away from the table if you are

grouchy. Do as Sampson did when he expected to

meet the Philistines and wanted to be in good humor, knowing that he had been trimmed. He said, "I must go out and shake myself."

My advice to the grouchy man is, go thou and do likewise; it will shake you that you may partake of your food in a thorough

Constipation and Temperament.
Intestinal Tendencies to Be Taken Into
Account in Care of Children.

power is stored in the body transmitted to the in a manner similar energy over a trolley. mulation of food it is easily digested; a person certainly causing previously stated, it complete the process of strength is always after the food. You see of coffee and a piece work refreshed; if has it not; if you will your fresh strength which has not had time and toast in your time; how can it be? The account the coffee and toast was from the rally manner to the task of the brain for an effort to perform the work was turned on you but power came from the is the stimulation of

in any one line is of a thoroughly trained trained mind. The dental application may correct methods of action of the same along that is, the educating of the body, hold the anatomical with all restrictions re- poised and every re- pressure. In this way, means of not only our public-school life, but rest and the safest way for concentration, but by it can be so dis- pected rest is demanded. The destroyer, however, mental strain be a thing bugbears—exam- pupil by day and to

should follow the work- ession, if you are careful- lice are you retire, and lie you sleep. The living repairs; the tissues the day are now being energy derived from muscle and nerve and this work has been done since in the morning with in the human engine is be; yet there would be breakfast port and take on force of today, as goods of today, but free- specially emphasized in exception as a strong the matter of diet. He- ally in bed, and then re- reserves his heavy meal very slowly and carefully a long while after eating out the plan I have heartiest meal after the of the night, has been

"When to Eat" it may when not to eat.

at; for some people are ver it. If you are tired while before eating, the tired muscles ready to rest. If you are tired mind and rest it by a all business care and find you while you eat from the table. He who is to be in good trim (not trimmied.) His said: "My advice to every do likewise; go out and take of your food with

EDWARD B. WARREN

stasis had probably occurred so high up in the intestine as to be difficult to reach.

An unceasing watchfulness of the child's daily habits may absorb a great deal of a mother's time; but surely she has no more important business in life than guarding against conditions which may become a menace to her little one's health and existence. By the detection of some of the symptoms described, and examination of the results of the child's evacuations, she will know when the intestinal functioning is not strong and healthful. If the feces are scant and dark, she will know that the child's diet and habits are in need of correction and regulation. If the symptoms are very pronounced, it will not be a bad plan to remove the child from school for a couple of days, seeing that he is given healthful and pleasurable recreation, preferably involving an abundance of physical exercise. His diet should include coarse-grained cereals and bread, such as the whole wheat, fruit, boiled onions, carrots, spinach and other vegetables, and should exclude all meat, tea and coffee, pickles or condiments. There is some disagreement of opinion as to the use of milk at such a time. If there are extreme conditions of bile, with white furred tongue, it should be avoided. But in a simple case of constipation, the writer has found the administration of a little warm—not boiled—milk a help rather than a hindrance. The child may be given a dose of soda phosphates every morning, until results from the change of diet are noticeable in the abatement of the symptoms of autointoxication. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, under this regime, accompanied by sufficient outdoor life, the studious child will not break down, and have to be entirely removed from school. If the child is not of a disposition naturally to seek sufficient hardy exercise in the open, stimulate his interest by teaching him tennis or golf, playing with him if he does not find comrades for himself. Or take long walks with him, keeping his zest aroused by examining and explaining what is seen on the way. Physical culture and massage will be a help to this child; but there is no substitute for the utter abandonment of childish games.

If unwittingly, a serious case of constipation has established itself before coming to the parent's attention, let her prepare an enema in a fountain syringe, with a check, to be used when necessary, of water not too hot to be easily borne on any surface of the body, with soft, pure soap. The proper way to administer it is to let the entire quantity of water enter the body before any is ejected, not so fast, however, as to cause pain. After results have been obtained, if they are not entirely satisfactory, place the child in a comfortably hot bath, and give him a cup of hot water to drink. There is often a further movement after this, and the relaxation of the bowels is apt to be perfect. Some nervous children become weak after this treatment, with tremblings of the limbs. They should immediately be wrapped up warmly, and put to bed for at least a short period, until equilibrium shall have been restored. If the child falls asleep so much the better.

In cases where there has been no movement for several days, to a pint of comfortably warm water may be added from two to four ounces of glycerine—sometimes a little more in a stubborn condition—and this used as an enema.

It is needless to add that regularity of habit may always be urged as a corrective. Sometimes the things most needed are rest and freedom from anxiety, with adults. It may be equally true in the case of a child. If a child has been under any excitement, resulting from corrective punishment, grief, or for any other cause, near meal time, delay his eating until the nerves are quiet, and the system in a condition to take care of its food.

Colitis.

[Battle Creek Idea:] Colitis does not, as might be supposed from the name, affect the colon alone; it is likely to begin in the colon, but it works its way all along up through the intestine, even into the gall ducts and gall bladder. It also affects the liver. A person who frequently has what is known as infectious jaundice, with chill and fever, and a yellow skin, thinks he has malaria, but is suffering from infection of the liver. It is precisely the same disease he has in his colon; it has worked all the way along up the intestinal tract, and finally has got into the liver. The disease is due to the presence of a large number of putrefactive germs. If you should take a piece of beefsteak and put it on your skin and keep it there a week you would have colitis of the skin, so to speak; you would have the same kind of disease of the skin that you have got in the mucous membrane of the intestine when suffering from colitis. If you took the beefsteak off for a short time, you would find a scab formed, thrown out there to protect the skin. The mucous thrown off in colitis is simply a form of defense. It is a soft scab, a coating formed over the raw surface to protect it from the absorption of poisons and to fight off germs.

SICK HEADACHE.

The time to cure sick headache is before one gets it. Indeed, this is the only time one can be absolutely sure of curing it. If one feels a sick headache coming on, he can unquestionably mitigate it to a great degree. The proper procedure is to wash out the stomach and colon with a quantity of water; flood the body with water, for it is a poison disease; it is a toxin, an intoxication like that which occurs when one drinks whisky, and the first essential is to eliminate the poison. Washing the stomach out with very hot water is better than using ordinary water only. A little salt should be added to the water—about 1 per cent. of salt with the water at 110 degrees.

[675]

April 27, 1912.] 35

No More Gas In Stomach and Bowels.

Not Only Relief, but Cure for All Time.

If you wish to be permanently relieved of Gas in the Stomach and Bowels, take two BAALMANN'S GAS-TABLETS for a few days.

BAALMANN'S GAS-TABLETS are prepared distinctly and especially for Stomach Gas and particularly for all the bad effects coming from Gas Pressure.

That empty, gone and gnawing feeling at the pit of your stomach will forever disappear in a few days; that anxious and nervous feeling, with heart palpitation, will vanish and you will once more be able to take a deep breath, so often prevented by gas pressing against your heart and lungs.

Your limbs, arms and fingers won't feel cold and go to sleep, because BAALMANN'S GAS-TABLETS prevent gas interfering with the circulation; that intense drowsiness and sleepy feeling after dinner will soon be replaced by a desire for some form of entertainment.

Your distended stomach will reduce by inches, because gas simply cannot form after a few days' use of BAALMANN'S GAS-TABLETS.

Hundreds of people have been cured of Gas in their stomachs and bowels the last few days. Here are a few of them:

Mrs. Louisa Guasti, Los Angeles, Cal., writes as follows: "After taking Baalmann's Gas Tablets one week found it not necessary to continue as I felt perfectly relieved."

Mrs. C. M. Bones, Sebastopol, Cal., writes, "I never saw anything that would take the place of Baalmann's Gas Tablets. I have been taking treatment for dyspepsia for two and a half years and my stomach was, if anything worse than when I began. I have now been taking Baalmann's Gas Tablets for three weeks and feel very much better."

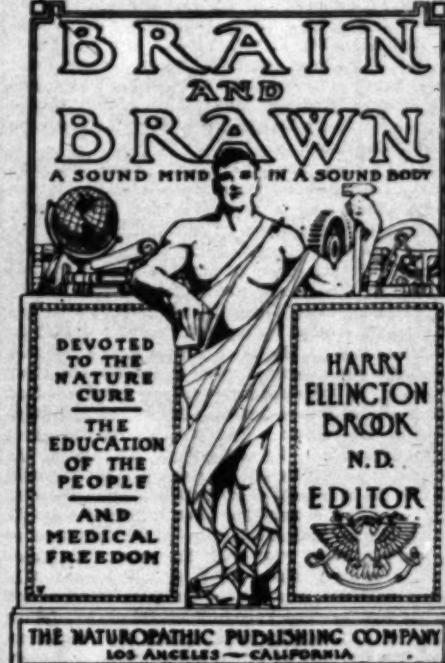
Mr. W. H. Booth, Vice-President Equitable Savings Bank, Los Angeles, says Baalmann's Gas Tablets are the greatest and most effective Remedy ever made for gas in the stomach and bowels.

These peculiar tablets are sold for 50 cents a bottle by nearly every druggist. If not in stock, tell him to get them for you from his wholesaler, or send 50 cents in silver, stamps or money order to J. Baalmann Company, 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

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and her friends believe it will be

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Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff.

Woman in Art.

A FEMININE SCULPTOR WHO HAS WON FAME BY HER ART.

THAT a woman may be a "strong" artist, and at the same time one whose work is exceedingly feminine in its expression, is amply proved in the case of Miss Evelyn Beatrice Longman, a young American who is making a shining name for herself as a sculptor of decided invention and imagination.

Miss Longman is a woman of ideas. Her originality was strikingly displayed at the time of the St. Louis Exposition, when her "Victory" was given the place of honor in Festival Hall, the central building of the exposition. For this piece of sculpture she won a silver medal. The absolute originality of the work consisted in the fact that the figure of Victory was a man, while hitherto every other Victory had been a woman. Miss Longman's reasoning was sound—and her concession that a mere man may sometimes be a conqueror was admirable! Yet this male Victory could not have been conceived by a male sculptor in Miss Longman's particular way; it had the feminine touch, the feminine ideality, though most assuredly it was not "weak" as a whole or in any of its particulars.

Daniel C. French, with whom she once studied in New York, says of her: "Miss Longman is the last word in ornament." She does her own modeling, using assistants only for the rougher work, and then only occasionally. She finishes her marble in all details, working from two to three weeks on a bust after it comes from the marble-cutter. Yet the feminine quality of all her work is unmistakable, the feminine point of view is always there.

Born in Winchester, O., of English parents, she went to Chicago at the age of 12 to study in the Art Institute, supporting herself meanwhile by working in the office of a wholesale house. Finding, however, that the strain of day work and night study was too much for her, she devoted all her time to office work for six years, and with the money she had saved went to Olivet College for a course of study in German and painting. By accident she picked up a piece of clay one day, and found that modeling was her forte.

After eighteen months at Olivet she went back to the institute, studying sculpture under Larado Taft, and also taking courses in drawing and anatomy. At the end of the year she began to teach these two subjects in the institute. Then she went to New York, working with Herman MacNeill, Isidor Konti and Daniel C. French.

Her portrait bust of Kate Parsenow, the German actress, took the second J. Q. A. Ward prize. Notable portraits by her are those of the late John Stewart Kennedy in bronze, Col. Robert M. Thompson in bronze and marble, J. G. Schmidlapp of Cincinnati. Her most notable achievement are the bronze doors at Naval Academy at Annapolis and Wellesley College. The design of the one at Annapolis was chosen from those of thirty-three competitors, mostly men, including many of our best-known sculptors.

The Simple Life.

ITS PRACTICE ESSENTIAL TO THE SOLUTION OF A PRESENT DAY PROBLEM.

Now that the place of woman is quite as much in the world as in the home, a grave question arises. How is she to do all that is demanded of her?

Her hands were full when she had only the home to attend to; yes, more than full when she added to the cares of the household those of society and the entertainment of her husband's business friends.

There is no gainsaying the potency of the social side of life in business and politics; and for years it has been the woman's part to assist to the best of her ability in furthering the plans of her spouse by means of her social influence. Many a business or political problem has been solved during a good dinner, and especially when that dinner was served amid the cosy surroundings of a pleasant home. Possibly something of the Arab survives in the feeling engendered by partaking of the salt together, which makes a man, however cold and worldly he may be, hesitate before betraying the interests of him whose guest he has been—especially when he has been entertained within the sacred walls of the home.

In this side of life—the preparation and welcome-giving of the home—the wife has long been the partner of her husband and has been thereby doing her full share for the mutual benefit.

But recently, she has been forced more and more to take part in the affairs of the world itself. Not alone in the matter of politics has this been so, but from many sources there has come upon her a tide of affairs, which did not come to women long ago. This business world is larger, more exacting; and competition so keen has felled many a man to the ground and his wife has been obliged to pick up the threads of business where his lifeless hand had dropped them. Finding that there is no truer maxim than that "no one cares for your business as you care for it yourself," she has been forced, whether she wished or not, to take her place in the downtown office and to personally administer the busi-

ness which means to her and to her family either competence or beggary.

For reasons which are too deep to discuss in a brief article, many a woman has been left because of facts more cruel than death, to win her way and to educate her children.

For this reason and that—many times against her will, but sometimes of her own volition—woman has taken her place in the daily grind of business life.

And yet, she loves her home.

Sometimes it seems that the business woman loves her home more ardently than does the home-keeping woman. She clings to it in spite of everything. In spite of the fact that hotels are for her more convenient in every way, with the remnant of her overtaxed strength she goes home at night and in many instances where means are engaged in the business struggle and economy is necessary, she does a day's work before and after the long hours of a business day. The truly womanly woman loves home for its own sake. Most men, on the contrary, love home simply because some one whom they love is there; they do not love the place itself. The average man is ready to relinquish home at the slightest provocation. Let the wife go away for a short summer vacation and he will if possible at once forego all real home life; but almost any woman will have a home in spite of every obstacle.

And so, no matter how deeply women may become

simplified, something was added elsewhere which more than made up for the saving.

There are almost no perfectly well women today—in spite of advanced sanitation and the fact that it has gone out of fashion to be delicate.

Have you ever noticed how many women you hear during a day, say—and say it as though they meant it—that they were "so tired?"

It has become more or less of a joke and many believe that it is simply a habit; but I am sure it is rather that women are doing too much.

But one solution of the question seems practicable.

It is impossible to return women to the secluded life of home. It may be possible to keep some of them there; but I doubt it. More and more will they, either from force of circumstances or because they wish to try to do what other women are doing, take their place in the business world, in capacities from the humblest to the highest.

They will not, unless absolutely forced to do so, relinquish the home.

What then is the solution? Return to the simple life.

No, not a return either—for we have never had such a thing as the simple life. In the vaunted days of our grandmothers, life was anything but simple, when everything to wear and eat must be made by hand. But we must, while taking advantage of every modern facility, adhere to the most utterly simple ways of living. Thus and thus only can life be possible under the modern stress of its combined aspects for women.

We must not simply talk about "the simple life," but we must actually put it into effect.

I shall not forget when my attention was first called to that book of M. Wagner's—"The Simple Life." I had dined with a woman who although living entirely alone, was served by a host of attendants. We two alone had chatted through a dinner of many courses, brought in relays upon heaviest silver, and after the repast the subject of the new book was brought up.

"The simple life!" said my hostess ecstatically, "that is what I believe in!" That is what we all should practice. I myself actually live the simple life, and I wish more people did so." I thought at first that she was jesting, but I saw that she was in earnest and actually believed herself living simply.

Now, if we would manage to get safely through the transition, while women are assimilating a new life, before having shed the old—we must put into actual practice the simple life. We must not only believe that we shall do so, but we must do it. We must not theorize about it, but we must put it into effect.

Cleanliness—yes—that we cannot do without, and we must adopt the best and easiest means of securing it. But it is imperative that we do away with everything superfluous. Pack away the bric-a-brac. Simplify the furnishings. Reduce the paraphernalia of the table service. Simplify our foods. When we entertain, ask the friends to take with us whatever simple fare we have at hand. We shall thereby gain in the truly hospitable spirit. And when it comes to clothing—there are volumes to be written. Still, all is possible, and it could be brought about in the twinkling of an eye, if we would but realize the necessity for it.

Practical Economics.

THE WORKING-WOMAN'S VACATION FUND IN NEW YORK.

An important part of the training that the working girl should receive, in order to fit her for a place in the home where she hopes some day to preside, is along the lines of practical economics. There are many reasons why this is difficult. In the first place, large numbers of girls receive very small salaries. Sometimes all of their earnings are needed, or are appropriated by the family. When the girl is obliged to find her own room and board, her expenses, even under the most modest conditions, eat into her small income alarmingly. Then there is clothing to provide. The woman of wealth and fashion constantly before her

eyes in a large city to be well and will deprive herself of proper rest, and necessary may spend every spare hour for the time for her vacation cumulated to take her away to a cheap country resort and build up her depleted health runs down, and a position in life toward which must turn—that of the wife.

A number of large-hearted New York, including Miss Mrs. August Belmont, Misses H. Cabot and Miss Constance, have established for this danger to the girl who is for her a "vacation savings" at No. 42 West Thirty-ninth Street, and to pay \$1 per month to the committee of the charity, are held monthly, the bus hour, and the depositors thereafter.

The committee furnishes inexpensive boarding places it has investigated, and for yond helping the girl to pay suggestions for her summer

itself with her affairs.

This is its purpose with

"If you save 10 cents a week you will have \$5 to give you one week in the country."

"If you save 25 cents a week you will have \$12.50 to give you two weeks in the country."

"Small sums put aside will help you find the place you want."

"Large sums just before you find."

"This often means no country."

"Why don't you open an Savings Fund?"

"When your vacation time comes, help you find the place you want."

A vacation savings fund is in every large city for the girls.

La Esposa y M
And Her Wife and
About Family

BY GENEVIEVE

1. DO'S AND DON'TS

DON'T fall to find out what before correcting Son or too dutiful to tell you so, but cover discrepancies in your conclusions which will weaken and hold upon them.

Beware of administering by destructive child will a tiveness; the prurient-minded super-sensitive child's development they will destroy his self-confidence on an equal footing with the home, and he will the overbearing.

On the other hand, do not discipline so that they become outsider. Intelligent training of good will, as a rule, leaves the reaction of their opposite.

Do not be irritated when you why shall do thus or so; preferable to that of dumb animals.

Insist upon co-operation in of all burdens and responsibilities, good breeding.

Don't become panic-stricken easily when Girl finds a mate of mother, whom she idealizes can give her intellectual or You are not likely to have with the answer for every need of mind. When you have given when she reaches out and sources. Opposition to such a age of heroics is apt to drive her. Selfishness and jealousy love of your child.

Do not attempt to force the who is slow in her approach to her, encourage her, and come back the premature girl by You will only awaken her surroundings that will keep her girl absorbing study. And if this gracefully to the inevitable, an noble woman.

Don't humor and cater to family at the expense of the sound reason for a special disability will be instantly detected, be silently questioned and rea



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WEEKLY HINTS FROM PARIS.

New French turban of supple black straw trimmed with black curly feathers, tipped with white.—[Maison Charlotte Hennard.

[Photo copyright, 1912, by Reutlinger. Exclusive copyright, 1912, New York Herald Co.]

submerged in business, they will probably cling to the home and to home-keeping.

What is the result?

Those women—and there are many of them, an army constantly increasing at an unbelievable rate—are doing double duty.

They are housekeepers and they are "business men" at one and the same time. There is no known way of curtailing business, when once you are launched upon it. It takes all your brains to succeed in business—and it takes about all of your time as well.

What, then, is to be done? Must the home be given up? Or must women go down under the overburden of the double life—that at home and in the business world?

Cheap service for domestic labor is no longer a possibility, and in fact it is fast becoming a question as to where any kind of domestic service is to be obtained.

Even though the home may be conducted by "absent treatment"—as indeed it must be under stress of the circumstances which have been described, it is not possible to entertain to any degree with this regime in effect. What then? Is there no solution?

There are many labor-saving inventions—the fireless cooker, the vacuum cleaner, the electric light, the telephone—all doing more or less to lighten housework; but it has seemed heretofore that as fast as we find means of doing one kind of work more easily, we have added to the amount to be done in some other line. A certain "cranky old man" always declared that the sewing machine had actually added to woman's work rather than lightened it, because, as he insisted, "women wore about ten times more furbelows after the invention of the sewing machine as they did before." And it has been noticeable true that as soon as a means was

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SCHOOL

eyes in a large city arouses the girl's ambition to be well and stylishly dressed; and she will deprive herself often of proper food, proper rest, and necessary recreation so that she may spend every spare dollar for this purpose. When the time for her vacation comes she has no means accumulated to take her away for a week or two, even to a cheap country resort where she might relax, rest, and build up her depleted system in the open air. Her health runs down, and she becomes unfitted for the position in life toward which every normal girl's heart must turn—that of the wife and mother.

A number of large-hearted philanthropic women in New York, including Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, Mrs. August Belmont, Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. Francis H. Cabot and Miss Cornelia Marshall, have realized this danger to the girl wage earner, and have planned for her a "vacation savings fund," with headquarters at No. 42 West Thirty-ninth street. Sub-stations have also been established for the convenience of the working women in other neighborhoods. Whoever may wish to open a vacation account may find out how and where it may be done by visiting the Vacation Committee any Tuesday evening. An arrangement has been made with the Harriman National Bank to receive the deposits, and to pay 5% per cent, the interest being devoted to paying the committee so that the work may not be confounded with a charity. Business and social meetings are held monthly, the business lasting about half an hour, and the depositors being socially entertained thereafter.

The committee furnishes a long list of pleasant and inexpensive boarding places in the near environs, which it has investigated, and for which it will vouch. But beyond helping the girl to save her money, and offering suggestions for her summer recreation, it does not concern itself with her affairs.

This is its purpose with her:

"If you save 10 cents a week during fifty working weeks you will have \$5 for your vacation. This will give you one week in the country.

"If you save 25 cents a week during fifty working weeks you will have \$12.50 for your vacation. This will give you two weeks in the country.

"Small sums put aside weekly are hardly noticed. Large sums just before vacation time are often hard to find.

"This often means no country outing. Why don't you open an account with the Vacation Savings Fund?

"When your vacation time comes the committee will help you find the place you want."

A vacation savings fund bureau should be established in every large city for the benefit of our wage-earning girls.

La Esposa y Madre Chiquita And Her Wise and Timely Observations About Familiar Things.

BY GENEVIEVE FARRELL-BOND.

I. DO'S AND DON'TS FOR PARENTS.

DON'T fall to find out whether you are right or wrong before correcting Son or Daughter. They may be too dutiful to tell you so, but they will be quick to discover discrepancies in your logic, and they may draw conclusions which will weaken your actual influence and hold upon them.

Beware of administering blows; in the determined, destructive child they will arouse a demon of vindictiveness; the prurient-minded they will degrade; the super-sensitive child's development they will retard; they will destroy his self-confidence, and unfit him for association on an equal footing with his comrades outside of the home, and he will constantly be a prey to the overbearing.

On the other hand, do not let your children be undisciplined so that they become a nuisance to every outsider. Intelligent training in the positive qualities of good will, as a rule, leave little reason for the correction of their opposite.

Do not be irritated when your child asks for a reason why he shall do thus or so; intelligent obedience is preferable to that of dumb unreason.

Insist upon co-operation in the household—a sharing of all burdens and responsibilities, mutual courtesy and consideration, good breeding, and a cheerful spirit.

Don't become panic-stricken and interfere unnecessarily when Girl finds a mature woman friend outside of mother, whom she idealizes; a woman, perhaps, who can give her intellectual or spiritual comradeship. You are not likely to have within yourself, good mother, the answer for every need of your child's growing mind. When you have given all you can, be content when she reaches out and gathers also from other sources. Opposition to such a friendship during a girl's age of heroics is apt to drive her to a frenzy of adoration. Selfishness and jealousy must not enter into your life of your child.

Do not attempt to force the development of the girl who is slow in her approach toward womanhood; draw her, encourage her, and comrades her. And do not hold back the premature girl by violence and repression. You will only awaken her resentment. Convince surroundings that will keep her girlish. Keep her at some absorbing study. And if this will not answer, submit gracefully to the inevitable, and teach her to become a wise woman.

Don't humor and cater to any one member of the family at the expense of the others, unless there is good reason for a special dispensation. Your partiality will be instantly detected, and if not openly, will be silently questioned and resented.

Do not allow your child to inflict the slightest pain upon any dumb animal. When he does, it is the seed of criminality gathering life and vitality.

Don't fail to investigate intelligently when you find that Boy is not getting along well in his school work. Don't storm and drive at him. Don't jump at the conclusion that he is stupid and cannot learn. He may be possessed of a strong masculine logic, a demand for the reason behind his task that his woman teacher is not able to answer. If she is not, she will irritably compel him to silence, and destroy his interest. Know these facts when they exist, and put Boy under male instructors.

Don't let Boy grow away from you. He becomes shy and awkward when he feels himself growing large and unwieldy. This is the time when you lose him if you are not wise. You torment him with constant correction. You tell him brutally that he is always in the way. You laugh at him, snub him, and discredit him. When he outgrows this age and takes on the grace and charm of young manhood, it is too late. Your heart cries out to him in vain. You have chilled the expression of his affections, and have taught him to hold them in dignified reserve. You will never find each other again. Both will have forgotten the way.

Realize that Boy, as well as Girl, needs affection. The little perfunctory demonstrations that you are half-ashamed to bestow will not satisfy him. He has a great, warm heart. If you do not discover this in time, some one else will.

II. THE EMANCIPATION OF BABY.

"My baby is so good," bragged a fond mother; "he never gives me any trouble. He sits in his chair for hours, playing with his rattle; and I don't have to bother him."

When I saw baby, my heart went out to him. Poor wee tot! He was pale and anemic and sad-faced. He would sometimes whimper, but was not allowed to cry or scream.

It so happened that "Mother" was called away for a few days, and she left Baby in my charge. When she was well out of sight, I released him from his chair and placed him on a blanket in the middle of the floor. At first the little man was unsteady, and would tumble over. But presently he grew more sure of himself and began to look around. After a while he made a move forward; he crowed and chuckled, looking up at me uncertainly. Then he made another cautious move. In a couple of days he was crawling all over the room, wild with delight. He would stop now and then, saying, softly: "Wah!" Then he would say it a little louder. And presently he would shout it.

I kept him out in the sunlight most of the day, romped with him at night, let him scream or cry when he chose. In fact, he was free to exercise lung and limb as he elected, my only care being to keep him within sight. And in those wonderful days he took his first step, holding onto my finger.

When his mother came home, her first glimpse of him was a pair of dirty legs protruding from under the house.

"Baby!" she screamed.

The legs commenced to wriggle, and a small, sturdy body followed them from the hiding place. The baby, covered with dust, and a few scratches, stood up with a kitten in his arms. The mother sank onto the stoop appalled.

"Can that be my baby?"

Baby gave vent to a whoop, then chattering like a prairie dog, toddled drunkenly toward her. When he reached her, he made a grab for her hat, and soon had her badly demoralized.

"He's so strong, and rough, and tough, and red in the face!" she said faintly. "What have you done to him?"

"Spoiled him for being tied into a high chair," I replied complacently. And I had.

III. THE RAIN CURE.

Have you ever heard of the rain cure? No? It is worth knowing about. Hereafter, you are not to shut yourself in the house when a shower comes up. This is the very time for you to be abroad, and get the benefit of the reviving raindrops, with the daisies, the grass, the hedges and the trees. You are not to carry an umbrella. You may wear a water-proof to keep your clothing dry, short skirts, water-tight boots, and no hat nor veil; for the rain must patter down on your bare face and head. Walk just as long as you please, raising your face so as to let the rain splash abundantly upon it. Walk upright, and breathe with closed lips. When you get home, do not wash nor dry your face, but pat it gently with a soft cloth. Massage the scalp gently with the finger tips for five minutes, and if your hair be wet, loosen it, and let it dry immediately.

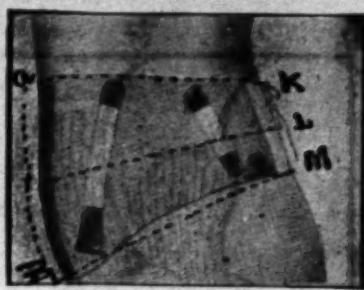
If there is a shower the next day, go out again; in fact, do so whenever opportunity offers. After a number of the rain baths, you will detect a marked improvement in your complexion, and an added brightness in your eye. As to your hair, the rain water will prove as beneficial to it as a tonic.

TO INQUIRIES.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that, as far as the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

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To Measure for an Abdominal Supporter: Give measurements around the body, at lines K, L, and M, and for the width of supporter in front, give distance between A and B, or from top to bottom of where the supporter is to extend. Do not take measurements over clothing.



Trusses, Abdominal Supporters & Elastic Hosiery

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A large stock carried at all times. Anything in the Orthopedic line made to order, as the case indicates. Lady attendant.

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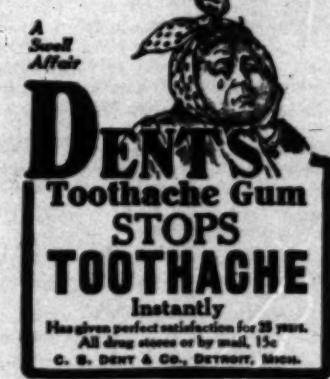
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Are You Suffering From Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken Down Arches, Deformities?

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Every Little Movement

of your feet should mean comfort. By my method, treatment is painless; and relief immediate and lasting. Appliances made for relief, correction and protection of all foot distortions. If you are troubled with foot aches and pains, corns, bunions, inverted toe-nails, etc., relief awaits you. Consultation Free. Phone A5024 for appointment. Corns removed, 25c. Do it now.

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RUPTURE The Quehl Frame Truss, with Suspension Pad, guaranteed to hold largest. Rupture, comfortable all ways. No leg straps; no steel springs. Many cases cured. Twenty-two Years' Experience. Lady Attendant. Hours: 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Sunday, 10 to 12 a.m. THE QUEHL GUARANTEE TRUSS & BANDAGE COMPANY, 488 South Broadway.

It can be seen in the window of the office.

On May 1st, 1912, the office was opened.

Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

FINE FOWLS AND SOME SUCCESSFUL BREEDERS OF THEM.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Art of Culling.

WHY AND HOW THE WEAKLINGS CAN BE ELIMINATED.

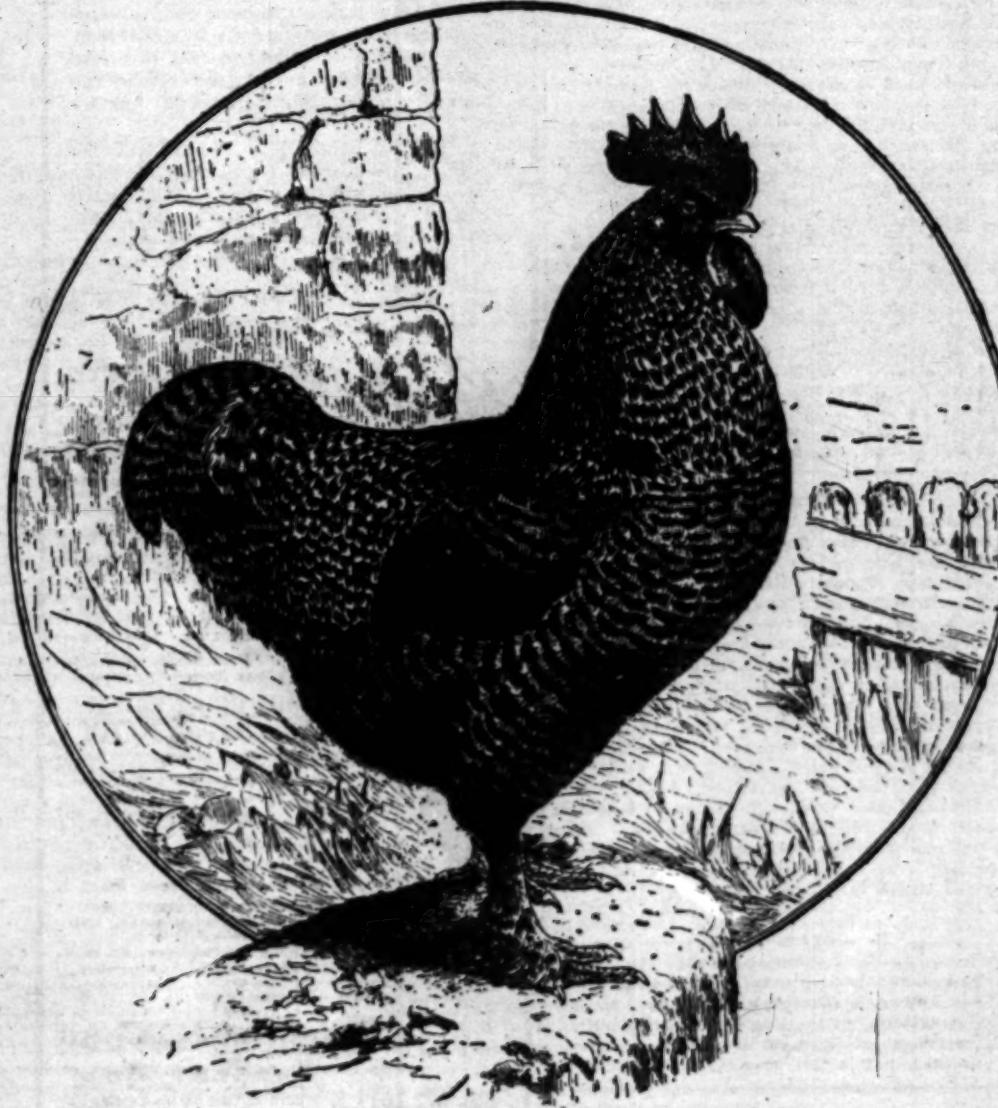
OBVIOUSLY there are economic and fancy points that govern in the art of eliminating the poorer specimens in a growing flock of youngsters that neither the fancier nor the commercial breeder can afford to neglect. In growing only for the demand for carcass, culling proper need not take up much of our time—the deformed and "wasters" are only to be considered; but for breeding, egg-production and for the show room it is a matter of more importance. It is not common for poultry breeders to have a superabundance of room, nor that feed is sufficiently low in price to justify the "holding over" to full maturity the inferior

birds and red in white earlobes, scant plumage on otherwise well-developed chicks, etc., but to the novice this is rather far-fetched.

The amateur in poultry culture will not cull very closely at first, for it really calls for some experience in the chicken yard, and a study of fowl life at close range. But carefully noting the development of the growing stock he soon learns the difference between the well-formed, well-marked and robust, and the emaciated and stunted specimens. As the eye becomes better trained, and the values of good birds over poor are more strongly appreciated and allowed for, he will cull closer and closer, for breeding purposes, the market and the show room.

Now Get the Whitewash Brush.

Now that the winter rains are about over and the warm weather is coming on apace, get out the whitewash.



COUCOU DE MALINES COCK.

that are more or less a feature of every batch of youngsters that are hatched out. Better give the strong the benefit of their elimination in the yards and houses, and cut down the feed bills thereby correspondingly. The principal reasons for culling may be briefly stated as follows:

Discard all those which show evidence of constitutional weakness and deformities. By this is not meant to destroy them; allow them to grow until large enough for eating, and then give them the place of honor on the family table.

Cull out those that are slow of development, which may be hereditary or due to mismanagement of particular ones. Specimens backward in growth compared to the average of a flock scarcely ever develop into good breeding specimens.

Those that fall short of Standard requirements, such as feathers on legs of smooth legged varieties, color faults in plumage, radical departures from typical shape and faulty head points. Birds short on these counts do not appeal to the owner of pure blooded commercial flocks, much less to the sense of beauty of form and color of plumage of the fancier. The pullets, however, should be retained and placed by themselves for egg-production, provided always that there is plenty of room; the cockerels should be fattened up and disposed of.

Experienced breeders also cull for blemishes that may be outgrown, such as white in plumage of buff

wash brush or spray pump and "go for" everything in sight: fences, houses, barn (if not painted) and wooden unpainted appliances. Whitewash not only gives the place an added appearance, but if a little carbolic acid, about a tablespoonful, first diluted in a pint of water, to each painful, it also acts as a first-class purifier. Whitewash made in the ordinary way, lime soaked in boiling water, then thinned to the proper consistency for applying, is usually used and applied with a brush or spray pump. As a purifier whitewash has no permanent effect; it will destroy germs and vermin only at the time of application.

Those who desire a more permanent whitewash than the ordinary are recommended to try the government recipe which is as follows:

"Half a bushel of unslacked lime in warm water. Cover during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer. Add a peck of salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of rice which has been ground and boiled to thin paste, a half a pound of Spanish whiting and a pound of glue which has previously been dissolved over a slow fire, and add five gallons of water to the mixture. Stir well, cover up to keep out dirt and let stand for five days. It should be put on hot. One pint of the mixture will cover a square yard if properly applied. Small brushes are best."

There is no formula for making whitewash superior to this. It retains its color for years and does not

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flake like the ordinary washes. For inside work in poultry houses, add the carbolic acid for its disinfecting values.

Suggest a Feathered-Legged Barred Rock.

At first glance the average American breeder of Barred Rocks would say that the Coucou de Malines is nothing but a poorly colored Barred Rock, produced by the infusion of Brahman blood, which would account for the feathers on legs and also the size of the bird. But allowing for the history of the breed, one soon learns that such cannot be the case. The breed is, however, rated as a general purpose fowl, the hens laying fairly well; nevertheless it gains its popularity in Belgium mostly as a meat breed, the males uniting averaging about nine pounds and the females seven. In Belgium these fowls as carcass are known as Poules des Bruxelles, and find their greatest exploitation in the district of Merchtem and Opwyck in Flanders. It is an old breed, but the type shown in the illustration dates only from about 1860. Being, quiet in disposition, the chicks grow rapidly and fatten up rather quickly; indeed, they are said to grow at the rate of about ten pounds per month for the first few weeks. The fowl is creamy white, and is said to be at its best when the birds are about six months of age. It is a hardy fowl, hence the chicks are raised with but little trouble.

In type the Malines are Asiatic, being large of body, which is long, deep and passive, cock birds being known to tip the scales at thirteen pounds. Plumage a mixed effect in black and white; well proportioned but pinkish beak, comb single; wings short and carried close to the body; thighs and shanks rather long and the feet feathered on the outer side.

Pitfalls to Avoid.

Don't think that to own a few hens at which to throw feed at night and morning identifies you as a business man among hens.

Don't "shew" and saw the air with your arms every time you enter the chicken yard. The peaceful and contented bird should not waste energy in nervous shocks, but in laying eggs.

Don't cross a scrub with a pure blood. Success is better attained with good stock as a nucleus rather than the mongrel.

Don't buy so-called "cheap" foods—an engine can run on shale coal, nor a hen prosper on unwholesome fodder. The low in price is often the most costly results.

Don't, please don't, scatter mash food over the ground and on boards; feed in sanitary galvanized or iron feeding troughs. Bits of mash food scattered on the ground soon become tainted, and engender disease.

Don't keep broody hens about the place unless they are on a clutch of eggs. Hens should be kept eggs or hatching them.

Don't overfeed; fat hens lay less than those in the right condition. Besides, they are less active and more liable to physical ills.

Don't change from one breed to another. Select one that strikes your fancy, learn to know its characteristics and requirements, and you will be successful with it.

Don't put twenty-five birds in an environment of capable of accommodating half that number. Over crowding is inimical to good health, and induces vicious habits.

Don't allow ailing birds with the healthy; separate them out by themselves where they can be safely and properly treated. Many of the ailments of poultry are contagious.

Don't allow the culled among the growing stock.

Illustrated W

the marketing age. Called another, hence as breeding place, and had better make sides, their elimination can

Don't think for a moment your egg records even a hardy travel in the same

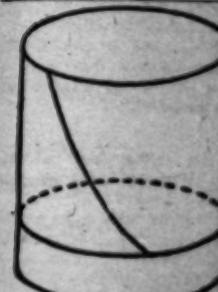
Don't forget the water but unsanitary drinking result of carrying disease to fowl. Remember, germs are easily carried from the sick

Don't think that keeping time enhances its quality or the egg is sold after it is indeed, it is at its best just

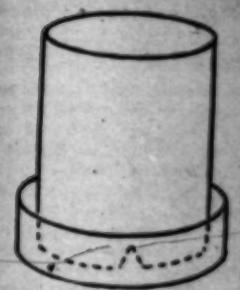
Don't miss the fact that literary quarters are nearly to culture, and that in the nail is better than cure. Often move physical ills.

A Drinking Fountain for a Dog.

People with comparatively not enjoy piped water into the possession of serviceable the cost of, say, five or ten ordinary tin can of average slits in it (after trimming accompanying diagram) to Next take a tin pie plate depth a little in excess of the or basin for the can to rest water, then quickly invert the basin, above to one side, place a serviceable fount. If care tight, the water will rise in



HOW THE CAN



SHOWING POSITION OF C

the slits in the can, and feed a drink the water until exhausted, both in metal and earth at the supply houses if one cost. If cans of the required it is also feasible to cut them the nominal cost of the basin of the contrivance. This fountable and sanitary, and by means of

A Cause for Infertility in Eggs for Hatching

Our short article on fertility weeks ago, brought the following breeder signing himself Fulton, in Sonoma county. It is hope that others will relate the coming the difficulty.

"I read, perhaps three years ago, that the eggs of Wyandottes were heavy stuff which the birds could be cured by shearing a the vent, cutting close to the of that breed, but had Buff Orpingtons proved fairly fertile, I simply thing to bear in mind in case some future time. But the deal of trouble with my Buff Orpingtons, the birds seemed to be in fine condition, giving no chicks at all. Just an article on Rhode Island Reds, was shearing. So I applied the remedies, and there was immediate the hatchings being from good of thirteen eggs giving twelve owners of fowls with heavy stuff figurement will be remedied at

Light for the Growing Stock

Healthy chicks mean working youngsters leave the brooder or another hen, see to it that the which to exercise their natural

Why
PEERLESS CHICK FEED
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Twenty varieties of seeds and grains for the feeding of the baby chick.

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the marketing age. Culls are "off" in one section or another, hence as breeders and layers occupy second place, and had better make room for the good ones. Besides, their elimination cuts down the feed bills.

Don't think for a moment that lice and mites help your egg records even a little bit. Hens and vermin hardly travel in the same harness to the goal of success.

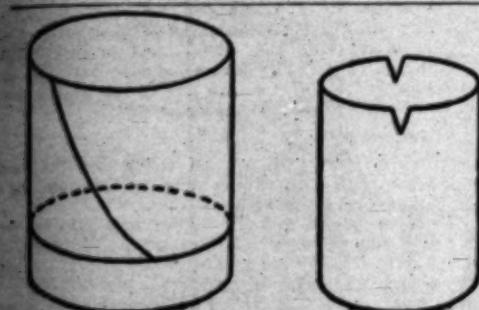
Don't forget the water supply. It may seem a trifling, but unsanitary drinking vessels are often the direct result of carrying disease germs from ailing to healthy fowl. Remember, germs afloat on the top, and so are easily carried from the sick to the healthy.

Don't think that keeping hen fruit any length of time enhances its quality or market value. The sooner the egg is sold after it is laid, the better its quality. Indeed, it is at its best just when laid.

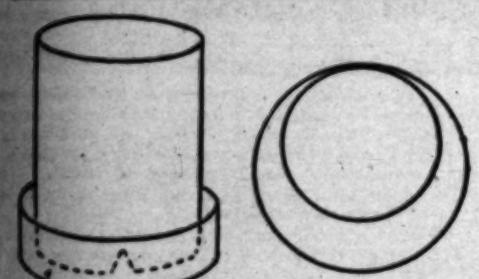
Don't miss the fact that wholesome feeding and sanitary quarters are nearly the "whole thing" in poultry culture, and that in the handling of disease, prevention is better than cure. Often to alter conditions will remove physical ills.

A Drinking Fountain for a Hen.

People with comparatively small flocks and who do not enjoy piped water into the chicken pens, can enjoy the possession of serviceable drinking founts at only the cost of, say, five or ten minutes labor. Take an ordinary tin can of average good size, cut two V-shaped slits in it (after trimming out the top as shown in the accompanying diagram) to a depth of about an inch. Next take a tin pie plate with a vertical rim and a depth a little in excess of the V-shaped slits, for a base or basin for the can to rest in. Now fill the can with water, then quickly invert it (full of water) into this basin, shove to one side, place in position and you have a serviceable fount. If carefully made and perfectly tight, the water will rise in the basin to the depth of



HOW THE CANS ARE CUT.



SHOWING POSITION OF CANS IN OPERATION.

the slits in the can, and feed automatically as the birds drink the water until exhausted. Founts of this description, both in metal and earthenware, can be obtained at the supply houses if one can afford the additional cost. If cans of the required diameter are available, it is also feasible to cut them down, thus saving even the nominal cost of the basin or tin plate for the base of the contrivance. This fount will be found serviceable and sanitary, and by many is preferred to open dishes.

A Case for Infertility in Eggs for Hatching.

Our short article on fertility in eggs, published a few weeks ago, brought the following letter from a practical breeder signing himself "Orpington," dated at Felton, in Sonoma county. It is here given with the hope that others will relate their experiences in overcoming the difficulty.

"I read, perhaps three years ago, that infertility in the eggs of Wyandottes was often due to the very heavy stuff which the birds carry, and that the trouble could be cured by shearing a broad strip right across the vent, cutting close to the skin. As I had no birds of that breed, but had Buff Orpingtons, whose eggs had proved fairly fertile, I simply noted the fact as something to bear in mind in case I kept Wyandottes at some future time. But the next year I had a great deal of trouble with my Buff Orpington eggs, although the birds seemed to be in fine condition, many setting giving no chicks at all. Just at that time I read an article on Rhode Island Reds, which also recommended shearing. So I applied the remedy to my Buff Orpingtons, and there was immediate change for the better, the hatching being from good to first rate, one setting of thirteen eggs giving twelve strong chicks. Let all owners of fowls with heavy stuff take notice. The disappearance will be remedied at the next moulting."

Life for the Growing Stock.

Healthy chicks mean working chicks. When the youngsters leave the brooder or are weaned from the mother hen, see to it that they enjoy facilities with which to exercise their natural propensities to do a

scratching business. And particularly does this apply if they still roost on the floor instead of on perches.

Crooked breastbones are quite apt to result from sleeping on hard floors. When young the bones are of course soft and pliable, and hence are easily pushed forward and out of shape. This litter should be replaced at regular intervals in order to maintain cleanliness and good health.

The Langshan Men Organize.

Next to the Light Brahma there is no breed in the Asiatic class that has shown better wearing qualities than the Langshas, of which the Black variety is the most popular. Like other breeds it has had its ups and downs. A few years ago it was somewhat eclipsed by the boom in Buff Cochins, which at one time predominated in the Asiatic class in the Southwest. That boom, however, seems to have run its course, but the Langshan has held its own with a noticeable growth in interest and development. As an evidence of this the Langshan breeders throughout the State have perfected an organization known as "The Langshan Club of California" which not only evinces numerical strength, but a determination to push the breed and to exploit its economic values. The following are the officers: President, Wm. T. Blakely; vice-president, C. E. Ross; secretary-treasurer, R. W. Beeks; F. M. Beardy, and C. F. Hobbs, directors.

The Poultrymen's R. P. D. Letter Box.

"Poultry Fancier" writes to this department of The Times that his White Leghorns are losing their hackle feathers, the fluff feathers about the vent; and also under the wings; that the skin is red and rough, and asks the trouble and also for a remedy.

Your birds are suffering from what is commonly known as "Mange" produced by the presence of a small mite with the somewhat formidable scientific name *carcophyes laevis*. Treat by applying to the affected parts an ointment made by mixing flowers of sulphur one dram, carbonate of potash twenty grains, lard or vaseline one-half ounce. Apply every four or five days until relieved.

A. V. W., Los Angeles. "What can you tell me of the feeding of brewers' grain as a food for poultry, provided it can be bought at the right price?"

From personal experiences nothing. Robinson's "Poultry Culture," under the head of "Poultry Foods" has the following: "The residue from barley in the manufacture of beer consists of a small part of the starch with most of the gluten, the germ and the hull, and is called brewers' grain. Its use as poultry food has not been extensive enough to determine its value. At an appropriate price it should be a valuable food." Can any of our readers give more specific information?

New World Wonder.

[Christian Science Monthly:] Across the fields near Rome the great aqueducts of old time stretch like some ponderous creature that is stepping in elephantine stride a slow path to the city. These reminders of the old Roman engineering achievements are regarded with wonder, but what modern men are accomplishing in the same line makes the Roman aqueducts seem a trivial effort indeed. The city of New York has long discussed the possibility of bringing the delicious water of the Catskill region down to fill the city's need, but how to get it there was the great problem. At last the audacious plan of a tunnel under the Hudson, made in solid rock, if such a substratum could be found, was broached. Testing the banks a place was found at Storm King Mountain where there was solid granite on both sides. Then two borings were made which seemed to show that at a depth of 1000 feet there was a belt at least 500 feet deep in which a tunnel could be cut. A shaft over 1000 feet deep was sunk in the rock on each side of the river and then a straight tunnel seventeen feet in diameter and 3000 feet long was bored connecting them. This is part of a ninety-two-mile aqueduct which will deliver to the city 500,000,000 gallons of water a day. The last blast in the rock section was fired January 30. It is called by engineers the greatest achievement of their profession next to the Panama Canal.

A Convent of Lady Biscuit-Makers.

[Wide World:] At Varese Ligure, a mountain village some twenty-five miles from Sestri Levante, in the north of Italy, there is a most remarkable convent. The ladies who live there spend their time in making biscuits, which they send to private customers all over the world. All who belong to this quaint religious community have taken a vow never to appear again to the public, and the only person the nuns are allowed to see is the doctor, and then only in case of serious illness. If one cannot see the fair inmates of the convent of Varese Ligure at work with flour and almond paste, one can at least taste their biscuits, which are most delicious. They are made in the form of fish, flowers, and fruit, and in some cases are so beautifully colored that it seems a pity to put one's teeth into them. The nuns also devote their attention to drying mushrooms which are brought to them by the peasants of the district, and these fungi sechi are likewise sent all over the world. It is no easy matter for a novice to obtain admission to this convent of lady biscuit-makers. Novices desirous of renouncing the world and joining the community have to bring with them a fairly large capital and a certain amount of education—two conditions which are not always found together.

The Land of "Superstitions."

Brittany, known to so many people as "The Land of Pardons," might also be called "The Land of Superstitions."

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tions," for there is probably no place in France where the peasantry are more inclined to believe in the so-called hidden forces of Nature, and where the unscrupulous charlatan has so good an opportunity of deceiving his listeners. Whether in sickness or in health, the people of Brittany look for an answer to their demands in the mysterious kingdom of the supernatural, and with a faith which, to the educated, is sometimes almost unbelievable. A curious instance of this widespread superstition is cited by M. Paul Geniaux, a well-known French folklorist, in the April *Wide World Magazine*. The inhabitants of Muzillac and district, in the Morbihan, firmly believe that the only effective method of curing their children of the colic is to carry them to a certain chapel, that of St. Mamer, and deposit them on the altar. There they mumble a short prayer, the text of which you can never get them to confess—and the cure is immediately effected! Not only are the peasants reluctant to tell you the form in which they have presented their supplication; they are much averse to being seen performing the little ceremony, and it was only with the very greatest difficulty, and with the aid of a flash-light apparatus, that a photograph was obtained.

When Kipling Was Hungry.

[Bookman:] Had Mr. Kipling turned his attention to commerce instead of literature, perhaps he might now be retained by some merchant millionaire as a writer of advertisements, at a colossal salary. After the siege of Kimberley he was staying with Mr. Rhodes at a charming little fruit farm near that town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll round the orchards for a little while before breakfast. As Mr. Kipling did not feel like walking he stayed behind. Time went on and the idea came to the author that breakfast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes, as was usual with him, had become so interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passing hours, and it was nearly 10 before he remembered his starving guest, and hurried homeward.

"What's this, sir?" said the manager, suddenly pausing before a tree.

Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper bearing in large black letters: "Famine!" The next tree was also decorated: "We are starving; feed us." Nearer the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words in huge type: "For the human race. Breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?"

Increased Cost of Bullets.

[London Mirror:] The cost of killing a soldier in battle is going to be appreciably increased by the rise in the market price of lead.

The cartridge manufacturers who fulfill the British War Office contracts are at present supplying large orders placed some months ago at old prices, but the new contracts will be revised in connection with the price of lead, which has largely increased during the last six months.

"Not only the lead but the nickel casing to put it in and the brass for the cartridge case have also increased in price. In fact, nearly all the base metals have gone up," said the London manager of a well-known manufacturing house.

"The rise in lead has also increased the price of sporting cartridges from 5 to 7½ per cent, so that shooting partridge and pheasants will cost you more."

NOTE—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

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The "C. E. F." Poultry Fount
Gives flowing water just like that from a spring. Give your birds the great privilege of a clean drink every time they are thirsty. Yes, these founts will save you money every week in the year. 50c each. Joseph Goldinger, Box 54-B, R. R. No. 2, Los Angeles.

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to each other. Gives definite
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strong chicks. The one really scientific
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notified by Madero. The Mexican Northwestern is the only line now operating through Chihuahua which has a terminus in El Paso. Reports say the Texans have not troubled Americans. All the foreigners at Juarez do not seem to understand that Madero is trying to get control of the battle now organized.

The Mexican Central is under rebel control and its northern terminus is

Bishop's Calarab Candy Figs

—Refreshments for Arabs and their friends traveling over the hot and arid sands of the desert.

—Prepare to welcome your guests with a package of these delicious Candy Figs.

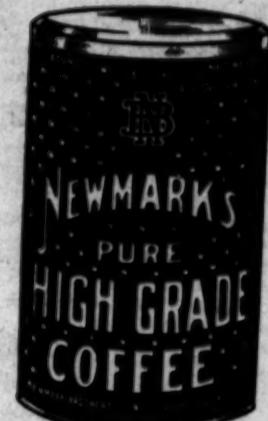
—A typical California souvenir every Shriner will be glad to carry back to home friends. Buy from your dealer.

A Unique Package—

Five pounds of figs packed in a flat wooden box—as fresh figs are packed. Will fit in a suit case or trunk, or can be carried by convenient handle attached.

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The craze both East and West
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THERE CAN BE BUT ONE BEST



LET NEWMARK'S DO IT

["End of Part I. See Part II.]

Los Angeles, Cal.
April 22, 1912.

Dear Alice:

Your note received and will be delighted to go shopping with you next Wednesday.

I want to go to J. W. Hellman's, 719 South Spring Street, and buy a Glenwood Gas Range and some Kitchen Utensils, so will meet you at the corner of Seventh and Spring Streets.

A friend of mine, recently married, bought her entire Kitchen Furnishings at Hellman's and the prices were so reasonable. It will just be the place for you to get your Refrigerator, they carry the Baldwin and you know what they are. I have had mine for five years and it is as good as the day I bought it.

Remember me to John and the rest of your folks.

Lovingly,
Bertha.